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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE,

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.



"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

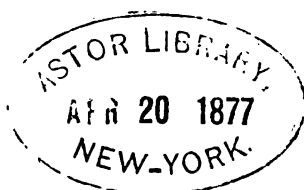
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ADDRESS.

IN completing the Fifteenth Annual Volume of our Magazine, we beg to acknowledge the steady patronage by which we have been enabled to secure its present high position, as the only recognized organ of Yachting Interests.

That we have been enabled to attain our primary object in making it an instructive, useful, and entertaining work, we have reason to believe, from the satisfactory circulation it now enjoys; and we shall unceasingly persevere in rendering each successive Volume more perfect than its predecessor.

In compliance with the request of many of our Subscribers, we have this year registered it, in accordance with the Act of Parliament, for transmission abroad, and are gratified in being able to state that its popularity and usefulness have received a recognition, not only in our distant Colonies, but universally abroad, that has rendered this step necessary.

We also beg warmly to thank our several talented correspondents, for the valuable aid they have rendered us, and to assure them that neither expense nor exertion shall be spared in maintaining the Magazine worthy of their co-operation.

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Dimensions of "Torch", cutter	Page 32.
— "Egeria Schooner	38
— "Cybula	—
— "Speranza Yawl	—

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1866.

YACHTING ON THE NORTHERN WATERS OF SCOTLAND. *

THERE were gay doings at "Small Isles of Jura," the day and evening after our arrival, in consequence of a marriage which took place at the village inn, towards which early in the afternoon, a procession was seen to advance, consisting of couples in festal costume; the female portion of which carried in their hands what appeared to be, white muslin handkerchiefs, which they waved around their heads, as they walked. In Scotland it is legal to marry at any hour of the day, or night, in this case it was early in the evening.

The procession was headed by the "Best-man," named in England "Groom's-man," and the "Best-maid," or "Bride's-maid," and the rear was brought up by the happy couple. The bride was regarded as the "village belle;" the bride-groom was a shepherd. As they moved along, at intervals, the report of a fowling-piece was heard, or the crack of a pistol, and the continuous drone of the bagpipes. The event caused quite an excitement, and brought together a large concourse of people, gathered from many miles round, hoping to witness it; only a small portion, however, were able to do so in consequence of the overcrowded rooms, the inn being literally cram-

* Concluded from page 537, vol. xiv.

med from bottom to top. Many, no doubt, came for what they could get, as is generally the case at Highland weddings or funerals; whisky being a great inducement, and this case was no exception;—

Some freely drank who seldom drank before,
And those who loved to drink, drank ten times more.

Marriage in the Highlands is a less formidable affair than it is in England; the minister performs the ceremony, wherever it may be convenient, at home, at an inn, as the case may be. He addresses the bride and bridegroom with a few kind words on the duties of the married state, asks if they are mutually willing to enter upon it; and on receiving replies in the affirmative, joins their hands, then concludes with an extempore, and appropriate prayer for the young couple just made man and wife—" *viola tout c'est une affaire finie.*" Minister and friends congratulate—whisky begins to circulate, and, in due time, dancing becomes the order of the day, and also of the night. In this case, it may be said to have extended into the following day, inasmuch as the noise of dancing, and the peculiar screech which generally closes each figure of a Highland reel, was heard long after daylight :—

" And still the music sounded high,
The full free tide of harmony;
Responsive still to every note,
Their nimble footsteps seemed to float."

There are several superstitions still existing in the Highlands with reference to the marriage ceremony,—it is regarded as unlucky for a dog to pass betwixt the bride and bridegroom; and, also, to have both shoes tied, or buckled. If the left shoe be unfastened during the ceremony, a fertile nuptial may be expected. The women of Jura are said to be very prolific, and very often to bear twins, (qq) may not such cases be the result of both shoes having been left unfastened.

In former times the poor bridegroom had to submit to an extraordinary ordeal, the morning after the wedding the female portion of those who took part in the ceremony, in order to test the reality of the bride's affection, tied a basket round the poor benedict's neck, and filled it with stones, until in danger of being strangled. If the bride were satisfied with her bargain, she saved him from that fate, by cutting the cord with a knife, put into her hands by the performers in this part of the ceremony, to be used at discretion.

Amongst other superstitions, Highlanders never begin anything of consequence on the day of the week on which the 3rd of May falls, which he styles "Scheachanna-na-bleanagh," or the dismal day; which day was Wednesday in the present year (1865); it was on Thursday that the marriage took place, and it is to be hoped it will prove lucky for the shepherd and his bride.

Some of the crew, and also of the yachting party, went ashore to witness a little more of the fun. The vigorous style of Highland dancing greatly amused and astonished our young Parisian, and what he witnessed, will be something to remember when *auprès de sa famille*. He was not less surprised to see, amongst the young females, many whose appearance and manners, were so much *comme il faut*;—in fact, as he said, quite "*entraînante*," and superior to the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

As usual on such occasions, the evening's entertainment was diversified by occasional ballads, but being principally in Gaelic, the greater portion of them, were incomprehensible to we foreigners. The shepherd was called upon to contribute to the harmony of the evening, upon which he, and the shepherdess, who sat near to him, commenced to exchange significant looks, which probably meant,—what should he sing? A few words *sotto voce* settled that point, and he sang, with evident feeling, a refrain commencing—

"Gur gille mo leannan nan eal'air an t-ahnamb,
Gur binne i nan smeorach 'm barraibh ro-chraan sa mhaigh."

The following attempt at a translation may be more intelligible to the readers of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*:—

Fair, fair, is my love, as a swan on the lake,
And sweet is her voice, as a thrush in the brake;
She is rich in each grace, she is wise, she is kind,
When absent, no pleasure or comfort I find.

Her smiles are to me, an unfailing delight;
They cheer me by day, they haunt me by night:
In her, every virtue of life are combined,—
She's modest, discreet, and adorned in her mind.

Sweet, sweet, is the cushet that sings in the glen,
When mists of the morning o'erspread grove and fen,
But sweeter my love, and more joyful her song,
Each word is sweet music which flows from her tongue.

After such a recommendation, no wonder that a song from the shepherdess should be vociferously called for, no wonder that she

should blush, shake her shoulders, and give evident signs of disinclination to respond to the call ;—it could scarcely be expected that, at such a moment, she could, would, or should comply. The bride looked appealingly at the shepherd to rescue her from the dilemma, and he, like a good husband, took upon himself to be her apologist. His excuses on her part were accepted, conditionally, that she named a substitute ; whereupon she gave him one of those sweet smiles of which he had just expressed his admiration, in song, and called upon himself, saying, “ nobody could do it better.” After which, how could he refuse ? His acceptance was greeted with approving acclamation, which, having subsided, he sang—*con amore*, what was regarded as exceedingly appropriate to the occasion.

I must again attempt an English version, although it may, and no doubt will, fall far short of the beauty of the original :—

Come! come with me, o'er hills so blue,
Through valleys fair and wide,
Where heather sparkles with the dew,
And thou shalt be my bride;
We'll roam in each romantic glen,
Trip lightly o'er the lea,
Talk love in every cosy den,
And wander far and free.

Come! come with me, and we will hie,
To Morag's lovely vale,
Where herds of deer with piercing eye,
In speed outstrip the gale;
We, there, in humble peaceful home
Contentedly will dwell,
Nor wish for other scenes—or roam
From our sequestered dell.

At the conclusion of the shepherd's song he was rapturously applauded,—his pretty young wife gave him an approving smile—a quite-ready-to-go-my-dear look. Other songs were called for, and given too, in course of the evening, but as the shepherd was the great gun of the occasion, we let them pass unreported ; besides, which they were much inferior to the shepherd's, he being regarded as a first-rate singer, amongst his neighbours, and, comparatively speaking, deservedly so. Once more the bagpipes struck up a reel—“ Tulloch-gorum ” this time, always irresistible to a Highlander:—

“ And once again the dance they twined.
They seemed like feathers on the wind;
Their hands they waved, their feet they twirled,
They ran, they leap'd, they tripp'd, they whirled.”

About midnight the happy couple retired from the mazy dance, excusing themselves for their early retirement, by reminding their friends that they had a walk of about five miles, over the hills to reach the shepherd's home. Their departure from the village was accompanied with many good wishes for their happiness. They did not let grass grow under their feet, from time to time "*chemin faisant*"

" He clasped her round the dainty waist,
 Their glowing hands were interlaced;
 And now they glided—now they flew,
 And tripp'd in circles o'er the dew."

The yacht being still weather bound, we remained at anchor until Monday, the 17th July, when, weather having moderated, we got underway, with a westerly wind. We had a stiff breeze, and heavy sea, when rounding the Mull of Cantyre. We reached our moorings in the Clyde the following evening, where we remained for the purpose of making sundry repairs, to take on board stores necessary for a further cruise ; but to make Kingstown, in the first place, in order to be present at the regatta. Left the Clyde on the last day in July, late in the evening, wind N.W., and the following morning early, were off Ailsa Craig, with a stiff breeze. At eight o'clock the same evening made Carlingford. Wind being adverse, we laid to, and a pilot came on board about 9 p.m. The signal having been lowered, indicating that water was too low to cross the bar, and tide ebbing fast, we did not take the risk of entering without assistance. He succeeded in bringing the yacht to anchor below Green Castle, in about five fathoms at 12 p.m. Wind being unfavorable and variable, and tide running fast, caused our tardy progress.

Weighed anchor the following day,—the pilot took us safely out of Carlingford, and in to Kingstown, where we arrived on Wednesday, the 2nd of August, being the opening day of the regatta. The weather during the run from Carlingford was variable, squally, and cold as winter, accompanied with heavy hail showers, and sleet :—a most extraordinary case for the first days of August. The regatta went off satisfactorily, on the whole ; but particulars having already appeared in this Magazine it is unnecessary to say more about it.

Our surprise at seeing so many yachts in Kingstown harbour, on our arrival outside, was very great ; it appeared to us impossible to find a berth, and exceedingly difficult, if found, to reach it safely ; we, however, succeeded in doing so, but were subsequently required

to remove to one pointed out to us, being in the course of the yachts racing. We had not been long there when a card was politely presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club, giving the yacht party *entrées* for one month, and the privilege was fully appreciated.

We were shown over the establishment, and were much pleased with the arrangements. We could not help regretting that no such club-house exists on the Clyde, and that similar civilities cannot be offered to strangers visiting it. The club-yacht belonging to the Royal Northern Yacht Club, may be an enjoyable sort of thing to the few who can secure its use, and afford the cost of it, but is by no means a substitute for a club-house, where members could associate, and reciprocate information, and, where the business of the club might be transacted.

Gourock being the place of general rendezvous for yachts, and almost the only place where strangers can safely, or conveniently anchor in the Clyde, seems to be a proper locality for a club-house; and, it is hoped, by many that, ere long, it may be selected for that purpose. The probability of a railway being brought there; and, important improvements being contemplated, as regards the harbour, offer an additional inducement to make that selection at once, rather than incur the risk of having to pay an advanced price for a site after its enhancement, by the improvements which are anticipated.

During our stay at Kingstown, which was, unfortunately prolonged, by serious illness of one of the party, we made several short cruises, which it would be out of place, in this paper, to describe. We bade adieu to our hospitable Irish friends on Wednesday, the 30th August, late in the evening, and during the night, and early morning experienced very severe squalls: weather continued unfavorable throughout the day.

In the evening we put into Belfast Loch for the night. We got underway in the morning, with a light breeze from the West; at 1 p.m. were becalmed; at 5 p.m. wind veered to the south—atmosphere thick and heavy; at 10 p.m. a stiff breeze from north-west put the yacht under double reefed canvas; and 1 a.m. made Campbeltown harbour, which was entered in heavy darkness, and safely, under charge of the skipper, to whom the pilot ceded command, he being then in his native locality, and experienced in its navigation. Left for the Kyles of Bute at 5 p.m. on the following day, and dropped anchor at Blackfarland bay at 11 p.m. glad to be once

more amidst beautiful Lochs and Sounds, with which we are familiar; scenery of which we could never become weary; and, of which no place on the coast of Ireland offers a parallel. The bay of Dublin is certainly magnificent, and it is an agreeable change to sail out of it, into the open sea; but one becomes weary of the monotony of repeated sails to Kish floating-light, Bray Head, Ireland's Eye, or Howth.

After a short stay at the Kyles of Bute we left for the Clyde, but shortly after returned in company with a yachting party, bound on a sketching excursion, than which, no scenery in Scotland presents finer subjects for the artist, particularly during the autumnal season. On this occasion it was rendered still more beautiful and interesting, by an unusually large fleet of boats, with which that locality swarmed in quest of herrings. We remained some time at Blackfarland, opposite Tigh-na-bruaich, in order to give those of the parties on board the yachts, who desired it, an opportunity of exercising their artistic talents. Our days were usefully and happily employed, and our evenings, by exchanges of visits, were rendered mutually pleasant. *Ennui* never having been present during the days we remained at anchor.

We left Tigh-na-bruaich for Burnt Isles on the 14th October, wind very light. On arriving at the Narrows, evening was closing, and we had considerable difficulty in passing through the nets. In some places they were so thronged that it was almost impossible to avoid damaging them. It was a perfect labyrinth which we had to pass through; and, with all the care possible, we could not escape fouling, to some extent, the back ropes; which, in one case, caused the owner to foul his own mouth shockingly. The net was blocking the ordinary navigation, contrary to regulations, which was gently suggested by our skipper to the owner. One of our party took out his pocket memoranda, and noted in it the Register-number of his boat: on seeing which, an evident, and sudden change in his deportment and language took place. We dropped anchor behind Burnt Isles, near Colintraive in midst of the scene of fishings. During the night, the varied hum of voices, and splashing of oars were occasionally heard, as from time to time, the midnight fishers passed to the back ropes; raised the curtain of net work to ascertain how far they may have been successful, and to secure the prize, if any, which is ever an uncertainty; in some cases, the nets being so full

of fish as to be unmanageable; whilst others, shot in the same locality as that of the more successful fisher, may have only secured a few stragglers. It is very galling to the unfortunate owner of the net, to sit in his own boat, and witness that of his more fortunate neighbour being filled with fish, until down to within a few inches of the gunwale: no doubt he envies his good fortune whilst he sits in moody silence watching his own net, and wondering how it is that it has no attraction—it is human nature.

The following morning, our skipper, who had many years experience, in early life, as a herring-fisher, was on deck "prospecting." For some time he stood gazing steadfastly at one place on the surface of the water. After a little while, pointing with his hand to the precise spot, he exclaimed "There they are! Do you see that peculiar colour in the water? A shoal of herrings is indicated whenever that tint is visible." Being desirous to test his assertion, a party went in the yacht's boat, accompanied by the skipper, to the place pointed out; on approaching which he allowed sufficient time for the surface of the water to resume its calmness; he then leaned over the gunwale, and gazed in the water, when his practised eye discovered, at once, that below the surface was a mass of fish. The party followed his example; at first they did not perceive the fish, but the eye after a little while became accustomed to look through the water, and there, sure enough, they were laying at the bottom, closely packed together, as if prepared for salting; heads all in one direction, facing the tide, and without any perceptible motion. It is said to be the habit of herrings to lie at the bottom, motionless, during daylight.

In a recent number of Cassell's Illustrated Paper it is stated that smugglers, in times when smuggling casks of brandy was frequent, and profitable, were in the habit of throwing them overboard in convenient depths when chased, or observed; leaving them until opportunity occurred of raising them and running ashore. They made use of a plan by which they were enabled to see them, even when considerably below the surface. It consisted of a small barrel, one end of which was removed, and in the other a piece of glass was tightly inserted, and that end pressed down a little below the surface, the head being placed at the open end objects below were visible,—a plan which might be useful to fishermen.

The colour of the water was probably caused by that of the her-

rings being refracted from below. A large number of the successful boats had retired from the locality of their night's work to dispose of their fish; whilst others were endeavouring to make up for their non-success by a process not recognised as legal; and to prevent which illegal practices government vessels were lying in their midst—but they either would not, could not, or did not, observe the “dodge”—which was this:—The net is cast immediately over a shoal of herrings, in spiral convolutions, or rings, with suitable spaces betwixt each, which if cautiously lowered causes little or no disturbance, the fish being in a quiescent state. That being done, a few stones, which have served for ballast are thrown overboard, in such manner as to effectually arouse the herrings, and drive them into the meshes of the nets; which are then hauled in, and, frequently, with successful results:—this is called “ringing the nets.” Occasionally, we had some real “Caller herrings” served at breakfast. In one case the water was boiling whilst the fish were being taken away from the meshes, and, within a few minutes were cooked and served. Those who have never eaten of a really fresh boiled herring, can have no correct idea of their excellence. The process of cooking them is simply to place them in boiling water for five minutes, if perfectly fresh, and no salt has been previously applied; but, if not perfectly fresh, six minutes may be required, in both cases they are good: the fresher the better. After having been boiled the necessary time, the water is then drained off, and more boiling water poured over the fish, which removes all traces of grease, improves the flavour, and renders them digestible by the most feeble stomach.

It is a most interesting sight to see the nets hauled in during the night, with countless fish glittering in phosphoric brilliancy, darkness increasing their scaly luminosity, the contents of the boat, glittering like a cargo of gold and silver gems: it is not less beautiful when seen by the light of early morning. The Kyles and Loch Rìdan, were swarming with boats, probably four to six hundred being engaged in the fishing,—there was abundance for all; and the majority were fortunate. Some were especially so, and realised, no doubt, considerable sums of money; which, considering the danger and toil of the occupation is deservedly earned. During our stay amongst them several disastrous circumstances occurred; one or more being starved to death, during the night, and several were drowned by a boat being upset in a squall, when proceeding to the shore with the

products of the uets. It is not to be wondered at, if the occupation begets habits of drunkenness; exposure to the cold of night, and wet, rendering it necessary to take spiritous liquors on board, which is, in a general way, moderately used; but, too frequently is drank to excess, and leads to frightful consequences. Several deplorable cases came under observation, during our stay amongst them, which excited feelings more of pity than of anger, in consideration of the severe, and precarious nature of their calling. Herrings taken in the Kyles and in Loch Fyne, although not so large as those taken in Dublin Bay, are considered of better quality, and fitter for curing.

Wilson in his "*Voyage round the Coast of Scotland and the Isles*," says, "It can never be a question as to whether romantic scenery exercises any influence over the inhabitants of the deep, but it may happen notwithstanding that that beautiful combination of Sea and Land, the external attributes of which are so well adapted to produce delight in the human mind, possesses attributes of another, and more recondite nature, and may from peculiar physical causes, which no one can at present appreciate, be highly influential over the finny inhabitants of the great waters."

If the suggestion be well founded, no wonder that herrings taken in the Kyles should be found superior to those taken in less favoured localities; it would be difficult to find a more beautiful feeding ground. If herrings really have visited the locality from choice, it shews they have excellent tastes, and may account for their being well tasted. If herrings are migratory, as some writers assert, but which to say the least is very doubtful, how is it that herrings in every stage of growth, may be met with in places frequented by them, nearly all the year round, and especially in favored places, such as Loch Fyne, and the Kyles of Bute. Wilson believes they are not migratory; and it is also the generally received opinion of naturalists of the present day, that "their visits to, and recessions from, our shores are in accordance with certain natural instincts, connected, mainly, with the process of spawning, and the search for food," which may lead them into deeper waters, at certain seasons. An experienced old fisherman we met with, just previous to our leaving the Kyles, told us that he had often noticed a peculiarity about the eye of herrings; that they were considerably dilated previous to the departure of a shoal; that such symptoms were then beginning to shew themselves; and, that it was his opinion a migration was about to take place.

We did not, at the moment, take much notice of his observations; we were, however, informed that two days after our departure, there was scarcely a herring taken in any of the nets, thus verifying the prediction. After a short absence, however, they or others returned, although the shoal was diminished. Probably, a portion of which, having attained a certain growth, had separated from the younger herrings, and gone away to seek their fortunes in other localities—emigrated in fact; instinct teaching them, the propagation of their species was so rapid that without such separations they could not exist; a similar instinct, probably, to that which teaches bees to divide and form new colonies. It is most remarkable that herrings of a certain growth form separate divisions, which may be seen by the fact, that, the meshes of one net may be filled with full grown herrings, whilst another, near to, may be filled with those of smaller growth. An animated, and exciting scene may be, occasionally witnessed, arising out of those divisional movements. A net when hauled in, well filled with herrings, of a division of small growth, is suddenly let go; the owner having observed another division of a larger growth approaching; there is no time to secure the smaller fish: down again goes the net, and hundreds of silvery fish are seen to float away and sink, to be eaten by hungry crabs, lobsters, or other creatures, which inhabit the lower regions. The net when again hauled in is, probably, filled with full grown herrings, all of the same growth. This equality in size could only occur when the drift net is used, but when trawling is the means employed fish in every stage of growth are secured, in the same draught. Happily, trawling is now illegal, although it is practised by unprincipled fishermen, who, in defiance of the law, destroy millions of fish which are unfit for human food; and, by destroying the spawn, prevent the production of millions beyond calculation.

There are many well established facts connected with the natural history of herrings, but much remains to be learned: mysteries regarding their habits have baffled the ingenuity of naturalists to solve, and they may probably ever remain unexplained. One thing is certain, that they are unlimitedly prolific, and that multitudes of other fishes feed upon them, to an incalculable extent.

When the ordinary haunts of herrings are deserted, fish which are in the habit of feeding upon them become scarce, in consequence, probably of great numbers having followed the herrings;—and those

left behind become so poor and attenuated, that persons in the habit of fishing for them, cease to do so, believing them unfit for human food. "Hake," *merlucius*, or Sea-pike, are always met with where herrings abound, which it is supposed they follow. It has an insatiable appetite, and growing to a great size, is capable of destroying an enormous quantity of herrings daily. Whilst at anchor the crew frequently amused themselves with fishing for them, and caught several of considerable size. When undergoing the process of cleaning many of them were found to contain herrings, in one twenty-five were found, in another fifteen, in others fourteen, twelve, and lesser numbers, none but had several in the stomach. It was observed that all the herrings had been swallowed tail first, and were as neatly packed side by side as it were possible to place them; yet notwithstanding, such is the gluttony of the hake they swallowed the bait and were hooked! There are other fish equally destructive of herring. A large Lithe was observed floating on the water near to the yacht, and was brought on board, when it was found that it had swallowed so many herrings that it could not descend—or, in fact, move in any direction. Dog-fish are, probably, the most destructive of any. It is no uncommon thing, when fishing for whittings, or other small fish, to find every fish drawn up, has a small herring in its mouth, often not more than one inch long; and often they seize the bait whilst, of the herring, only half of its length has been swallowed, and when cleaned, that the stomach is well charged with them. In fact, herrings from the moment they are in life, are preyed upon: even the spawn and embryo fish, are food for some fish or other.

Notwithstanding such unceasing destruction by man, and almost by every inhabitant of the sea, the number seems inexhaustible. The multitude of hakes which prey upon a shoal of herrings may be imagined, when it is known that in a single night, a thousand of them, have been taken by six men fishing with lines, and hooks baited with herrings. There is no finer, or more delicate fish than the hake, when taken where herrings abound: the flesh is white, firm, and wholesome. So abundant were herrings in Kyles of Bute, when the yachts were anchored there, they were usually sold at about two shillings per hundred, or six score, which is at the rate of five for one penny. Sea-gulls and other sea birds, consume more herrings, probably, than would serve all England. Solan geese which frequents the Island of St. Kilda alone, are calculated to

destroy two hundred and fourteen millions of herrings during each summer.

Much more might be written on this most interesting subject, and in describing the busy scene, and scenery; but, to do justice to them is far beyond the scope of our account of "Yachting on the Northern Waters of Scotland," and is better adapted to the pen of a naturalist and philosopher; we, therefore, bring it to a conclusion,—hoping the attempt at a record of what we have seen, of our observations, and of the information acquired when cruising, may have been found, in some measure, interesting or amusing, to the readers of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

OUR LIGHTS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

(*From the Life-Boat Journal.*)

AT a very remote period, when the early mariners of the world first ventured to extend their sea-voyages beyond the few hours of daylight, or of moonlit nights, the want must have been felt of warning and guiding lights, and the more especially as those primitive voyagers, who were the first pioneers of commerce, must have perpetually "hugged" the shore, their chief fear being, that they should be carried away by an "off-shore" wind into the great unknown region of waters extending they knew not whither.

The buildings specially constructed for the exhibition of beacon lights, of which there is historic record, were of a very ancient date; but far, very far beyond that age must we carry our mental vision in imagining the period when the first signal-fires were piled on the hill-side, or rocky point, or overhanging cliff, to guide the absent mariner safely to his home again.

Interesting, however, as it may be, as a subject for reflection and conjecture, to trace the gradual development of human progress in all matters, from the rude and simple state of a remote and ignorant barbarism to the comparatively complex and refined civilization of the present time, we have now rather to do with the practically useful than with the sentimental; we shall therefore proceed at once to describe the successive improvements in the great sea-lights of a later age.

There can be no doubt that all the earlier lights were simply fires of wood. The Tour de Corduan, when completed in 1610, was provided with an iron chauffer or cage in which faggots of wood were burned; and in our own country, where coal is more abundant than in most

others, open coal fires were sometimes adopted, a light of which description was actually in use at the Isle of May, on the coast of Scotland, from the time of the erection of its light tower, in 1636, until so late as the year 1816, when a new tower was built, and was provided with oil lamps and reflectors. No less than 400 tons of coal were latterly burnt each year in maintaining this light.

The disadvantages of this primitive mode of illumination were manifold. The degree of intensity, size, and even colour of the light must have been very variable, the distance at which it could be seen being equally so ; it did not admit of any distinctive marks by which one light could be distinguished from another ; the quantity of fire consumed was enormous, and its supply must, in proportion, have involved great labour and expense ; while the waste of light was likewise great, since it shone in all directions, towards the land as well as towards the sea, and upwards to the sky. It is, however, recorded of the wood and coal fires as an advantage, that, in wet and foggy weather, their reflection was distinguishable high up in the air when they were not themselves visible.

The next change appears to have been first adopted at the Eddystone, at which, from its isolated position, being several miles from the land, it would have been very difficult to maintain a sufficient supply of fuel in the winter months. Its illuminator was accordingly composed of twenty-four wax candles, surrounded by a glass lantern, but without reflectors, or any other artificial means of increasing or concentrating the light ; and insignificant as it must have been, compared with the splendid lights of the present day, the plan was yet a considerable step in advance of the open fires.

The next great improvement in sea-coast lights was the adoption of reflectors, which, like many other improvements in the various departments of art, science, and manufactures, appears to have been the immediate result of accident rather than of deliberate design and forethought.

Before, however, proceeding to describe the successive advances in the science of pharology, or the branch of "Optical Engineering," as it has been termed, which applies to sea-coast illumination, it will be desirable, for the information of unscientific readers, that, without going deeply into optical details, we should briefly explain the principles on which science is made available to produce such truly valuable practical results.

Rays of light travel through space in all directions, and in straight lines, unless diverted therefrom by reflection from the surface of an

opaque body, such as silvered glass or polished metal, or by refraction in passing through transparent bodies, as glass or water. If then two diverging rays of light, or bundles of rays, can be thrown, either by reflection or refraction, on one point, thus occupying the space of one ray or bundle of rays, the intensity or brightness of the light on that will be doubled: if twenty rays are thus made to converge into the space of one ray, the brilliancy at the point of convergence or focus will be increased twenty-fold. A familiar instance of this principle, by refraction, exists in the common glass lens, vulgarly called a "burning glass," which, by throwing a large number of rays of light on one point, produces an intense light and heat, capable of exploding gunpowder and igniting inflammable bodies. In the same manner, the shape of a mirror or reflector may be so arranged as to collect the rays of light emitted on one side of a luminous body, and to throw them forward, so that they shall converge in a point, or series of points, on the opposite side, and thus being added to the direct rays, increase the intensity of the light on that side.

A concave mirror, the curve of which is a parabola, is found to be the necessary form to effect the object in view, and a series of such reflectors, attached to lamps suitably adjusted, thus collect the useless rays of light from above, below, and behind, and throw them forward in a horizontal direction. As stated above, this system, which has been denominated the catoptric or reflector system, from the Greek word *κατοπτρον*, a 'mirror,' was the first that was employed in the improvement of beacon lights. It is essentially the English system, both from its having been originated and been longer retained here than in other countries. The credit of first introducing it has been claimed both by England and France. Undoubtedly, however, the earliest application of reflectors was made in England, whilst to France belongs the honour of very greatly improving them.

Somewhere between the year 1763 and 1767, Mr. William Hutchinson, the dock-master at Liverpool, first applied a parabolic reflector to his flat-wicked lamps. The idea is stated to have thus originated. A convivial company of scientific men met at Liverpool, when one of the company present wagered that he would read a book by the light of a farthing candle, at a distance of 200 feet from it. The wager was won by means of a wooden bowl, lined with putty, in which facets of looking-glass were embedded, forming a reflector. Hutchinson was present, and seizing the idea, utilized it for his lighthouses. His reflectors were formed of tin plates, or of wood lined with looking-glass, the largest 13ft. in diameter with 6ft. focus, being placed behind a "spreading burner mouthpiece" 14in. broad. The Ridstone, Hoylake, and Leasowe

lighthouses were thus illuminated, and they were undoubtedly excellent lights for the period.

In the year 1786, the Northern Lights Board fitted reflectors and lamps of a similar description, at the Isle of May and Cambræ Isle lighthouses in the Firths of Forth and Clyde. These were said to have been the invention of Mr. Thomas Smith, the engineer to the Board; but whether or not he was aware of similar reflectors having been adopted elsewhere, is not known.

On the other hand, in France, a M. Teulere, a member of the Royal Corps of Engineers of Bridges and Roads in that country, is said to have first proposed the use of parabolic reflectors; and the celebrated Corduan light-tower was illuminated in that manner about the year 1780, by M. Lenoir, under the direction of the Chevalier Borda. The reflectors were made of sheet copper, plated with silver, and the lamp then just invented by M. Argand, of Geneva, since known as the Argand lamp, was adopted.

These great improvements then became general in other countries, and at once advanced the system of lighthouse illumination into a science. The reflectors of the present day are made precisely in the same manner as M. Lenoir's, of copper thickly plated with silver, very highly polished, and, like his, lit by Argand burners, having a cylindrical flame of about one inch in diameter. The form of those now in use is that calculated by Captain Huddart, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, in 1791. They are very durable, many of the reflectors still used remaining unimpaired after 30 and 40 years' continued service.

The size adopted by the Trinity House is 21 inches diameter for lighthouses, their sectional area being 346·3 square inches, and 12 inches diameter for light vessels, with an area of 113 square inches. Some reflectors are said to multiply the brilliancy of a light as much as 450 times. Catoptric lights are capable of nine distinct variations, viz., fixed, revolving white, revolving red and white, revolving red with two whites, revolving white with two reds, flashing, intermittent, double fixed, and double revolving. The first exhibits a steady and uniform appearance. The reflectors used for it are of smaller dimensions than those employed in revolving lights, and which is necessary in order to allow of their being ranged round a circular iron frame, with their axis inclined at such angles as to enable them to illuminate every part of the horizon. The revolving light is produced by the revolution of a frame with three or four sides, having reflectors of a large size grouped on each side, with their axis parallel; and as the revolution exhibits a light gradually increasing to full strength,

and in the same gradual manner decreasing to total darkness, its appearance is extremely well marked. Eighteen, twenty, and even thirty reflectors are thus arranged on the faces of the revolving framework.

The succession of red and white lights is caused by the revolution of a frame whose different sides present red and white lights, and these, as already mentioned, afford three separate distinctions, viz., alternate red and white, the succession of two white after one red, and the succession of two red after one white. The flashing light is produced in the same manner as the revolving light; but by a different construction of the frame and greater quickness of the revolution, a totally different and very striking appearance is produced. The brightest and darkest periods being but momentary, the light is characterized by a rapid succession of bright flashes, whence it derives its name. The intermittent light is distinguished by bursting suddenly into view, and continuing steady for a short time, after which it is suddenly eclipsed for many seconds, ordinarily in English lights for about half-a minute. Its peculiar and striking appearance is effected by the perpendicular motion of circular shades in front of reflectors, by which the light is alternately concealed and displayed. The double lights, which are commonly only used where there is a necessity of a leading line, for taking some channel, or avoiding some danger, are exhibited from two towers, one of which is higher than the other, and the two lights when seen in one vertical line, form a direction for the course of shipping. Here diagrams accompanied by a clear explanation, are given to make the general character and arrangement of the lamps and reflectors of the Catoptric lights, sufficiently intelligible to the general readers.

The action of the parabolic reflector and lamp is due to the peculiar properties of the parabolic reflector, which throws forward or reflects all rays of light that impinge on it from its focus, in lines parallel with its axis; so that if the lamp and reflectors be placed in a vertical position, the whole of the rays will be thrown forward horizontally. If the light were a mathematical point, it is obvious that the united rays of light collected and thrown forward by the reflector, would form merely a cylindrical beam of light, or bundle of rays, of the diameter of the reflector itself, and that the collected light would thus be only visible from within the limits of its own narrow circumference, the light appearing, when viewed from all other positions, of its natural size and brilliancy alone, as if no reflector were employed. As, however, the light itself, from the circular wick of an Argand lamp of one inch in diameter, is of considerable size, and parts of it are therefore removed from the true focus of the reflector, there is a considerable divergence

of the reflected rays, which is of the utmost value, and alone gives to the reflector its character of practical utility. Thus by ranging a series of such lamps and reflectors round a circular frame, the divergent rays so spread out, combine and cross each other, and form a complete band or belt of light, which may thus be made to cover the whole horizon, and embrace all objects moving on the face of the waters or the land within its scope. The angle of divergence, is one of the reflectors ordinarily in use, is equal to $14^{\circ} 22'$, and it would require twenty-four such reflectors to form a complete circle of light.

We have, so far, endeavoured to make plain to the general reader the origin, growth, and character of one of the two systems by which the sea-coasts of the civilized world are now illuminated. It is the elder of two beautiful sisters, whose pure and beneficent charms will probably for a long time, continue to be reflected on the ocean's waves, and to attract the seaman's wistful gaze. We will not risk the chance of any disparaging or otherwise invidious comparisons between two objects, each having such great claims on our admiration and gratitude : we therefore postpone our humble tribute to the latter until our next number, and now conclude with the reflection that few objects are more calculated to impress on our minds the beneficence of the Great Author of all things, who has thus caused man's general welfare, worldly prosperity, happiness, and progress so greatly to depend on the use of those mental faculties with which He has gifted him, and the industrious exercise of which, whilst it conveys a blessing on his race, should, at the same time, be ever looked upon by him as his greatest happiness and most glorious privilege.

REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.*

—
BY A YACHTSMAN.
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AFTER despatching the remarks on the above subject, which appeared in the Magazine of last month, and after having written the few following comments, I received the November number, and there perceived that "*Red with White Maltese Cross*" had in a great measure anticipated me, and though what I have hitherto written has not interfered with his project it is evident from what has appeared in the December

* Concluded from p. 542, vol. xiv.

number that, we shall clash if I continue my history; I think it is better, therefore, to refrain from continuing the subject, as I should be sorry either to poach on another's preserves, or run the chance of surfeiting your readers with vain repetitions. With the following brief history, penned before seeing all that your correspondent has written, I shall close the subject; but, at the same time shall read with interest the comments of another correspondent, as I gather that we were both on the same tack; that of comparing the different competitors of the season, the young and the old, with the view of arriving at some conclusion as to what is the best form for speed and sea going qualities. At the same time I may, perhaps, venture to express a hope that he will endeavour not only to obtain the dimensions of the most celebrated craft, but the *quantity of ballast* they *each carry*, as by so doing some notion may be drawn of the style of midship section, which after all is the keystone to the whole design. With such intention I resume my narrative, and return to the Ocean match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, from Sheerness to Harwich, which took place on the 12th of June.

This leviathan club offered two prizes for the above match, one of £100 for the first boat, and one of £50 for the second, without any restriction as to rig or size, and without any allowance of time for tonnage. No less than fifteen vessels entered for the race, but only twelve came to the starting post, and we shall confine our remarks to the five that showed more prominently than the others in the race—*Marina*, *Alarm*, *Xantha*, *New Moon*, *Volante*, and *Christabel*. The *Marina* is a fine slashing 65 ton cutter of Ratsey's, and that in a strong breeze and heavy sea, always maintains a prominent position; but in this instance her owner must have been "hoping against hope," as in the event of a strong breeze the *Marina* was safe to be overpowered by the larger vessels, while should the wind be light the *Volante* and *Christabel* would be too many for her. The *Alarm*, 248 tons, is so well known that very few words will suffice in speaking of her, if indeed these few words will not be superfluous. She was originally built as a cutter by, I believe, Inman, many years ago for the late Mr. Weld, and was perhaps the largest cutter ever put together. Her career is still more extraordinary than that of the *Mosquito*, as mentioned by "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," inasmuch as she won the Squadron cup in 1833, and still, in spite of modern improvements, keeps on winning. It is true that, the advent of the *America* induced her owner to lengthen her by the bows, and turn her into a schooner, so that she is an altered vessel, whereas the *Mosquito* is unaltered; but if we take the dates of their

respective launches into consideration, I think we must admit that the Alarm is the most wonderful craft afloat, as she may also be considered the champion schooner of the day.

The Xantha is a magnificent yawl, built for Lord Alfred Paget, by Harvey, who has exercised his well-known talent to some purpose, and turned out a speedy as well as a handsome vessel, but over such a course and in such a breeze, we should have expected to find a greater interval than twenty-three minutes between a yawl of 135 tons, built in 1864, and a cutter of 59 tons, built by the same builder in 1850. In fact, had an allowance of time been given the latter would have been the victor.

The New Moon is a lugger of 209 tons, built for the late Lord Wiltoughby D'Ersby. We have no fancy for the rig ourselves, thinking it the most unhandy that has ever been invented since the days of Æneas. The New Moon may have the most perfect hull afloat, but it availed her nothing over a course peculiarly adapted to her rig as her position in the race showed.

The Volante and Christabel have been already described.

The day was extremely favorable for the ocean race, but better adapted for the larger than the smaller class vessels, as there was a slashing breeze throughout the greater part of the day with a lump of a sea on at the same time. The vessels had to start from their own anchors, a manifest advantage to the smaller craft, and at seven o'clock the red flag from the commodore's steamer gave the signal to weigh. The Marina, Volante, and Christabel were soon covered with canvas, and burying their fine bows in the foam which they ploughed up in their course, then came three or four other craft, and last Xantha, New Moon, and Alarm. The three cutters got a good lead at starting, and it was surprising to see even after the three others had fairly got into their speed, how well, and for what length of time they maintained their position. The Marina particularly was going remarkably well, and so long as they were on a wind her large displacement and more powerful form kept the Volante and Christabel at a respectful distance; but the same circumstances which favoured her with these two antagonists were destructive to her chance with others, as the Alarm and Xantha slowly crept up to her, and eventually passed her, and the New Moon also left her astern. From the Sunk Light-vessel it was a free wind into Harwich, and the smaller displacement of Volante and Christabel enabled them also to give Marina the go-by, so that of the above six she was last into Harwich, the race being finished by Alarm, the victor of the first prize, beating the Xantha, the winner of the second

prize, by 15 minutes, which in her turn defeated the New Moon by 17 minutes, the Volante by 23, the Christabel by 29, and the Marina by 34 minutes; and thus ended the Royal Thames Ocean race, which we believe to have been fairly won by the different vessels on their merits. At the same time we do not want to see any more of these home Ocean matches, and we think that only one would be justifiable, and that one should have a large prize for the first vessel, and a good one for the second from Cowes to the Mersey, before the coming Mersey regatta of 1866. This would be some inducement for the owners of craft on the East coast to bring their vessels and try their luck on the Irish waters, and might be productive of good results.

The next race on the Thames was also an Ocean match to Harwich on the 17th of June: under the auspices of the Royal London, which divided the prize into two, for schooners and yawls of £50 and £10, and two for cutters of £40 and £10. The schooners and yawls entered were the Alarm, Xantha, and Whirlwind. The Alarm and Xantha have already been described: the Whirlwind is a yawl by Hansen, was built as a cutter for Mr. Thynne, and turned into a yawl by her present owner, Mr. A. Cox. She is a fine vessel, but quite overpowered in the present match. For the cutter prizes the Marina, Volante, Christabel, Vindex, Glance, Surf, Goulden Vanitee, Niobe, Santry, Eva, and Dudu started. The first five I have already endeavoured to give some account of; and we next come to the Surf, 54 tons, built by Fyffe in 1862 a vessel that has sadly disappointed me, for although she may be rather deficient in power aft, she is a beautiful model under the water, and she is likewise a very handsome vessel above it. My impression is that with a proper adjustment of ballast and canvas there is an amount of sailing to be got out of the Surf that would astonish some of our yachting men. There is a mean and balance of power in every thing, and more particularly in a yacht; and my idea is that the Surf is overballasted and overmasted, and that the proper balance has not yet been found in her.

The Goulden Vanitee, 45 tons, is we believe by an amateur builder; she did not take a prominent position in either this or the Royal Thames Ocean match, and has yet to make a name for herself.

The Niobe is a new 45 tonner of Hatcher's, and may fairly be considered the crack of the season. She was well turned out in every respect, was right well managed and fully justified the confidence placed in her by her owner and builder. She is a fine bold looking vessel above the water line, but underneath is as clean as a two-year old.

The Santry is a 25 ton cutter, built by Fyffe in 1861, according to

the late owner's order, or *dis-order*, as Fyffe would probably say. She is a nice roomy little craft, with a fair amount of speed, but could only have entered for this match with the hope of seeing every other vessel dismantled, and towing them all triumphantly into Harwich.

The Eva is a 20 tonner of Wanhill's, built in 1858. She has hoisted her racing flag on several occasions; but with very indifferent success. Some such ideas as those attributed to the owner of the Santry probably entered the imagination of the owner of the Eva also.

The race was on the whole very interesting, and time being given for tonnage made it more exciting than the Thames match, as it gave a better chance. The wind however, was not very steady, either in force or from the point whence it came; but on the whole the day may be considered a very fair one for all parties. The wind at starting was strong, towards the middle of the day it was much lighter, and again in the afternoon it blew very hard. The prizes for the schooners and yawls were of course for the Alarm and Xantha, those for the cutters were not so easily predicted. Very unfortunately in the most interesting part of the race the Xantha carried away her topsail yard, and was of course very much delayed by such an untoward event. In carrying on, the skippers of our various racing yachts seem often to lose sight of the fact, that wood and hemp will only stand a certain amount of strain, and that it is so much more prudent to reduce the canvas in time, rather than by carrying on lose all chance of the race, by carrying away some important stick or some equally important rope at a critical point of the race. So it was with the Xantha, and we very much question, considering her position at the time, if she would not have reversed the running of the Thames Ocean match, between herself and the Alarm, had she not carried on to the extent she did, as it was the latter vessel again entered Harwich a victor, leaving the second prize for the Xantha.

The prizes for the cutters were very well contested by Christabel, Vindex, and Niobe, the others not showing very prominently in the race. In the middle of the first blow the Dudu retired, an example speedily followed by Santry and Eva, but the match between the other three was really very good indeed, and the result hung in the balance until the last moment. All through the match Christabel kept a lead of a few minutes more or less of the Niobe, as the latter did of the Vindex; the race eventually terminating in favour of Niobe by 1m. 10s., the Christabel securing the second prize. The Royal London again came forward on the 20th, to re-sail the match of the 5th, which could not be brought to issue, owing to the want of the fickle element. The same

vessels contended, *Vindex*, 45 tons, *Niobe*, 45 tons, *Volante*, 60 tons, *Glance*, 35 tons, and really it was very much the same sort of day as the previous one, so far as wind was concerned, it being so light as to make the race a very lingering and protracted struggle ; which may be gathered from the fact that the gun for the start was fired at 11h. 52m. while the return was signalled at 9h. 27s. It really was almost a question of which vessel had the greatest quantity of muslin stowed on board, and it was marvellous to see the number of yards hoisted by some of them, however, the *Niobe* made very easy work of it by defeating the *Volante* 29m., independent of her allowance of time—the others *not* being timed.

We find the Thames still absorbing our attention in the shape of another match, under the auspices of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which offered with its accustomed liberality, two prizes for schooners above 100 tons, and one prize for schooners under 100 tons, and in addition to the above, two of their members Sir G. East, and Capt. Lovett, presented two pieces of plate value 50 and 25 guineas, for the first and second boat, these last to be contended for by cutters. The entries were on the whole tolerably numerous, though with respect to the schooners not so numerous as might have been expected. The *Alarm*, *Gloriana*, *Albertine*, and *Circe*, were entered for the large schooner match. The *Iolanthe*, *Intrigue*, and *Reverie*, for the second, while for the cutter prizes, no less than six came to the post ; *Audax*, *Vindex*, *Glance*, *Christabel*, and *Marina*.

Great disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of the *Alarm*, as for many days before the race yachting men had been looking forward with much interest to the prospect of seeing a match between her and the *Albertine* ; her non-appearance also withdrew the cup for the second vessel, which was only to be given in the event of four starting ; of the other three the *Albertine* was the favorite ; she was built four years ago for Lord Londesborough, by Inman, and great things were expected of her, not only on account of the fame of her builder, but it was rightly judged that the *Albertine* would have justice done her, from the manner in which her owner brought out the *Mosquito*, in former years. Whether these expectations have been realized is doubtful, as her career as a racer has not been eminently successful, though, at the same time she has passed the flag-boat a victor, and proved herself in many a match a very fast craft.

The *Gloriana* is another of those vessels that have for a time been lost to the racing world, and again appear at the starting buoys. When owned by Mr. Gee, she was every now and then brought to the

post, and though unfortunate in having generally such an antagonist as the Alarm, which was of course too much of a vessel for her in every way, yet when pitted against others she brought Mr. Gee's colours to the fore, and earned extra laurels for Ratsey her builder. The Circe is an iron schooner from Glasgow, and on her first appearance in 1862, was very successful as a racer, she is rather low in the water for the general idea of what a schooner ought to be, she is decidedly an awkward looking customer, and, considering the difference in size between herself and her competitors, she fairly maintained in the Thames the reputation she had gained in other waters. Of the small schooners the Intrigue has been described in your last number by "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," and I give him infinite credit for having traced her pedigree, as she seemed to alter her name and her tonnage each successive year; the Reverie is an iron boat by the builder of the Circe, and consequently hails from Glasgow. She is a nice little vessel, but a 40 ton schooner is a poor thing at all times: she may be very handy but you can never get much speed out of a small schooner, as was practically proved on this occasion.

The cutters have already been before us, so we have but to describe the race;—the wind was light throughout the day, and scarcely a ripple disturbed the water. On the gun firing, matters improved a little as the day wore on, and the easterly breeze gained strength with the sun. The first and second class schooners as well as the cutters were all started together, which was an excellent plan, as it gave yachting men an opportunity of taking the merits and demerits of the different rigs. The new Albertine had to succumb to the more ancient Gloriana, which kept the lead throughout, and won the schooner prize for the large class, while the little Glance secured Sir G. East's handsome present, but that of Capt. Lovett, was not awarded. The Intrigue won in her class.

So far as the cutters were concerned there could not have been a closer contest, only 6m. being between the first and the last of four vessels, the only mortifying reflection being, for those who look for improvement, that the vessel last launched, the Vindex, was the last in, while the oldest of the four, the Volante was first at the finish, though by time she lost the prize. With such a match I close the review; trusting that what I have written may have been of some interest to your friends, and leaving the remainder of the season in the hands of "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," and subscribe myself,

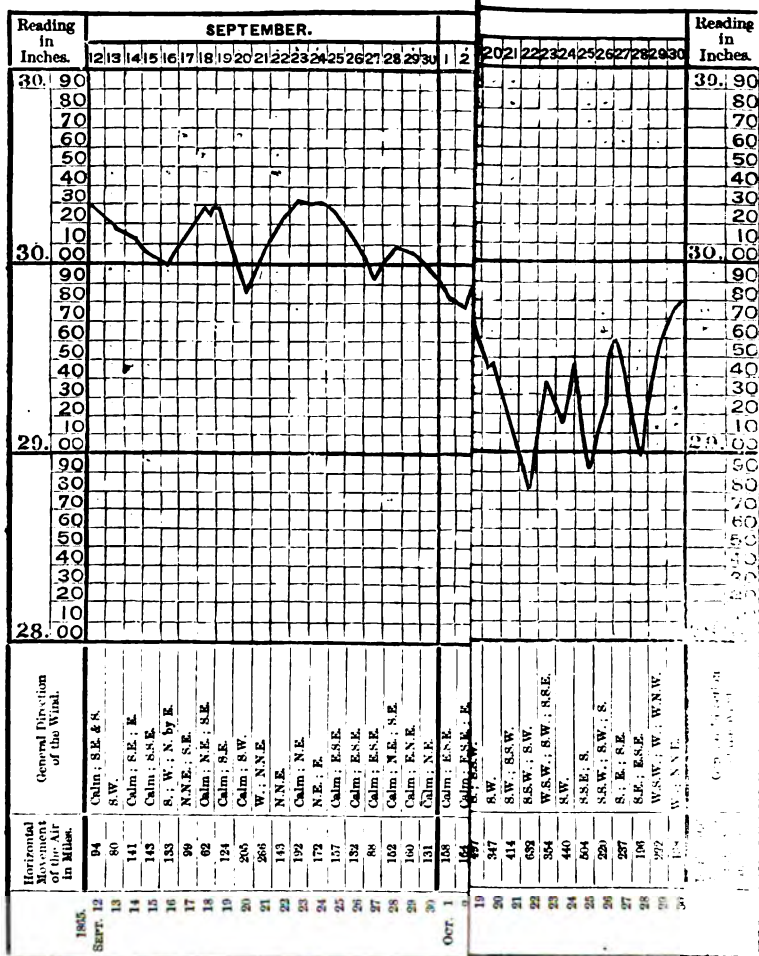
Yours, &c.,

A YACHTSMAN.

ON THE VARIATIONS OF THE READING OF THE BARO-

post, and though unfortunate in having generally such an antagonist as the ~~Albatross~~ which was of course too much of a naval foe for her in every

DIAGRAM EXHIBITING THE BAROMETRIC V THE WIND, AND THE HORIZONTAL MOVEMENT



ON THE VARIATIONS OF THE READING OF THE BAROMETER AND THE WEATHER.

THE variations in the readings of the barometer at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the period from September 12th to November 30th, making altogether eighty days, and shown in the accompanying diagram and table, together with the general directions of the wind on every day, as determined from the records of Osler's Self-Registering Anemometer, and the number of miles of horizontal movement of the air, as self-registered by the use of Robinson's Anemometer.

During the latter part of the period there have been successive heavy gales of wind upon our coasts, causing sad disasters at sea, and calling very frequently into use the services of the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution, and these, in most cases have been attended with success in the saving of life; but unhappily in some few instances, as must ever be the case, the gales have been so violent that life has been lost; and the most noble efforts on the part of the life-boat crews, after toiling in some instances through the midnight storms, have failed entirely, the boats being unable to reach the distressed ships.

A few particulars of the readings of the barometer during the period preceding these storms, and during their continuance, cannot fail to be useful and interesting to the brave men who are ever ready to go off in those life-boats, as well as to sailors and fishermen generally.

The readings of the barometer from the 1st of September to the 6th day were high, and above the average. On the 7th day it decreased a little below the average; on the 8th the lowest reading in the month took place, viz. 29.76 inches; and from the 9th day it was constantly above the average to the end of the month, being mostly above 30 inches, as shown in the diagram. The weather was exceedingly fine throughout the month. The highest reading in the month took place on the 23rd. There was a little decrease in the readings at the beginning of October, but on the 3rd day the reading again rose above 30 inches, and began to decline on the 5th, continuing to decrease till the 11th. Up to the 10th day the air had been mostly calm, and fog had been prevalent, but on this day the wind began to blow strongly from the W. and S.W. On the 11th the readings began to increase, and from the 12th the winds were light. A maximum barometer reading was reached on the evening of the 15th day. During the 16th the barometer readings decreased rapidly, and the wind increased in strength. A minimum reading of 28.89 inches was reached by 9 p.m. on the 18th, with strong wind blowing. Unsettled weather followed this, and the

barometer readings oscillated up and down, as will be seen by reference to the diagram, and the wind was frequently very strong, reaching 20 lbs. on the square foot on the 25th day. From this time to the end of the month, the oscillations of the barometer readings were very remarkable; a decrease of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch was followed by an increase to the like amount; and then in very unusually quick succession, another decrease and increase to almost the same amounts, these very large and rapid changes extending over very considerable tracts of country and sea. The large numbers at the bottom of the table on those days will show how strong the wind was blowing.

From this time there is a general bold and continuous increase in the barometer curve to 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches on the 12th of November, with mostly N. and N.E. winds blowing, and sometimes strongly. From the 13th day set in decreasing readings, which with checks, as shown in the diagram, fell to 28.82 inches on the 22nd day. At Liverpool Observatory, on this day, the reading was as low as 28.31 inches, as recorded by John Hartnup, Esq., the Director of the Observatory; and from this time to the 28th day, there was a succession of disastrous storms, some of the effects of which will probably be detailed in other parts of the Life-boat Journal.

If we collate the numbers in the lower part of the chart together with different readings of the barometer, we shall find that when the readings

exceed 30 inches, the average daily horizontal movement of the air was		about 130 miles per day;	
about 30 "	ditto	160	"
between 29.5 & 30.0 in.	ditto	210	"
" 29.0 & 29.5 in.	ditto	260	"
below 29 inches	ditto	320	"

thus showing that whenever the barometer reading has been above the average, the wind has been moderate, and that as the barometer reading decreases, the motion of the wind increases, and is the greatest at the lowest readings.

It is impossible for me to urge too strongly the necessity of care when continuous declining readings are proceeding. The barometer may be almost neglected by the sailor when its readings range above the average; but when they descend below the average, it is a warning which ought never to pass unheeded; and when the depression is sudden, it is the sure and certain warning of the approach of storms. Such signs no sailor ought to neglect; yet they are neglected; and what is more sad still, too many barometers sold as marine barometers are totally unfit for

such an important purpose. During the last few years I have seen many of these instruments, and I have found them imperfect in numerous ways. Some of these defects I may enumerate here:—

Firstly.—The upper portion of the tube is too small.

Secondly.—The relation of the interior bore of the tube to that of the cistern is neglected, so that the rise of the mercury in the cistern, caused by a fall in the tube, is not allowed for on the scale.

Thirdly.—The lower portion of the tube is generally too much contracted in the bore.

Fourthly.—The cistern is too small to contain the mercury when the barometer reading is low.

Fifthly.—The careless cleaning out of the internal bore of the tubes, and imperfectly freeing them from damp.

The most serious of these errors is the third. It is well known that the tubes of marine barometers ought to have their bores contracted so as to steady the motion of the mercury when the ship is in a heavy sea. This, in some instances, is so carelessly done, that it has not the desired effect; but in most cases it is carried to a great excess. For instance, in some instruments the mercury will take from forty minutes to an hour to pass through the first inch after suspension, and many are so sluggish in their action as not to indicate any change in less than twenty minutes.

This unnecessary contraction is very frequently the cause of entirely stopping the action of the barometer, as the minutest particle of foreign matter, or even the oxidation of the mercury itself, which, as an impalpable powder forming on the surface of the mercury in the cistern on moving the barometer, is displaced, and this in its ascent to float on the top of the mercury, chokes and closes the fine bore of the tube hermetically, rendering the instrument perfectly useless; and this is often not found out till the ship has left for sea. A barometer, therefore, acting well till disturbed, may be quite useless afterwards.

The fourth-named error is also one of great gravity; and for this error low-priced manufacturers are far more to be censured for their culpability than for their ignorance or carelessness—the size of the cistern is reduced to enable them to save a quarter of a pound of mercury. The great desire to cheapen instruments is most serious, as the indications of such instruments are absolutely deceiving, and at a time when the changes are of vital importance to the sailor. In many such barometers the mercury will not fall below, even if so low, as 29 inches, although a standard at such times may read 28·5 inches, or even less. Nor will such an instrument show any change till the mercury rises

above 29 inches; that is, the barometer says the mercury is stationary and steady at all times of greatest phases of storms, and when every change should be instantly known by the sailor.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that some master-mariners hold the barometer in little esteem if supplied with instruments of this class. Mr. Pastorelli told me that he heard a captain say that he had the barometer removed, as it occupied some valuable space which was required for another purpose, and on arriving in the Port of Liverpool, that very instrument was found broken in an obscure nook of the ship. This is a sad illustration, and proves the absolute necessity of improvement in the make of these instruments. By using large cisterns, tubes of proper capacity, scales which are known as contracted scales, chemically clean tubes, pure mercury, and properly-contracted bores, instruments can be made which shall read within 0.1 or 0.2 inch at every part of their scales, when compared with a standard barometer, and they ought, too, and can be sold at a moderate price.

The contraction of the tube in a marine barometer ought to be carried only so far as to allow the utmost freedom of action of the mercury without pumping.

When the ship is in a heavy sea,—when first suspended,—the screw at the bottom of the tube being withdrawn as far as possible,—the mercury should fall in the tube through the first inch in 40 seconds to 60 seconds. It should fall through the second inch in less than two minutes, and should be at its true reading within or about 15 minutes from the time of first suspension. Such an instrument, however quickly atmospheric changes may be taking place, will take up its true readings within 0.01 inch within one or two minutes, and this degree of accuracy is practically correct. On removing such an instrument before packing, it should be taken down without touching the screw at the bottom, and inclined with its cistern downwards, at an angle of 45° to 60°; the tube will be filled in this position in 3 or 4 minutes; then hold the instrument horizontally, and drive the screw at the bottom nearly, but not quite, home. With these precautions, the instrument will continue good for many years—in fact, till broken. During the last few months I have had frequent interviews with Mr. John Browning, of 111, Minorie; Mr. F. Pastorelli, of 208, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Negretti and Zambesi, of 1, Hatton Garden, who have undertaken to make marine and upright barometers of this character for my examination; and I have also undertaken to examine every one made by these makers, and to give a certificate with every instrument which complies with the above conditions. This will, I think, effectually meet the difficulty to which I have referred.

I feel confident that if our seamen had been provided with truthful instruments during the fearful storms of Wednesday the 22nd November last, and on the Friday following—the storms of those two days and nights would not have proved so disastrous as they did to life and property.

In corroboration of my remarks, I may mention one or two cases. Some four or five years ago Her Majesty's steamer Porcupine was cruising off St. Kilda, in the Hebrides. Captain Otter, R.N., carefully observing the gradual fall of the mercury to the extent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch between 8 a.m. on one day and 8h. 26m. a.m. on the following day,* at once ordered his ship to be made as snug as possible. The hurricane at the latter hour burst out with fearful violence, swept off the little island nearly the whole of the agricultural produce of the poor people, and caused lamentable havoc amongst the shipping and fishing-boats that happened to be out in those seas at the time. But the Porcupine weathered out nobly the storm; and in lieu of being in a thousand pieces, the good ship was engaged a few days afterwards in a mission of mercy in bringing food to the poor islanders.

I am sure that every assistance will be cheerfully rendered by the National Life-boat Institution to save life—whether by ships' life-boats, seamen's life-belts, fishing life-boats; or, lastly but not least, in its great and good work, by helping the sailor on board ship to possess a truthful and cheap barometer system of the Institution; and thus prevent, as far as possible, by timely warnings on board ship, the necessity of calling into use the last but most glorious assistance—the services of the life-boat itself.

December 1st, 1865.

JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S.

* The following account of the reading of the barometer on the occasion in question cannot fail to be interesting, as showing clearly the certainty by which coming weather is indicated by this valuable instrument:—

1860, October 2.— 8.0 A.M. 30.32 inches

8.0 P.M. 29.75

8.15 P.M. 29.70 wind S.

8.45 P.M. 29.62 S.S.W.

10.30 P.M. 29.34 S.S.W.

11.0 P.M. 29.26 S.S.W.

11.45 P.M. 29.22 S.W.

October 3.— 0.15 A.M. 29.16 S.W. heavy squalls

0.45 A.M. 29.10 S.W. ditto

2.0 A.M. 21.96 S.W. ditto

2.40 A.M. 28.87 S.W. nearly calm

3.20 A.M. 28.87 S.W. westerly

3.26 N.W. hurricane began

5.30 A.M. 29.52 N., N.N.W. gale

6.10 A.M. 29.65 N.N.W.

7.15 A.M. 29.55 N. nearly calm

Noon 29.87 N.W., N.W.b.N.

2.30 P.M. 29.87

VOYAGE OF THE ALERTE.

IN last month's Magazine we laid before our readers a short account of the voyage of the yacht Vivid, 25 tons, from Liverpool to Sydney, and we now insert an epitome of the log of another adventurous little craft which left these shores during the last year for the purpose of joining the Yacht Squadron which is fast forming at our Antipodes, under the command of the enterprising gentleman who formerly purchased and sent out the Chance schooner 72 tons, to carry his flag, a full report of whose voyage appeared in the twelfth volume of this Magazine. Mr. Walker having determined that his fleet should be graced by the addition of one of the handsomest and fastest cutters which the old world could produce, intended to purchase the well-known Phryne for this purpose, but on her meeting with an unfortunate accident he transferred his affections to the Alerte, 56 tons, built by Ratsey and Son, of Cowes, in 1864, to the order of Lieut. Sladen, R.A., who had previously owned the Crusader. Mr. Sladen sailed this vessel for many prizes in the course of that season, but from some unaccountable selection of crew not did succeed in scoring a single winning race, although from the appearance of the vessel and the speed she undoubtedly possessed it seemed almost an impossibility that she should not have been more successful. On his determining to retire from the racing world, Mr. Walker, purchased her (through Captain Grant, Secretary to R.T.Y.C.,) and having reduced her spars and sails for the voyage across the Ocean, put her under the charge of Captain Alexander Campbell and a picked crew of six hands, and on

May 6th, sailed from the port of Falmouth at 7h. p.m., passed the Lizard, the course S.W. by W.; 7th, light airs, afterwards fresh and squally; 8th, course W.S.W., 122 miles; 9th, strong breeze, with heavy sea, 173; 10th, wind N.W., squally, 137; 11th, fine, 71, spoke brig bound to Hamburgh; 12th, 114; 13th, heavy squalls with rain, 78; 14th, 157; and on 15th, 98; 16th, steering S.W. by W., wind N.W., caught N.E. trades, lat 31°25' N., long 16° W., 136; 17th, 131; 18th, 165, lat 27°30' N., long 18°57' W., sighted Teneriffe, Palma; 19th, 174, passed two ships running; 20th, 166; 21st, 170, fine breeze, heavy swell, 22nd, 179, wind N.E., sighted island of Sal; 23rd, lat 14°22' N., long 24°40' W., sighted Brava Island, 176; 24th, 25th, and 26th, 144, 103, and 144 respectively, fresh breeze, E.N.E., passed a large ship running; 27th and 28th, 86 and 70; 29th, 116, caught S.E. trades, lat 2°23' N., long 25°36' W.; 30th, 0°26' N. lat, 26 W., long. spoke the Lady Havelock, bound for Liverpool, 108; 31st, crossed the Line! in lat 1°20' S. and 26°30' W., 111.

June 1st, steering S.W. by W., sailed 121 miles; 2nd, 97, heavy head swell; 3rd, wind S.E., course S., passed ship running, head squalls, 139; 4th, 92; 5th, 138, strong breeze, heavy sea; 6th, 148; 7th, 140; 8th, course S. by E.,

122; 9th, 88, spoke the Mohawk, (bound to Cork); 10th, 90; 11th, 85; 12th, course S. half W., 102; 13th, 102; 14th, 96; 15th, 91; 16th, 76; 17th, 68; 18th, 16; 19th, 76; 20th, 82; 21st, 162; 22nd, 184; 23rd, 192, course E.S.E. wind N.N.E., carried away topmast; 24th, 182; 25th, 178, spoke schooner, bound to the Cape; 26th, 136; 27th, heavy seas, wind N.W., 132; 28th, 86; 29th, 176; 30th, 188, heavy cross seas, course E.

July 1st, 166 miles; 2nd, 180; 3rd, anchored in Table Bay (Cape of Good Hope), 58 days from England, the captain praising the gallant craft for her admirable sea-going qualities; 8th, weighed anchor for Sydney, light airs; 9th, wind, westerly, lat 35.9 S., long 18.6 E.; 10th, course S.E. by E.; wind N.W., freshening gale, 192 by log; 11th, 148; 12th, 172; 13th, 116; 14th, 180, fresh gale from W.S.W.; 15th, 136; 16th, 212; 17th, 144, gale freshening, carried away main-boom; 18th, wind S. by W., course E.S.E., 142; 19th, 148; 20th, 176; 21st, 156; 22nd, 204; 23rd, 216; 24th, 168; 25th and 26th, 76; 27th, wind westerly, course E.S.E., 112; 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, wind W.N.W., 192, 158, 162, and 133 respectively, course E.S.E.

August 1st, steering E. by S., wind N.N.E., fresh gale; increasing on the 2nd, 400 miles in the two days; 3rd, reeled off 240, the little clipper spanking along at a rattling pace, the Cape pigeons skimming at a respectful distance, heavy gale; 4th, 204, tremendous sea, heavy gale, wind W.N.W., course E. by S.; 5th, lighter, 160; 6th, 170, increasing gale; 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, 144, 144, 120, and 96 respectively; 11th, 144; 12th, 60, light; 13th, 144, increasing breeze; 14th, 192; 15th, 96, wind S., moderating, course E. half S., heavy sea; 16th, 168; 17th, wind S.W., course E., lat 39.33, long 144.38, sighted Cape Otway, 174 per log; 18th, wind W.S.W., course E. by N., sighted Wilson's Promontory; 19th, course N.E. by N., wind S.W.; 20th, tacked ship to N., wind N.E.; 21st, tacked, and sighted Gabo Light; 22nd, steering N.; wind N.E., lat 36.55 S., long 150.30 E., encountered a heavy sea, and on the 23rd August, with a strong south westerly breeze, the good ship anchored safely in Sydney Cove, 108 days from England, including five days detention at the Cape.

Thus beating the Vivid as from her superior size and power she was bound to do, thirty-six days on the whole voyage, and twenty-seven on those passed actually at sea. The Chance left Cowes on January 13th, 1862, and arrived at Sydney on the 3rd of June, 141 days, having only remained three days at the Cape, so that the smaller vessels show a decided superiority.

While mentioning these lengthy voyages we are reminded that as long ago as 1860, the Spray, 33 tons yacht measurement, but only 20 tons register, started from Cowes for Hobart Town under the command of Captain Wylie, the enterprising, tho' eccentric skipper described by Lord Dufferin in his "*Letters from High Latitudes*," and arrived safely at her destination. Twenty tons register sounds small for such a voyage, but as that of the Vivid could hardly have exceeded 16, she may so far safely claim the honour of being the smallest craft which has actually accomplished a feat so daring.

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

In the closing number of last year's volume I brought my comments on the racing cutters of the first class for the season of 1865 to a conclusion, and now ask leave to make a few remarks on those of the second class, (under 40 tons,) and third class (under 25 tons,) which have won most prizes during the same period, intending if time and space do not fail me to add also a few on the schooners which have appeared at the racing buoys. At the head of the first two classes stand the sister vessels Kilmeny, 30 tons, and Torch, 15 tons, constructed by Will Fyffe in the year 1864, for the Messrs. Alexander and David Finlay, of Helensburgh, and as nearly as possible built on the same principles and lines, which he has again so successfully carried out this year in Fiona, already referred to.

The dimensions of the Kilmeny were given in the last number for the purpose of easy comparison with those of the Glance, her great rival, which although by a different hand is much on the same plan, viz. great length in proportion to beam, very fine ends, long floor, lead ballast lying very low, and big spars, though these latter are by no means excessive.

Those of the Torch are:—length from fore part of stem to after part of sternpost 43ft. 11in., beam 8ft. 11in., tonnage 14½, draft, aft 7ft. 6in., forward 4ft., mast from deck to hounds 30ft., boom 35ft., gaff 21ft., bowsprit outboard 20ft., topmast 23ft. She has a lead keel of 2 tons, with 3 tons more of lead inside, the rest of her ballast iron cast to fit, and her accommodation is wonderfully good for a boat of her size.

The credit of building these vessels certainly belongs to their owners, as Fyffe at first much objected to laying down such long narrow vessels, thinking they would neither carry their canvas well nor be good sea boats, both of which expectations fortunately turned out erroneous, as they are first rate in rough weather as well as about the fastest craft afloat in their respective classes, and he now confesses this, as proved by his building Fiona this year as nearly as he could on their lines. In addition to the merit due to the Messrs. Finlay, as designers, must also be added that of being practical yachtsmen, since in all the numerous races sailed by their vessels they invariably steered themselves, and any extra hands they took on board were gentlemen amateurs, while below nothing was allowed to be stirred or sent ashore, lamp, table, berths,

* Continued from p. 558, vol. xiv.

Cinderella - Cutter 15 tons length over all 36ft

&c., were kept in their places, as if on a cruise, and they always lived on board while away from home.

On re-looking over my notes I find I wronged Kilmeny in my list of her winnings to the extent of £30, as she won £195, including however the Challenge Cup, value £60, presented to the Royal Irish Yacht Club by their Commodore, the Earl of Granard, and which must be twice won by the same vessel before it is finally retained. She began with the 20 (not 60) sovereign prize given by the Prince Alfred Yacht Club for her own class on 22nd May, which she won easily, beating Xema, Luna, Echo and Secret; and then pluckily started off to the Thames, for the express purpose of trying her speed against the crack yachts of the second class in the match of 3rd June, but unluckily owing to the non-fitting out of the usual champions of the middle-weights, Phantom, Thought, Emmet, &c., the race did not fill, and although her owner pluckily offered to sail her as a 35 tonner amongst the larger vessels, rules were held to be rules, and he had his voyage for nothing; but in order to "improve the shining hour" she went east about, and entered on 8th June for match of the Royal Eastern Yacht Club at Granton, where she fell in with her sister the Torch, but unfortunately during the race was run foul of by Surge, and had her topmast and cross-trees carried away, effectually putting out her chance, tho' she sailed a good second, whilst the Torch had an easy victory in her class. They then crossed the island through the Caledonian canal, and re-visited their native waters; but Kilmeny did not long remain inactive, as the 20th of same month saw her again at Kingstown about to try her luck in the first class match of Prince Alfred Yacht Club, boldly entering as 41 tons against such opponents as Enid, 57 tons, and Dawn, 60 tons, while meeting Xema, Echo, and Secret on equal terms. The first day's race was abortive, owing to lack of wind, and on the second Xema and Echo did not sail, but with a nice topsail breeze and a course of thirty miles she came in only 3m. 26s. astern of Enid, of course winning by time, and beating Dawn and Secret a long way.

Next morning she was off to Queenstown, where for the first time she met the Glance, and the Mosquito having gone ashore she again saved her time from Enid, as also did the Glance, who beat Kilmeny 2m. 58s., out of which she had to allow 2m. 30s., so won only by 28s., Kilmeny taking £25, second money. On the succeeding day the race was unfinished, but on the 29th, the Mosquito easily defeated both of them for the cup, presented to the Royal Western of Ireland Yacht

Club, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and Kilmeny, turned the tables on the Glance. The 5th of July, saw both these indefatigable little craft on the Mersey, where Torch also turned up, and had an easy victory in the third class race, over such well known little clippers as Surprise, Stanley, and Glide, but the others in the strong breeze had no chance with the heavy weights, altho' Fiona showed what their lines were worth by coming first of the whole fleet. Next day these two well matched opponents had a splendid race for the £50 cup, which ended in Glance getting in first, but losing on time by 22 secs. to our little heroine. Thence the sister lassies returned to bonny Clyde, and sailed several matches at Dunoon, Blairmore and Helensburgh, again coming south to the regatta of Royal Irish Yacht Club, and the matches at Bray and Carnarvon, the Torch almost always winning in her class, and Kilmeny also being successful, except when opposed to the Glance which, however, had undoubtedly the best of it on the whole, winning four times out of six times they met, altho' it appeared likely that the Kilmeny would have squared the account at Carnarvon, if she had not carried away her gaff. Altogether Kilmeny started fourteen times and won six first prizes, £195, while Torch in nine starts netted seven first, and one second, £155, a number of winning races not exceeded by any vessel throughout the year, although the prizes being of smaller value do not make up so grand a total as in the larger classes. The Torch has canvas by Laphorne, and the Kilmeny a new suit by Menzies of Greenock which, although her mainsail, was by some critics pronounced too high and narrow in the head, appeared to me to sit well; and the rigging of both is steel wire, admirably fitted. The Torch owing to her owner's intended removal to foreign lands has been sold, but having luckily come into the hands of a gentleman who sailed in most of her races last year, and is one of the best amateurs the Prince Alfred can boast of, he is likely to do her justice, and make his mark on the prize list of 1866. The Kilmeny is also in the market, and I trust will remain in Western waters, where, the Torpid having lately been purchased by a Cork gentleman, she is likely to meet a foe worthy of her steel.

The second class racing last year was particularly poor, except in the Irish Channel, as for some reason or another, all the boats of 35 tons, and under, (the limit of this class in the Thames), seem to have disappeared, except the Glance, and she was chiefly engaged in the larger matches, but probably before next year some new candidates will come out, as the size is particularly well adapted for river matches, and the expense attending a 35 or even 40 tonner, is far less than a heavy

tutter of from 60 to 75 tons, and as proved by Niobe and Glance, they can make very good sailing with the aid of their time allowance, against the most powerful of their opponents, if sea and wind be not too heavy.

We will now turn to third class, of which Vampire, 19 tons, stands second to Torch, having won four first and one second prize, value £140, while last year she cleared £175 in seven races. This well known little vessel is now one of the oldest in the racing fleet, having been built as 15 tons, by Hatcher, for Mr. C. Wheeler, made a good first appearance when only just launched, by winning the match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on 26th June, 1852; since then she has been constantly engaged in the contests round the South Coast of England, and with the bat on a white field at her topmast head, and H. Truckle at the tiller, was as well known as the Phantom and Thought, in the matches of the Thames and the neighbouring ports. In 1856, she was lengthened by Spencer and Barnes, at Cowes, and came out as 19 tons, in the match of the Royal London Club, when she beat Kitten, but was disqualified, as she had not been properly measured according to club rules before the race. The Eva, Wanhill's new boat also defeated her at Poole, but in 1857 she won two races out of three, and since then has nearly every year scored more or less, but latterly with more profit than honour, as she has had only 15 and 12 ton boats to contend against, and this season in particular has had a very easy time of it, her chief opponent being the Dudu, 15 tons, whom she beat on two successive days in the Thames. On the second when she carried off the £50 cup presented by Mr. H. C. Maudslay, of the Volante, she had a crew of amateurs, and right well they seem to have handled her, so that we may hope this match will be the forerunner of others of the same kind, although, if we except the contests of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club which are all steered by members, Corinthian crews do not appear in favor on the Metropolitan river, as tho' occasionally tried since the day of Lord Alfred Paget and the Belvidere, there has been always great difficulty in inducing vessels to come to the scratch on these conditions and of those which did, one has generally been far superior in size and power, as well as crew to the rest; indeed the course with its strong tides, frequent mud banks, and crowded channel is hardly adapted for amateur crews, and such fair open waters as the Cove of Cork, Dublin Bay and Frith of Clyde, where they can disport themselves safely and pleasantly to their hearts content, are better places for the display of their talents, and it is a wonder that with the fine fleet of yachts belonging to each of these ports and the number of members in the

Royal Yacht Clubs on their shores, such matches are not of constant occurrence, as they are an admirable means of teaching a young owner how to keep his weather eye open, and to sail and handle his own boat, so as to make him no longer a perfect slave to his skipper, while they vastly increase his enjoyment in his own vessel. As Vampire has now come into the hands of a young Irishman, who is said to be enthusiastically fond of match sailing, it is to be hoped that next season she will visit his native waters, where she will find plenty of antagonists of her own calibre such as Surprise, Torch, Luna, Glide, and Zerlina who will give her owner an opportunity of trying his own skill at the tiller and of enjoying his favourite pastime.

The last of the cutters which I shall specially mention are those pretty little specimens of the light weights the Queen 15 tons and Dudu 15 tons, both built by Hatcher; the former the pet of this, the other of last year, when she won many prizes against Alexandra, Dione, Satanella, and Octoroon. The Queen is reported to be a most successful effort of her clever builder, as she is not only very fast and powerful but a perfect little ship as regards accommodation and head room, a difficult set of qualities to combine. She gathered her maiden laurels on the 20th of May, soon after her launch when under the skilful pilotage of her builder, she beat Dudu, Satanella, Dione and Octoroon somewhat easily; a victory she repeated on the 18th of July, when that fast little 10 tonner the Algerine also went down under her lance, her year old sister the Dudu in each case gaining second honours. On the 28th of June she beat Vampire without any time allowance at Harwich and won Mr. Kelk's prize of £50, while Dudu in her absence carried off the third class prize from Kitten, Dione, Satanella, and Octoroon, and the Queen wound up the year on her native shore at Southampton on the 1st of August by beating the Folly 12 tons, so long the crack boat of that tonnage by 9 minutes, in my eyes her best performance. She also won the chief prize at Havre, beating some twenty other yachts, coming in ten minutes ahead of the whole fleet. This race made her fifth victory, and her total gains were £196.

The Dudu was as I have previously related, quite overpowered by Vampire in the two matches of Royal Thames Club, but is a pretty and fast little thing, and in smooth water with a skilful man to handle her would be a tough customer for any boat of her size, indeed all those small Itchen Ferry racers require a very nice finger on the ribbands, and are easily stopped or hustled out of their stride.

I have now gone through the various performances of the principal cutters during the past year, and fear both you and your readers, Mr.

Hunt, will be heartily sick of this slip-slop; but must just spin a yarn on the doings of the two-masted vessels, which will be all the shorter as there are but few that have distinguished themselves, and of these the Alarm and Aline require little notice as they are well known. The first in consequence of the lamented death of the Father of yachtsmen, has lately come into the hands of a new owner, but only started in three races, all of them being the new fashioned spins from port to port, the two first being from the Thames to Harwich on June 12th and 17th. On the former day she came in far ahead of a large fleet, followed by a yawl, the recently built Xantha, 135 tons, the property of Lord Alfred Paget, and by that extraordinary looking craft the New Moon lugger. The Alarm with her old skipper Jack Nichols on board to look after her won this prize in her old form, but in the Royal London match on the 17th, the little Christabel got in three minutes first, while Niobe and Vindex divided her from the big Xantha, so that altho' the same pair of two-masters secured the first and second prizes in their class, it was not a victory for the old ship to be very proud of, and her ill fortune did not end here, as she was terribly thrashed a few days after in the race from Gravesend to Ryde, when the old Arrow squandered her fleet, and beat the second vessel twelve hours for a magnificent prize worth £150, presented by Mr. G. Salt.

Aline was fitted out rather late, and did not contend in many races, but she was amongst the eight splendid schooners which contested Her Majesty's annual gift to the Squadron on 1st August, and came in first, tho' only a few feet in advance of Egeria, who, caught her up soon after rounding the Yarmouth flag-boat, but could not pass her, so these two magnificent vessels came tearing up Cowes roads running a dead heat before a strong breeze, with the boom end of one almost touching the squaresail of the other, and presenting a most inspiring sight to the spectators,—Egeria winning on her time allowance, while Albertine was only five minutes astern. On the 3rd these three antagonists with thirteen others appeared to sail round the Isle of Wight on a handicap made by the Sailing Committee, for a prize of £100, when they showed their appreciation of Aline's prowess by placing her with the Witchcraft, 248 tons, second on the scale, and only receiving seventeen minutes from the Arrow, however, she did not get a good start, and never showed conspicuously in the race which fell on easy terms to Niobe.

At the regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, the ensuing week, she easily carried off the Town Cup, Volante being second to her, and she virtually walked over for the £100 given by Mr. T. Broadwood for

large schooners no other vessel except the screw schooner *Meteor* venturing to oppose her in the strong breeze which was blowing.

The *Aline* did not sail again, but is more than a match for most of the vessels she meets, and from her great size and beautiful appearance is always a remarkable object wherever she goes. She was one of the first schooners to receive a cutter's bowsprit, now common amongst all the fastest of them.

The last two of this rig (*Egeria* and *Gertrude*) are both the property of Irish gentlemen, and from the stocks of Mr. Wanhill, the celebrated builder at Poole, by whose kindness I am enabled to give some particulars of their dimensions, as well as of that fine vessel the *Speranza* yawl, built by him last year for Mr. B. H. Jones, with which he has won the prize for two-masted vessels in the Mersey two years running, against some of the best schooners afloat, including this season Ratsey's new vessel, the *Pantomime*, and which made a splendid start and strong running for the handicap race of the Royal Squadron, before mentioned, not having been collared by the *Arrow* until she reached St. Catherine's.

+ *Egeria* is—keel 94ft., length on deck 98ft. 6in., beam 19ft. 2in., tonnage 155½, foremast, deck to hounds 51ft., fore-gaff 26ft. 6in., fore-topmast fid to sheave 27ft., mainmast 55ft., boom 52ft., main-gaff 30ft., main-topmast 28ft., bowsprit outboard 32ft.

Gertrude is—keel 67ft. 6in., length on deck 73ft. 6in., beam 14ft. 8in., tonnage 67½, foremast 42ft., foregaff 20ft., fore-topmast 20ft., mainmast 43ft. 6in., boom 21ft. 6in., main-gaff 21ft., main-topmast 21ft., bowsprit outboard 22ft.

+ *Speranza*—keel 72ft., length on deck 77ft., beam 17ft., tonnage 92½, mast 47ft., boom 50ft., gaff 38ft. bowsprit outboard 36ft., topmast 36ft., mizenmast 24ft., boom 20ft., yard 24ft.

The *Egeria* is a noble looking schooner very long and low, with a long running bowsprit, which last year did not steeve with the sheer of the vessel, and made her look slightly by the head. From her appearance most persons would be disposed to think her greatest speed was off the wind, but it is only when she comes on a wind in a strong breeze with other vessels that her wonderful powers are really seen. In the match for the Queen's Cup, owing to the mistake made at first about her jib-sheets, she fell to leeward, as described in this Magazine, (vol. xiv.), but when rectified she soon made up for lost ground, and went tack for tack with *Aline* and *Albertine* fairly eating up to windward of them both.

Egeria is built on particularly straight lines, both vertical and fore-

and-aft, with no hollows anywhere; a very long bottom and little dead-wood aft, while her sister ship (the *Heloise*), is two feet wider across the cabin floor, and has considerably more hollow just above the gar-board streak, and in her after run; both are fine sea boats, and particularly easy, in which they differ much from some of those previously built as clippers. When the *Heloise* is running in a strong breeze she curls the sea up round her counter, until it reaches her stern dinghy, probably from her hollow lines aft; but *Egeria* never does, and even when pressed with canvas leaves a wake like oil. All large schooners are unhandy to work in a race, in fact the rig is not fit for it, as in short tacks the fore-sheets require a great many hands to get them aft, while the fore-topsail makes it almost a necessity to let go the triatic-stay, and trust to jumpers, which are nasty troublesome things, and virtually prevent the use of this sail, really one of the most powerful on board. A shrewd clever skipper once talked this inconvenience over with me, and we thought of having a double skirted sail from the triatic-stay downwards, with double tacks and sheets, the lee pair to be set taut each tack while the vessel was in stays. If the false skirt would not chafe too much, or catch back wind, this might answer; and I should be very glad if any of your practical correspondents would give me their opinions of the idea, as a ventilation of the subject may bring forth some suggestion as to a remedy for what is certainly a great inconvenience.

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

REWARDS TO LIFE-BOATS' CREWS.

WITH "revolving years" the seasons of storm again and again occur, and each brings more and more prominently into view the "Life-boat and its Work"; whilst each seems to demand for that work a greater and greater amount of public sympathy and support. All honour to those brave fellows who imperil their lives in its performance! All honour to those whose philanthropy and liberality provide them with the means and the encouragement that enable them to perform it!

That the bold spirits of our hardy sea-coast men will always be forthcoming to undertake their share of this noble work, and that the warm blood of Englishmen and women will ever stir them up to aid and encourage them to do so, are now settled points. As, however, the proudest and strongest barque may drift into danger if not controlled and navigated with consummate skill, so the best and bravest of human undertakings may fail to successfully effect its aim unless guided with judgment and care, as well as directed with energy and zeal.

We, therefore, in these few remarks on the treatment of our life-boat men

propose to indicate two dangers which "lie ahead," or rather, to use a perhaps more correct metaphor, which bound, on either side of the Channel through which our noble barque must steer.

The one of these dangers is palpable enough; but the other, lying beneath the surface, like the sunken rock, calls all the more for the watchful pilot's care. Each danger is of a double kind; but emerging from our metaphor, we will at once plainly state the actual dangers to which we allude. They have sole reference to the degrees of pecuniary remuneration and of credit or blame, that are bestowed on the crews of life-boats, in return for the important services which, frequently at imminent risk to their own lives, they perform in the interest of their fellow-creatures.

Now, at first thought, it may not unnaturally be felt that the danger can only here lie on one side, and that it would be impossible to over-estimate or over-remunerate such services, for what higher act can a man perform than to risk his to save that of another? It is, however, precisely because we estimate at their highest value the splendid, the heroic services of many of our life-boats' crews, that we desire to eliminate from them, so far as possible, the dross of mercenary motive, and to hold them up, so far as possible, as the pure unalloyed gold of disinterestedness and self-devotion, that we include amongst the dangers to be avoided the bestowal of an indiscriminate or exaggerated amount of award either of a pecuniary or laudatory nature. The subject, however, requires delicate handling.

We will first consider the question of pecuniary payments. Before the National Life-boat Institution seriously undertook the work of surrounding the coasts of our country with life-boats, and superintending their future management, it was a common complaint amongst the sea-coast boatmen that they met with no encouragement from other classes to induce them to risk their lives in endeavouring to save those of shipwrecked sailors. A uniform scale of payment was, however, then established by the Institution for its life-boats' crews, viz., 10s. per man for each occasion of proceeding to the aid of a wrecked crew in the daytime, and 1l. each by night; double payments being given for extraordinary services.

Without wishing these payments to be looked on as equivalents to serious risk of life, it was considered, having due regard to the safe qualities of the life-boats, that they were sufficient to act as an encouragement, without being enough to establish a mercenary motive in lieu of the more honourable and more noble one of a desire to save the life of a fellow-creature.

As a general rule, therefore, we consider that this scale of payment should be adhered to, and that it is only in cases of a very extraordinary character that it should be departed from. We will illustrate our view by a case. Some years ago a very creditable and daring service was performed by the crew of a life-boat on the English coast in rescuing the crew of an American ship. A gentleman who happened to be on a visit to the place at the time wrote an enthusiastic letter to a leading journal, appealing to the public to subscribe for the life-boat's crew, which appeal was so liberally responded to that a considerable amount was contributed. The matter was then taken

up by the then American consul, who, thinking that his own countrymen were bound, in honour, to contribute as much as the English public, appealed to them in the same cause, and the result was that the two appeals produced a very large sum, amounting to several hundred pounds, which was divided amongst the few men that manned the boat.

Now, we should be sorry to grudge any poor hard-working man such a "windfall;" but that there are important interests involved in the issue. In the first place, as will be evident to most persons, so magnificent a reward, would in similar cases, as it was in this one, be dependent on the accident of there being an enthusiastic or able letter-writer on the spot ready to plead in behalf of the life-boat's crew, and therefore other life-boat men at other places might at about the same time, as was the case in this instance, perform meritorious services, yet receive only the ordinary scale of payment as above described. The result might therefore be to cause discontent, or at least disappointment and a sense of neglect, amongst the less fortunate boatmen elsewhere, whilst it would probably also lead themselves to depreciate the payments made them on other occasions. But the worst result of all would probably in most cases be to increase the mercenary feeling.

On the other hand, however, there are cases of so extraordinary a character that some special mark of approbation or admiration is called for in addition to that rewarded by the Institution on its usual scale, and in such cases a local contribution may be appropriately and beneficially resorted to. We will also illustrate this view with a case.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th October, 1865, the wind blowing strong from N.N.E., with a heavy ground sea on, a vessel was observed on shore on the western spit of Hayle Bar, from three to four miles distant from St. Ives. The sea was making a clean breach over her, and the crew were supposed to be in the rigging. The St. Ives life-boat of the Royal National Life-boat Institution was at once launched. In crossing the bar, with the drogue or drag-bag in tow, which carried her safely over two heavy surfs, a tremendous sea broke over her stern, and the drogue-rope breaking, from the immense strain on it, she flew before the crest of the surf in almost a perpendicular position, and running her bow under water, broached to and upset; she soon however righted, and all managed to get on board. Two oars, grapple, anchor, and rope, were lost, and two crutches broken. Rowing four oars only, the crew contrived to get her under the lee of the vessel, which was the French brig *Providence*, of Granville, 98 tons register, Capt. Challit, from Cardiff for Dieppe, with 138 tons of coal. With a heavy sea and strong under-current, however, they found it impossible to get alongside. Nearly an hour passed in signaling to the French crew to send a rope by means of a spar or raft; when this at last was done, the coxswain signalled to haul on board the life-buoy, intending to take the men off through the water, but he could not make himself understood. Two of the crew now endeavoured to reach the life-boat by means of the connecting rope; one was being dragged on board, and the

other was within four or five yards, when a fearful sea broke on the broad-side of the boat and upset her a second time. She righted instantly, but the poor fellow who was on the rope lost his hold, and was never seen again. The other held fast to the boat, and the crew once more got into her without accident. The communication with the vessel had not been broken, and the life-boat again hauled up as near as possible to her. The captain and remaining two men then took to their boat, when the second wave capsized them. Through a fearful sea the life-boat was hastily hauled ahead, and the three men were most fortunately picked up. The crew of the life-boat landed at Hayle thoroughly exhausted. A more heroic service has perhaps never been rendered by any boat.

In admiration of it, a local contribution was raised to present a suitable acknowledgment of their bravery and endurance to the life-boat's crew, in addition to the awards of the Life-boat Institution. The amount collected exceeded over 100*l.*, giving to each man between 12*l.* and 13*l.*, and we feel sure none will be found to say that it was not well deserved.

Apart, however, from the pecuniary question is the ideal one—that of praise or blame—and unless to the most sordid minds, in whose eyes gold is the embodiment of all good, or other worthless characters, who is there amongst us that is uninfluenced by, or indifferent to the good opinion of his fellow-men? But to be really valued praise must not be exaggerated or it will run the risk of being despised, even by those who are the recipients of it, yet who know it to be more than they are entitled to. Excessive praise and admiration, therefore, and the honorary awards of medals and votes of thanks should also be reserved for cases of a striking and exceptional character, when great courage, determination, or endurance have been displayed.

On the other hand, however, great mischief may be done and much pain inflicted by hastily attaching blame to men who may have exerted themselves to the utmost of their power to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, yet who have been unsuccessful. For what can be more galling, or more likely to induce a man to engage in so hazardous a work as the going to a wreck through a raging surf, than the upbraiding him with cowardice or inefficiency, when he may know himself to have done all that it was possible to do. When his services are again craved by the drowning men in the stranded or foundering ship, but the weeping wife and little ones are perhaps likewise appealing to him to remain at home—if he be then reminded of the bitterness of spirit with which he heard his last brave unsuccessful efforts depreciated, and himself reviled by those who had safely watched them from the shore, can we, or ought we, to feel surprised if that reflection should throw its weight into the scale, and he should leave to others the task which his manhood would otherwise have prompted him to perform.

Yet such injudicious and unfeeling conduct is not uncommon on the part of, it may be, well-meaning persons, but who never having had their foot in a life-boat in a heavy surf, and being quite ignorant of the terrific force with which it will often break over and overwhelm both boat and crew, expect impossibilities, and make themselves judges in the case.

We beg to remind all such, that under some circumstances of wind and sea combined, human strength is not sufficient to force any boat ahead, whilst never has a boat been built, and probably never will be, that would not also be liable, under some circumstances, to be upset.

We will relate one case amongst others, which during the present winter have given rise to animadversion on life-boats' crews, because their gallant efforts have not been crowned with success, and which case will not only serve to illustrate our subject, but will, we trust, induce any who may read it to withhold a hasty judgment in any such case, should they ever have the pain to witness one.

At about half-past seven p.m., on the 23rd of November, 1865, a vessel was seen in distress at the north side of Blackpool. The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution was conveyed with all expedition opposite the scene of danger, and in a few minutes was launched into a raging sea. So strong a surf had the crew to encounter that the life-boat filled three times in succession, and was with difficulty forced ahead against the wind and waves. After hard pulling she was got within a hundred and fifty yards of the perishing ship, but at this point so complete a gale set in for half-an-hour that three races of sea broke over the men, and smashed four of their oars. The life-boat was then backed into shallow water, and rowed up to windward, in order to make a second attempt, but they could not get so near as before. Driven back again, they by-and-by made a third noble effort, and now saw a light held forth from the imperilled ship, but found it utterly impossible to make advance against the heavy head sea that was rolling, and which for two hours and a-half had been filling their boat as they boldly fought with the waves. The crew being then exhausted, and seeing all their efforts to be futile, came ashore. No sooner had they done so than the vessel capsized and broke to pieces; one side of her washed up, and the cries of struggling sailors were distinctly heard. The life-boat was again put to sea in the hope of picking up men that might be on rafts, or otherwise trying to escape, but nothing living could be found. It was now nearly midnight; and the life-boat had become locked between two cliffs on the beach, from which position she was unable to get away without damage until six o'clock on the following morning. All the crew of the ill-fated ship were lost. The vessel was the brig *Favourite*, of Liverpool. She was loaded with palm-oil and seeds, and had a crew of 10 men. The wreck was about a mile from shore. In expression of approval of their exertions, *although unsuccessful*, the institution paid the crew of the life-boat, 13 in number, a double reward, of 2*l.* each.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting was held at the clubhouse, Albemarle Street, Dec. 6th, when five new members were elected, including two yachtowners—Mr. W. Battersby, *Astarte* cutter, 75 tons, and Mr. E. L. Morris, *Moutie*, cutter, 47 tons.

Postponement of January Meeting.—In consequence of the first Wednesday in January falling so early as the 3rd, the next quarterly General Meeting of the Royal Thames Yacht Club is appointed to be held at the clubhouse, on Wednesday, January 24th, 1866, at 8h. 30m. p.m. when the half-yearly balance sheet will be produced, and other important business, including the election of officers and a general committee, the latter by *ballot*, in pursuance of a recent resolution of the club.

The last mail, *via*, San Francisco, reports the R.T.Y.C. iron schooner-yacht *Themis*, 150 tons, Capt. T. B. Hanham, owner, and party, at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Oct. 16th. She was to sail the following day for Valparaiso, homeward bound, and intended to touch for provisions and water at Monte Video and Rio Janeiro. She may shortly be expected either at Falmouth or Southampton. Prior to starting she had received a new mainmast, (a splendid spar from Paget's Sound); her enterprising owner writes in praiseworthy terms of the kindness received from the King and Government of the Sandwich Islands: in addition to the accorded privileges to yachts by European powers, the use of the wharves and government steamers to tow the yacht in and out of the harbour, were granted free of all charge. The *Themis* has proved herself a vessel of great sea power for her tonnage, and we trust we may soon have to report her safe return with her gallant owner and crew.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on December 10th, at the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, Mr. R. Sadlier, Rear-commodore in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, the subject of the Annual Ball came on for discussion, and it was fixed to take place on Tuesday, February 6th, 1866, at the Freemasons' Grand Hall. The following gentlemen were appointed stewards:—The officers of the Club, and Messrs. A. Turner, J. Burton, W. Webber, Smith, H. Dodd, T. O. Bass, F. H. Lemann, Burney, E. Knibbs, Bulmer, Benson, and Massingham.

Mr. G. Legg, the hon. sec., read a long list of amendments in the rules, amongst which were two that deserve particular notice,—one that seven members form a quorum for special meetings, instead of twelve as heretofore; and that the sailing committee be vested with strict and further powers over the arrangements of yacht races: making alterations if they think proper, provided that they give notice of any or all such alterations to the owners of all yachts interested, some time previously. These will be all on the paper for next meeting, and will no doubt receive every attention from the members.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of the above club was held on Wednesday evening, December 12th, at the Club-house, Pier Hotel, Chelsea; the Rear-commodore (Mr. A. Chaplin) in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting confirmed, Mr. J. H. Walker was elected auditor in the place of Mr. C. H. Wharton, resigned. The annual ball was appointed to be held on Tuesday, February 6th, 1866, at the St. James's Hall, and the following gentlemen were appointed as stewards, viz:—The officers of the club, and Messrs. W. Bogget, J. Boyd, J. B. Bonnin, J. Brittan, J. H. Child, J. Denny, F. Guillaume, J. G. Harris, T. Keen, G. D. Lister (hon. sec. ball committee), A. Tayler, with power to add to their number.

Temple Yacht Club.—On Dec. 6th, this club held its monthly meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, Long-Acre, Mr. Hildersley, the commodore presiding, assisted by Mr. Chellingworth, the rear-commodore. After the confirmation of the minutes, Mr. J. Pim, (yacht Clara,) was elected a member. Mr. Moase, hon. sec., gave notice that he should move next meeting night:—"That an addition be made to Rule 18 as follows:—'All yachts taking their stations be considered as starting.'" The annual dinner will take place at the club-house in January, notice of which will be given.

Royal London Yacht Club.—This club held its monthly meeting Dec. 18th, at its head-quarters, the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, Mr. Arcedeckne, the commodore presiding. The last minutes being confirmed the following gentlemen were elected members—Lieut. Gaimes, R.A., Mr. Elmalie, and Mr. J. R. Shepherd.

Mr. A. Crossley, the cup-bearer, stated that in accordance with the expressed wish of the club it had been conveyed to General Garibaldi that he had been elected an honorary member of the club, and the General has written the following reply:—

"*Capera, Dec. 5th.*—Dear Friend: Your kind proposition (P) is truly a renewal of the numerous testimonies of affection I have received from dear England. I thank you again and again, and I shall be only too glad to become an honorary member of the Royal London Yacht Club.

"Always yours, G. GARIBALDI."

Mr. Crossley moved that this letter be entered on the minutes of the club, and that the club colours, ensign and burgee, be presented to the General, which was unanimously passed.

The annual ball was appointed for Monday, Feb. 12th, at Willis's Rooms, and the stewards as follows:—The officers, and Messrs. Boys, Bulmer, Burgess, Borras, Blyth, Bullen, Charlwood, Crossley, Dalrymple, Gladstone, Hodges, Newton, Oriel, Osborne, Rising, Tress, and Wood.

Mr. Arcedeckne then presented to the club a splendid oil painting, of his schooner Violet, by that well-known artist, Mr. Fowles of Ryde. For which and the gift of a handsome time-piece a vote of thanks was heartily accorded.

Annual Dinner of the above club took place on Tuesday, December 12th, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's. Nearly 150 gentlemen, mem-

bers and their friends sat down, presided over by A. Arcedeckne, Esq, the Commodore, supported by Captain Anderson of the Great Eastern, and Major O'Bierne, M.P. for Cashell, with other public men. The Vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. Alexander Crossley, Chairman of Stewards, and O. D. Osborne.

The cloth having been removed,

The Commodore in short speeches, proposed "The Queen", "Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family" "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers."

The commodore rose to propose the "toast of the evening." For the ninth time he had the pleasure of presiding at their annual festival, and during those nine years he had watched the steady progress of the club, which bid fair, he felt sure, one day not far distant, to be the greatest club in the world. It was gratifying to him to find so many old yachtsmen round him, tried men and good to the cause, and it was gratifying to find that the zeal they always displayed with regard to yachting and yacht racing had earned for them a great name, and not only had they carried out strictly the rules of their club by promoting yachting on the Thames, but they had given fresh incentive to yachtsmen by extending, as it were that sport to Harwich. The R.H.Y. Club looked upon that club and its exertions with satisfaction, and in order to testify its appreciation of the club's worth, came forward and voluntarily assisted them in a pecuniary point of view. He then gave "Prosperity to the Royal London Yacht Club." This was responded to with musical honours.

Major O'Bierne proposed the "Health of the Commodore," of whom he spoke in a laudatory manner, stating he had known him for 17 years, and had met him in all societies, but there never had been any variation in his conduct; he was the right man in the right place. The toast was loudly responded to.

Mr Arcedeckne returned thanks. After which he proposed the "Health of Captain Anderson of the Great Eastern steamship." Capt. Anderson was an officer of great experience; he was well known in connection with the Cunard line of packets, running between Liverpool and New York, Halifax and Boston. His first acquaintance with him was in 1862, coming home from America in the China. He had a knack that few possessed of keeping everybody in his ship in their proper place; and that was a difficult thing to do when they had Americans, Canadians, English, French, Spaniards and Germans on board. He would not attempt to describe the steady manner in which he conducted the big ship till the cable parted; they were all well acquainted with it. The morning Capt. A. started on his voyage he had the pleasure of breakfasting with him, and when the Great Eastern weighed her anchors and went out to sea, he returned in the Violet. At the next meeting Capt. A. was elected an honorary member of the Royal London. He would say, in conclusion, that Captain Anderson was one of the best men he ever knew, as well as the most honest and honourable.

Capt. Anderson, who was well received, returned the compliments of the

Commodore, and passed a perfect eulogium upon his qualities, the pleasure he had in his acquaintance, and the pleasure he felt sure his brother members must also have. He felt as he stood up before that assemblage, that he was an unfortunate man, one who had undertaken a task, failed to accomplish it, and lost so valuable a cable in the attempt. Even now, however, he scarcely despaired of raising the lost cable, but another cable had been begun. With regard to the failure he could safely say no blame was attachable to the body of men who had charge of laying it. They succeeded in doing what had been twice before attempted without success. The cable was made a great many times better than any that had been made before. The paying it out was in itself as easy a matter as paying out the log line of a ship, and so expeditiously was the work performed that there was every reason to believe the cable would effect its purpose in ten or eleven days, when the accident befel them. Twice they recovered the lost cable, but encountered failure in attempting to successfully raise it. When they tried the third time it was with little hope, and it was quite a miracle that the grapnels held the cable at all. They were successful, however, in many minor points, which would be of great use on the next occasion, and he had not the slightest doubt that the cable would be successfully laid next year.

Mr. Charlwood proposed "The Health of the Vice-Commodore." Many like himself, had experienced Mr. Edwards's princely hospitality on board the *Stella*, in the ocean matches to Harwich. He had kept, as it were, open house for the club. He was a thorough good officer, and if they were in any difficulty they had only to consult him, and he would soon set them right again. He hoped Mr. Edwards would long hold the position, and be as useful to the members and the club as heretofore.

Mr. Edward Watkins Edwards, the Vice-Commodore, returned thanks. He was only too happy to be able to do the club a service and *fete* those who had not yachts of their own to cruise in. He had but one wish ungratified and that was that the *Stella* might be twice the size to accommodate as many more. He should soon suggest something new in the way of yachting that would tend to further elevate the club, and, at the same time, would not be in opposition with the other clubs. He concluded by proposing the "House of Commons, coupled with the name of Major O'Bierne."

Major O'Bierne returned thanks stating that he would do his best to open the British ports free to all yachts.

Mr. Edwards then gave "The other Officers of the club."

Mr. Alexander Crossley replied. Business detained Mr. G. Harrison, their Rear-Commodore, in Liverpool, and a serious domestic affliction kept away their old friend and faithful servant, Mr. Eagle, the Treasurer. He returned thanks for them and himself, and might take the opportunity of stating that the funds of the club were never in so prosperous a condition as at present. He then gave the toast of "The Secretary," bearing witness to his attention to business throughout their career, his punctuality, and straightforward conduct.

Mr. Gregory briefly replied.

"The Other Yacht Clubs," was proposed by Mr. Edwards, and replied to by Mr. George Powell, said to be the oldest yachtsman alive.

Death of Richard Frankland, Esq.

With much regret having to announce the death of that well-known yachtsman, Richard Frankland, Esq., of Ashgrove, in the County of Cork, Vice Admiral of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, which occurred between Gibraltar and Malta, on the 24th November, last, on board the *Lufra* yawl, the property of Lord Ponsonby, with whom he had lately sailed to the Mediterranean, in the hopes that sea breezes and a warmer climate would restore his shattered health. Mr. Frankland, has long been known amongst his brother yachtsmen, as one of our very best practical amateurs, always navigating and commanding his own vessel, which he was well qualified to do, having been ardently fond of the pursuit from his earliest youth. As long ago as 1838, we find his name amongst yacht owners, his vessel at that time being the *Cynthia*, 40 tons, with which in 1841, he contested the possession of her Majesty's annual gift to the R.Y.S. On the first day's sailing she came in first, but a dispute arising, although decided in Mr. Frankland's favour, he disdained to take a prize won under such circumstances, and again started, when she again came in first, but having made some mistake as to the proper side to leave the flagship, the Royal gift passed to the *Aurora*, W. Beach, Esq. Mr. Frankland afterwards owned for many years that fine cutter the *Stella*, 64 tons, and latterly the *Eugenie*, 90 ton schooner, a perfect model of what a comfortable sea-going yacht should be. This vessel he kept in the nicest order, but without any gim-cracks about her, or her boats, or crew; his gig always being easily distinguished at the Squadron landing place by a somewhat solid and man-of-war's look about it, very different from the gay wherries sometimes seen there. He was a very senior member of the R.Y.S., and long an active member of the sailing committee, in which his practical knowledge and lengthened experience made him of great use, and it was the *Eugenie* which acted as the flag-ship at Cherbourg, for the great race in 1858, for the cup presented by the Emperor Napoleon. In 1852, he was elected Vice-Admiral of his native club, the oldest in the world, which position he held until the lamented event which we now record, and where his knowledge, not merely of yacht sailing, but of all points of yachting etiquette, enabled him to take a place which will not be easily filled, any more than the blank left in the large circle of his friends. Mr. Frankland was unmarried, and still in the prime of life, when his death, which we believe was attributable to rheumatic gout, occurred.

Death of Richard Watt, Esq.

We regret to have to record the death of Richard Watt, Esq., at the early age of 30 years. He was the owner of the schooner yacht *Diadem*, and Hansen lately launched for him the splendid topsail schooner *Goshawk*. This event had been celebrated but a very brief time, when it was announced that Mr. Watt had departed to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," deeply regretted by his numerous friends.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

MY FIRST VISIT TO MANX LAND.

BY A YACHTSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It is now some eighteen, aye, by our Lady, or some twenty years ago, when the fates decreed, and ill health rather induced us to visit the Principality of Wales, and as the weather became warm and genial to try the effect of sea bathing and sea fishing, strongly recommended by the faculty. Induced by such reasons, and an innate love of aquatic amusements, we betook ourselves to the house of a friend, bordering on the Menai Straits, who assured us, among other attractions, that he had a most excellent eight ton fishing boat entirely at our service.

Once located in that beautiful neighbourhood, we took our fill of sea fishing and sea bathing; but even such scenery and such amusements at length became monotonous and wearisome, when we began to consider of some fresh attraction that would amuse a naturally roving disposition. While pondering such matters, one morning by the seashore, a Manx boat full of herrings passed up the harbour and reminded us that we had often contemplated paying the Isle of Man a visit, but had never as yet carried out our intentions. It

struck us that there never was likely to be a better opportunity than the present, so we went in search of Tom, who was a rough and ready sea dog that had charge of our friend's boat, to consult him as to the best means of preparing for our contemplated voyage.

Now, Tom was like all sailors, his great mind was full of no other idea but that of head winds and heavy seas, sails carried away and leaky hulls, and, in fact, did not seem at all inclined to second our project, and threw any quantity of cold water on our scheme; we were not however so easily turned from our purpose, and after explaining to him that to look at the dark side was taking a wrong view of things altogether, and that there would be no use for pumps if ships did not sometimes leak, and telling him that we would hear of nothing but fair weather and free sheets, we left him to search for some pilot, well acquainted with the Island, and with orders to have every thing ready for the morrow.

We will now endeavour to describe the craft in which we contemplated crossing about as nasty a bit of sea, as there is in our latitudes. The H—— must have been built somewhere about the time of the battle of Waterloo, but had been patched and repatched until nothing of the original article could have been left, but the shape; she measured some 8 tons, was 25ft. long by 10ft. beam, and drew about 4ft. 6in. aft, and 4ft. forward: she was rigged like a wherry with mainsail, foresail, and jib. She was partially, very partially, decked, with a very small forecastle, the deck of which seemed peculiarly adapted for the guidance of any sea, that might find its way there down into the hull. She had been laid up high and dry for two years, and, she was painted green. Her sailing and sea going qualities made it extremely doubtful if any one but a house carpenter had had any hand in her construction or design; with the assistance of an oar and a strong tide she would sometimes go about in smooth water; but in anything of a sea she would often hang in irons, and let you exhaust almost every effort known to nautical skill to put her round without success, until, as a last resource you were driven to wear her; and then as to her speed it was more dependent upon the tide than upon her own form. Such were the H——'s sailing powers, and I fear I must admit that her sea going qualities were "*en correspondance*." She was like a duck in one sense of the term, but not in the sense generally looked for by the comparison when applied to a sailing vessel, but after the manners

and customs of that interesting web-foot, when eagerly diving for animalculæ on its native pond, with the head well under water and with the tail well in air, so the H—— would plunge into a sea until every sail was aback, and the water would rush like a cataract over her forecastle; and ill betide the unfortunate son of Neptune that had to shift jibs in troubled waters, as, so far as comfort was concerned, he might almost as well plunge overboard at once, and so far as danger was concerned might just as well adopt the same course.

Such was the craft in which we purposed carrying out the long thought of project of a visit to the Isle of Man, and no doubt it will be considered that the colour of the boat was painfully suggestive of a considerable quantity of the same mixture being in our own composition, for making the attempt with such means at our disposal; but we were young in those days, and cared little for the means so that the end was attained, and Tom having succeeded in procuring the services of an "excellent pilot," and having ourselves succeeded in stripping our friend's larder and taking tithe of his cellar, we started for our destination the next day, through the Menai Straits, with fair wind and tide, which my nautical friends will readily believe was our best point of sailing.

After stowing away the ship's stores we began to take stock of the pilot that Tom had provided for us, and we are forced to confess that the result of our inspection was by no means satisfactory. To judge by first appearances the nature of the animal might be classified as amphibious, and it seemed that there was as much of the shore-going as the sea-going party about him; but a nearer inspection led to the impression that whatever he *might* have been, his present vocation pertained to the land and not to the water.

The man and his costume were alike peculiar! He was a short stout party with rubicund face, the lower man encased in the everlasting Wellingtons and tight black doeskin trowsers, the upper man begirt in a snuff coloured frock coat with velvet collar, and waistcoat to match, the whole surmounted with a stiff white shirt collar and a Sunday going hat. Such a form and such a rig could lead but to one conclusion, and that was that though our pilot might have been at one time a sailor, he was now landlord of the "Chequers," a nocturnal acquaintance of Tom's, and more adapted for dispensing the hospitalities of the Chequers, than the chequered life he was

likely to lead in the good ship H—— for the few days he was to be on board. Whatever his qualifications, however, we felt that we must make the most of them, as there was no time to be particular, owing to our remaining sojourn at the seaside being limited, and such fine weather as it then appeared to be was not to be thrown away; and moreover Tom having gone security for his friend's knowledge of the locality and nautical attainments, we were bound to be content.

Then we had no little confidence in our own resources!—had we not kept the reckoning of one of Green's ships, in a most creditable manner, all the way from India? and though it is true that by a slight mistake of figures in working the latitude we had, upon one occasion, put the vessel upon the top of Mount Hecla when we were in reality on the Line; still our reckoning had been on the whole remarkably correct! so that if the worst came to the worst our own nautical knowledge would surely keep us out of harm's way in so short a voyage! Thus reflecting we waded through the Menai Straits, and passed its beauteous bridge, where our pilot, on reference to the family repeater, declared it 12 o'clock, a matter of utter impossibility we were quite sure, but a matter in which we felt he might then have his own way, so we made it eight bells in shipshape Bristol fashion, much to his delight. Certainly our friend seemed to enjoy eight bells, and the way in which he did enjoy it, fully accounted in our mind for the vermilion hue of his visage, the rotundity of his person, and a certain uneasiness in his look and manner which was very perceptible, and also made an impression on us which caused us to take the precaution to hammer the cork well into the bottle, and put the corkscrew into our pockets—a very unnecessary proceeding as it turned out.

By this time we had reached Beaumaris, and under the most favorable circumstances of wind and tide we passed Puffyn Island, and, getting our small dinghy on board, we stood out to sea shaping our course N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Douglas with a fine westerly breeze.

The day was perfect! and for hours we had such weather as seldom falls to the lot of the yachtsman in these degenerate days, and, as Point Linas faded behind us in the distance, the sea, reflecting the bright blue sky, looked so cheerful and sparkled so brightly in the sun, while the breeze being of just sufficient strength to speed us on our way, and coming from the westward was so fresh and balmy

that it could not fail to raise our spirits. We felt the combination such as to make that day's sailing as enjoyable a one as we ever remember. All we were in want of was a little more speed, as so slow was our progress that evening overtook us, and the sun was beginning to fade before we made the high lands of the Isle of Man. We made them however at last, when our pilot's knowledge had to be called into requisition, so we went forward to rouse him out of the small forecandle where he had been stowed away for some considerable time.

We soon drew him from the forecandle, and gleaned the information that we could not be doing better, as we were steering right for Douglas Bay, so kept the good ship as she had been going, and our pilot returned to his lair. We continued steering the same course for some considerable time, until the sun had finally set, and darkness fairly succeeded, and as two lights now appeared, one right ahead and the other on the port bow, we had again to appeal to our pilot.

It was no easy task to rouse him from the deep sleep into which he had fallen, but after sundry shouts and kicks we managed to make him understand that two lights were in sight, and that we were anxious to know which was that of Douglas. After some little delay we got him from his lair, when he began to abuse us for not having stowed the brandy bottle away more carefully, and to inveigle us with the statement that he had inadvertently broken it, and cut his hand through our carelessness. We found the bottle broken it is true, but the breakage was only by the neck, which was broken off (for an accident,) in a wonderfully clean manner, yet no traces of the liquor could be found, except in the manner and speech of our pilot. Under such circumstances it was with no small difficulty that we could be induced to put much faith in the assertion of our "excellent pilot;" but his conviction appeared so strong, and his affirmations so positive, that the light to windward was Douglas light, while that right ahead was Ramsay, that we flattened our sheets at once and tried to get up to windward. It was heart breaking work attempting to beat the H—— up against the flood tide which was now making, and against a wind which was increasing every half hour, and after having gone "North out and South home," for a long time, we again appealed to our pilot, who still slept soundly, to know what was to be done under the circumstances, as it was evident the H—— was

making no way at all, and might be going on without gaining an inch so long as the flood lasted.

His guttural reply was—"D—n her, beach her!"

We must now ask the yachting reader, who, has no doubt many a time visited the Isle of Man, and who no doubt is well acquainted with the nature of its coast, to picture to himself the position of the *H*— under the guidance of two utter strangers to the locality, as with sheets a little eased off she ran madly with the increasing wind for the nearest shore, in order to obey the pilot's mandate of beaching her until the turn of the tide. We stood forward to con her on to some sandy beach which we had fondly pictured to ourselves, and where we anticipated no difficulty in finding a snug nook to run her into, while Tom was stationed at the helm. The night was now very dark, except when the moon was enabled to escape from the clouds which surrounded her, and give a feeble light, but this was seldom, so that we could see only a very little distance ahead, and our sense of hearing conveyed before our sight the dangers of our position, as after running in towards the land for some time we could hear the roar of breakers most distinctly before we could see land. But very shortly after our sense of hearing had been so unpleasantly assailed the moon shone out from a dark cloud which swept by her, and revealed the rocky rugged coast of the island close under her lee, with a sea breaking over the huge boulders ready to force us on to them, and to crumble our little bark to matches—not a yard of beach within sight.

The danger of our position burst like a thunderclap upon us,—to tack would, we knew, have been madness and certain destruction, to rush aft, therefore, and let fly every rope belonging to the mainsail, to shout out to Tom to put the helm hard up, and to ease the fore and jib sheets, the smallest trifle to get good way on her, was the work of a moment, and then we stood and watched the result with, I have no hesitation in saying, intense anxiety. Slowly, most painfully slow, did she obey the helm, as we were drawn nearer and nearer to the dreaded breakers, and it was not until we were actually at the bottom of the last huge wave, whose crest was breaking into one sheet of foam on the rocks above us, that the *H*— really began to move from the shore as she payed off on the opposite tack with all sails re-hoisted.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene we endeavoured to describe at the end of the last chapter came upon us so suddenly, and during the whole time that it lasted we were so actively employed, that we had little time to think of passing events, and it was not until we felt confident that we were fairly leaving the shore behind us, and until the huge rugged rocks, and the surging, broken waves had faded in the distance, that we had either the time or inclination to collect our thoughts. But when the time for reflection did come one felt as if one had awoken from some horrid nightmare, so like a dream did it all appear.

Throughout the whole danger, which had indeed been great, and the escape from destruction which had been so narrow, Tom had behaved remarkably well, and never for one moment lost his self-possession; but as to our worthy pilot he had remained all the time in the fore-castle in a half drowsy state, utterly unconscious to danger, which was easily accounted for when we took into consideration the quantity of liquor he must have imbibed. And in the fore-castle we left him to enjoy his repose, feeling, after the experience we had gained, that it would be worse than folly again to listen to a man who, by his ill advice had so nearly brought us all to an untimely end. In point of fact he was of no use to us, and was, therefore, as well stowed away where he was.

It would have been far better had we discarded our pilot and his past notions altogether from our mind, and had considered that it was his assertion only that had led us to believe that the light to windward was Douglas light, but we still entertained the idea; and having had enough of such close proximity to the shore for the present, we flattened our sheets and stood out to sea on the starboard tack, in hopes of holding our own until the turn of the tide, when we trusted by its aid to make decent work of it to windward, and eventually to reach Douglas harbour.

We stood out to sea for a long stretch until we thought it about time for the ebb to make, when we wore ship and once more stood in for the land, and there was no doubt but that the tide was now helping us, as on approaching the shore we found that we had certainly neared the weathermost light. This was decidedly encouraging, though at the same time there was no little alloy mixed with our pleasureable anticipations, as though the ebb was befriending us in

one way its good influence was sadly counteracted in another, as the westerly wind, which had considerably increased, meeting the ebb tide, raised such a sea as to render it a most difficult task to keep the water out of the H——, and the sea did bubble and boil as only the sea *can* bubble and boil in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Man.

Our troubles now began in earnest, and how different the scene at night to what it had been in the day, time, where all was sunshine above, and bright blue sea around us ! whereas now the dark clouds almost enveloped the moon, and casting their shadows over the sea gave it a dismal hue, and the waves with their leaden tint and broken tops began hissing as if in anger, as they broke on every side of our craft.

We now took a reef in the mainsail and also shifted jibs, an operation that cost us a cap and gained us an indubitable ducking, but it improved the H——'s seagoing qualities by lessening, in a trifling degree, her diving propensities. Still she made very bad weather of it, and began taking in the water in a most disagreeable manner, not only over her weather quarter constantly, and more than once to leeward, but it was evident that the fact of her having been high and dry for two years caused a good deal of straining in her hull, and made her leak to an alarming extent. There was no help for it however, as we were bound to windward and to windward the H—— must go.

In a very short time we were obliged to take turn and turn about with a bucket forward, as the thwart into which the mainmast was shipped was made into a kind of locker, which in reality formed the forward part of the boat into a watertight compartment, so that no water could get aft to the pump, and we had to resort to the more primitive use of a bucket. And many a time did we relieve each other that night at the hard work. Altogether it was about as bad a bit of yachting as we ever experienced, and the reader will easily understand what work it must have been standing nearly up to one's knees in water heaving bucket after bucket overboard ; sometimes being pitched bucket and all to leeward as if shot from a catapult, as the H—— would give an extra surge in her distress. At other times drenched to the skin as some extra spiteful sea would come clean over the weather bow and out at her lee quarter, and all the time only just holding our own against the leak. It was the

labour of a Sisyphus, with whom we would gladly have changed places that night, and little did our *Æsculapius* dream of the kind of sea bathing that we were getting. Still we kept pegging on for about two hours, and evidently gaining ground, until at last, at a time when it was our turn forward with the bucket, our night's work reached its climax in the shape of a tremendous sea, which broke on board of us, and really made us think that the H—— was going down beneath us.

Under such circumstances we clearly saw that it was impossible to persevere, so we lowered the foresail and peak of the mainsail, ordering Tom to put the helm up and run to leeward for the light, we supposed to be Ramsay. So full of water was our craft that she made almost as bad weather of it before the wind as she did on the wind, and the heavy rolling motion and heavier lurches, made it doubtful if we could still keep the water out of her, happily however, she took in no more over the bulwarks, and by relieving ourselves often at the bucket we got the leak under, and the H—— went steadier.

Our course was now to the eastward, and we had hardly cleared the water from the H—— before the first grey streaks of morning lit up the horizon, and the outline of the island shewed itself as we ran along the coast; this was very cheering, and in a little time the white washed walls of the lighthouse that had been to leeward of us all night shewed themselves most distinctly, and we of course ran right joyfully for the harbour. Once inside—it did not take us long to anchor in an apparently safe spot, neither did it take us long to refresh the inner man or to put on some dry clothes, or to pull the pilot from his lair and usurp his place, and get that rest which we so much needed, not however, without certain gloomy anticipations of the exalted fate which must be in store for one who in so short a period had twice escaped the perils of the deep. How long we should have remained asleep after such a night's work it is impossible to say, but in a few hours after we had turned in we heard some voices alongside conjecturing as to the probable origin and port of the H——, and on turning out to see who were our visitors, we found that we were high and dry, as we had anchored too near the land, that the tide had left us hard and fast ashore, and that several natives were walking round and discussing us.

It was no use attempting a second sleep, so after answering the

various queries of the natives, we took a legitimate bathe, and putting on some shore-going togs strolled towards the town in search of an inn. We soon succeeded in our search, and after ordering breakfast to be ready in an hour we took a short survey of our port. We found a larger town than we had anticipated, and an infinitely larger harbour, and reflecting that if Ramsey was so large a place what might not Douglas be, we turned into the coffee-room of our inn. My next table neighbour was a Frenchman, with whom I soon got into conversation, and upon his asking me what I thought of the town, I told him that it seemed a very nice place, but I presumed "*pas si grande ni si belle que Douglas*."

"*Mais voici Douglas*" was the reply.

"*Douglas Monsieur*?" asked we in utter astonishment.

"*Oui Monsieur, Douglas*."

And so after all here we were at our destined port, and I really know not whether the feeling of humiliation or mortification predominated at that moment, as we had been passing ourselves off as a rather swell nautical party, to our friend the Frenchman, who in *his* turn had been able to tell us what port we had made. At the same time it was beyond everything mortifying to think that had our pilot been such as he had represented himself to be, we should have made our port at eleven o'clock the previous evening, instead of hammering away as we had been all night, towards the very nastiest sea in the whole channel, and towards one of the wildest races known in that channel, and of which we must have had some foretaste when the sea struck us which compelled us to run for shelter. Nor could one avoid reflecting upon the fate that would probably have befallen us had we been in a speedier and more powerful vessel than the *H—*, as we should in all probability have closed upon, what we now heard to be the Calf of Man light, at the darkest hour of the night, and at the time when it was blowing so fresh, and no doubt we should have stood boldly on believing in the assertion of our pilot, and in full expectation of finding Douglas harbour and its quiet waters, instead of which we should have met with a frightfully turbulent sea, washing a lee rocky shore which we might have found it impossible to work off. In hopes of finding the cause of these mingled feelings we left the hotel, with the full intention of blowing the steam off on his devoted head, or some other vulnerable part, luckily however we could nowhere find him so that we were saved the temptation of com-

mitting some rash act which though—it might not have brought upon us that fate the idea of which had caused us such gloomy anticipations the previous night—might at all events have brought us under the penalties of the law.

Failing to find our friend we amused ourselves in lionizing Douglas and its environs, and in the evening while sauntering on the cliffs, and admiring the beautiful sea view, we observed how settled the weather appeared to be, and resolved to make the most of it by speeding on our way home the next day, and returning the good ship H—— to her owner, and our pilot to the bosom of his family, as we felt quite sure, from the experience of the past, that neither the one or the other were the least adapted to our requirements. Every preparation was made for an early start the next morning, sleeping on board ourselves in order to save time, but we had the annoyance to find that our friend the pilot was not at the place of rendezvous by the time appointed, and had utterly disregarded our strict injunction to be at the Quay by five o'clock in the morning. We waited patiently for some little time and then started with Tom to drag him from his retreat, and after a most wonderful hunt in the back slums of Douglas, we at last came upon him looking the very picture of debauchery. His hat and clothes were such as are so graphically described in the "needy knife grinder," his once white and well stiffened collars were damp and dingy, while the rusty black Wellingtons, and besmeared doeskins were quite in character with the rest of his costume.

Once on board he returned to his favorite lair, and Tom and myself worked the H—— with a fair wind across the channel, without any incident worthy of record, but as we left the island behind us we took such bearings as would render us independent of any aid in case of another visit to that locality. And right fortunate it was we did so,—as in running for the island (the day previous to a regatta) many years after, in a different class of vessel, under a trysail in a regular S.W. gale, which prevented any other yacht from making the island, and when after running for many hours we were getting very uneasy as to our position, the weather, which had been thick and rainy, lifted for a few minutes enabling us to recognise our marks, and run right into the harbour. And the yachtsman who has ever been so circumstanced will feel how glad we were to find ourselves there. But this is a digression, and we must return to

the H—— which brought us comfortably though slowly across the channel and anchored us at the cross roads by Puffyn Island at ten o'clock that night.

The next day we had nothing to do but to take advantage of the tide, and work our way to Carnarvon, passing scenes so well known to most of our yachting readers; Beaumaris with its neat houses and pretty green, the Swillies with their rugged rocks and fearful tide, the Menai and Britannia bridges, and the general scenery, all deserving more than a passing glance; but it was only a passing glance that we could give, as our pilot seemed resolved to give us no little trouble, even to the end of our journey. We found, contrary to our express orders, that he had brought on board some brandy from the Isle of Man, a proceeding calculated to get us into hot water with the custom-house at Carnarvon, and we were obliged to make active search while in the Straits, all through the boat, in order to ascertain, before our arrival, if there was any great quantity brought on board. We could only find one large and one small bottle, both of which we purposed throwing into the deep, but the pilot interceded so strongly in behalf of his favorite beverage—saying that the larger bottle might go as ship's stores, and that he would take care to stow away the other so that he would defy the search of any custom-house officer in Great Britain—that he gained his point, and in due course we entered Carnarvon harbour.

After settling the brandy question we saw nothing more of our pilot during the beat down the Straits, and no doubt he was occupied in the forecabin in a manner more congenial to his taste, than admiring scenery from the deck, and when "shore ho!" was sung out lustily by Tom, he made more than one ineffectual attempt to get into the dinghy. He had certainly stowed away the small bottle of brandy in such a manner as to defy the search of any custom-house officer; but the absurd way which his legs endeavoured unsuccessfully to perform the part that nature had intended for them, left no doubt as to *where* it had been stowed away, and it was with no small difficulty that Tom and myself got him ashore; even then we were obliged to help him home, when to conclude with the words of a celebrated, but not very well known parody:—

" We bore him home and put him to bed,
And told his wife and daughter,
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings—and soda water.

" Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him,
But little he recked so they let him sleep on
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

" Slowly and sadly we walked down
From his room in the uppermost story,
We put down his hat without any crown,
And left him alone in his glory."

A CRUISE TO SKYE IN AN EIGHT TON CUTTER.

" Hurrah my boys—for to day my boys
We'll cleave thro' the foaming brine,
And our burgee bright—as the summer's light,
We'll toast in the ruby wine !"

WE look upon it as the height of folly, that man should persist in taxing his mind and body beyond their strength ; refusing to accept for himself that rest and comfort which are so easy of attainment, and of which nature will not be denied. We say that we must have our seasons of relaxation ; yet look at these men striving, it may be successfully, with necessity for a while, perhaps even laying past fortunes; when too late, however, only listen to their exclamations of remorse, confessing that without having enjoyed it, they are even now losing hold of that very life for which they had been gasping so tenaciously.

When the body is wearied out, and the mind ill at ease, how refreshing it is to have a day or two's respite; and throwing off all our cares we resolve to be boys again ; running off for a little relief to the country, or seeking perhaps a sniff of sea breeze at the coast. We always feel inclined to look at the bright side of the picture, instead of moping and brooding over the trials and disappointments that may afflict us ; and we are strengthened in this idea, when we but consider the lilies of the field, and the sparrows that come hopping around our doors ; the sun shines for the former, and food is provided for the latter. Is it possible then that we shall be allowed to want ?

We advocate diligence in business, but let no one attempt to curtail our hours of play or days of pleasure. Our Winter by all means is long and cold enough, then why remind us of Autumn, ere Spring has yet begun ? Nature is ever bountiful, and her stores are ex-

haustless. Fortunately so, for man's eccentricities are rather varied; his unsettled disposition apparently being ministered to, rather than curbed by the endless and unceasing change witnessed in nature's face. The world with all its beauties was made for man, then let him, in the true sense of the word, enjoy it. For though we may have a hobby of our own, we would never for a moment think of preventing another from riding his. We are decidedly partial to sailing, but this is not to interfere with our friend keeping his mule, or even erecting a monument to himself, if he sees fit. We like society and are fond of its socialities, yet he who exclaims :—

“ Oh ye wha life are wearin’
Amid the city’s smeeek,
It’s no in noisy taverns,
Ye pleasure’s face should seek,”

need not be afraid of catching us very frequently rebelling against his advice; as we believe there is something grander, and far more congenial to our taste, to be found in the solitariness of some lonely glen, or the wildness of some Highland loch. Where city life with all its gaieties is forgot, and we are free. There “he who runs may read,” and the fault is his if he “finds not tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,” for

“Who hath not felt in these a power enduring, undefin’d—
A freshness to the fevered brow, a solace to the mind.”

Tastes differ however, so we would never presume to invite any one to accompany us on a cruise, who would feel himself “at sea” in our ship; or, who was incapable of entering with spirit into the eccentricities of his companions; taking things as they come, and doing all in his power to enhance their comfort; not forgetful entirely of self, but showing somewhat more charity than did the Irish gentleman, who solemnly declared to his friend, “My dear fellow, I’d share my last meal with you, and if I had only a potato left, I’d give you the skin.”

But to our story, ever since a child it has been our fortune to pass a portion of each year at one of the watering places on the Clyde. Our ideas were formed there, and boats, and waves, and the seashore at all times found us ready disciples. They held out continually peculiar attractions to our youthful wonder and admiration. The wild waves certainly called to us in very endearing terms,

but we knew not then how to reply, though we longed to learn their language, and to cultivate a closer fellowship. By degrees our intimacy was fostered into friendship; they began to lave our feet with a gentler motion, and ceased as it were to lash us in their fury. We soon learnt to handle an oar, and even began to pride ourselves on our steering; till one day after repeated solicitations, we became owners of a boat—a “tub” it turned out to be; so to get quit of it, and thus procure a better, we inadvertently, *of course*, heard that two boys had been drowned out of it. This was enough, the boat was sold, and replaced by another. An oar was rigged up as a mast, and a towel pinned on to the oar,—we sailed, but as was to be expected, were beat: the towel was enlarged, but it would not sit. A new sail was got, and then another boat; in fact, just the old story over again, we are but experiencing the trial that every yachtsman has to undergo,—a yearning for something bigger, and better, and quicker. He soon meets with the temptation, and will prove himself a clever pilot if he steers his vessel to the cure. A good maxim it is, never to board a boat larger than your own, by this means one does not discover its short-comings, and need not pine for the elegancies of his neighbour’s cabin.

On Thursday afternoon, 13th July, the Armada was at her moorings in Gourock Bay, her mainsail set, topmast housed, jib bent on the bowsprit, and a good substantial tea on the table. The barometer was low; and appearances to windward certainly looked rather dirty. Having done ample justice however to the viands, the headsails were hoisted, and the moorings cast adrift. We soon rounded Kempock point, and the scene presented to us was a treat indeed; the whole Frith was dotted over with a goodly display of “Cracks,” from the small open boat to the 250 ton schooner. The Fiona and the Mosquito, the Lesbia and the Gertrude, engaged in different races, were striving for prizes offered by the Royal Northern Yacht Club at Dunoon. All came bowling down on us, with every stitch of muslin set, and looking as if each would win; though as they neared us, we could easily see that the Fiona was well forward of her class, and that the yawl had saved her distance by tonnage. We passed close astern of H.M.S. Lion, dipping our ensign to the Commodore; the sea with a south wind was running disagreeably high, but on we plunged, regardless of the spray; we had little time even to shake ourselves, Rothesay being our rendezvous, and the shades of evening already closing o’er us.

We may here explain that the vessel in which we are embarked is an eight ton cutter, and perhaps not the fastest of her class, but even her opponents would hardly dare to call her beat—she is none of Fife's progeny, still even he would have no discredit in owning her. She has already walked the course with some of his "Dandies," and may lead them by the nose yet again. Rothesay was duly reached, and the harbour buoy picked up; we turned in for the night and slept; slept with an inch plank between us and ten fathoms of water; but not forgetting, where we were, what we were, and to whom we were indebted for our safety and preservation.

Friday, 14th July, being the day of the Clyde Yacht Club Regatta at Helensburgh; and having to be present, we determined to make our stay as short as possible—so after seeing the yacht races started, and that every arrangement was being carried out, we quietly slipped over the side of the barge, wending our way to Greenock, thence by rail to Wemyss-bay, and so again to Rothesay; where we had agreed to meet our friends, the companions of our voyage. The stores being already on board, we lost no time in giving Rothesay bay the slip, not that we were anxious to part with the Rothesay folks, but we were led to understand that these good people were rather desirous to get rid of us.

The morning had been disagreeably wet, and the wind rather boisterous; though at the moment we were congratulating ourselves on a change for the better. After dinner we found ourselves at the entrance to the Kyles of Bute, just opposite Southhall, a picturesque old mansion, and surrounded by some fine old woods. Its greatest charm however consists in the beauty of the scenery in its immediate neighbourhood; and we remember being told by an English friend, that of all the places he had seen this was the spot that took his fancy most. We had now fairly entered the Kyles, and though we have passed and repassed the same scenes times without number, on each occasion some new feature presents itself, which lives in our memory till borne away by some new and more fanciful change.

Arriving at the narrows, the wind evidently meditated playing us a trick, as there was barely sufficient to fill our sails; the tide favouring us however, we managed to clear the islands, and crept on towards Kames. In the distance we descried a schooner, (Rover, 28 tons, Major McIntosh,) but our attempts to close up on him were useless, as the wind fell into a calm, and we were

caught by night. His lights however for some time continued to indicate his whereabouts, till even they were lost to us in a thick Scotch mist. We were anxious to reach Ardrishaig early on Saturday morning, so as to get into and through the Canal before the evening of that day—this would enable us either to proceed on our voyage the following morning, spend the Sunday at Crinan, or rest wherever there was a good sermon to be heard, if we were that way inclined. However, appearances were slightly against the fulfilment of our plans; but then, the most matured schemes and deep laid plots are occasionally frustrated in the same way—thus we had to live on in hope; and going below, we consoled our drooping spirits with a glass of grog. We are no teetotalers, liking rather to see a fellow enjoy his beer, because forsooth we taste ourselves; so long however, as we are sailing and work still to do, we advocate moderation,—just enough to keep the cold out as it were; when at anchor, we may relax these principles of ours a very little, and increase the dose.

As it was evident it would take us all our time to reach Ardrishaig, we determined to keep under weigh all night, and take advantage of any favouring puffs, so putting past the bottle, we will take the liberty of introducing our friends. The first for a very good reason, we will name Alexander, was evidently intent on enjoyment and came prepared for it; he knew something about training up a child in the way he should walk as well as teaching the young idea how to shoot, so to keep his hand in, while he was with us, he was told off to act the chaplain's part, doing it to a nicety. Our other companion, named Bulley, was a younger man, rather a literary character in his way, and quite capable of taking care of himself; so in case he thought us shabby, and that we were anxious to show him the effects of starvation, we sent him forward to the galley; thus if he was not exactly the mate, he was at least the man as cooked the *mate*; it turned out, however, much to his chagrin, that the *meat* cooked him. For our ourselves, well we *are* bashful, but Sandy Blue was the name of our skipper and his crew. A very good lad he is, steady, painstaking, and a thorough teetotaler; a capital trait in a yachtsman's character.

The good ship's company then four in number were lying in a very undesirable position off Ardlamont point at 2 a.m. on Saturday morning. We knew that there were rocks and shoals in our im-

mediate neighbourhood and that there was a buoy to mark them, but somehow or other we missed them more by chance than good guiding; and we are sure that even though we had intended taking the buoy with us, we could not have looked for it more anxiously.

To make matters worse too a heavy swell came rolling in from the southward, which made our position the more ticklish, at the same time it raised our hopes of wind. The mainsail soon thereafter filled, and enabled us to make a short tack towards Inchmarnock, so as to clear the point. The night throughout had been intensely dark, and the sky was assuming a very dull leaden looking appearance, the barometer was sinking rapidly, and we thought that we were in for it now. Large numbers of herring smacks had been passed busy with their nets, and though each carried a light, they were quite undistinguishable till within a few yards. The crews were all anxious to learn from us if we had seen any appearance of fish: we replied that in the Kyles we had passed large shoals, the sea turning into a lake of fire as the herrings darted affrighted from beneath us. We were now running before the wind up Loch Fyne, the scenery of which is both interesting and grand; its entrance being guarded by the rugged heights of Arran, with Goat Fell towering above his fellows. The wind had been imperceptibly gaining on us, so much so that now we were almost as anxious that it would take off, as we were a short time before that it would hold on;

"The bowsprit kiss'd the broken waves,
Where in white foam the ocean raves"

Morning began to break and the sea to rage—the wind increased into a gale, our little ship being driven on impetuously before it—we lowered away the foresail and scandalized the mainsail—the herring smacks too unwilling to lose a night's fishing, could withstand it no longer; as the fury of the gale forced them to cut their nets adrift and run for shelter; those furthest south made for Tarbert, the greater number following us up the Loch. On we flew till by degrees we neared our haven, then shortening sail we dropped anchor in lee of the lighthouse at Ardrishaig. One by one the fishing boats came in, half swamped, sails split, and their crews drenched; all confessing that they had never spent such another night, but "Wake where'er he may, man wakes to care and toil."

We had thus after all reached our destination earlier than in-

tended;—rain began to fall as the morning advanced, though it was still early, being barely five o'clock; so that we had a long day before us—much longer and wetter it proved to be than there was any necessity for. We warped the Armada into the first basin of the canal, and were at once besieged by a set of Jehus all clamorous in the praise of their respective beasts. We were sleepy, wearied out by our night's vigils, wet and in no mood to be dictated to; so we summarily dismissed the pack, threatening that we would sail the yacht through, without employing either them or their beasts, if they did not at once cease their importunate offers. They only laughed at us, confident that our threat, if put into execution, would not be practicable—for curiosity's sake, we asked one of them, how much he would take to track us through; he replied that "*Gentlemen* usually gave him what he asked, but he would be moderate with us, and only take fifteen shillings." We thanked him for his generosity, at the same time we led him to understand that it was much more than we were inclined to give; and from what we saw of this one, we came to the conclusion that the trackmen at the Ardrishaig end were a set of rascals, ready at every turn to swindle the unwary traveller even before his face. The innkeeper at Crinan who does the tracking from the opposite end never asks more than five shillings, and considers this a fair remuneration. As the wind, however, was blowing right astern we really meditated sailing through under canvas, so seeing that we had to encounter three or four locks just at the outset, we tried the feasibility of the plan in running for and through them. Our first difficulty we found to be, not in getting the yacht to go ahead, but on reaching a lock to stop her way, before she ran her nose through the gate; for it must be borne in mind that the wind was still blowing furiously—we duly arrived at the first lock, and the checking hawser was cast ashore, but fancy our consternation, when, as the rope tightened, the belaying pin to which it was fastened snapt in twain, and we continued to rush on towards the upper gate—fortunately the bow-rope did its duty, and the yacht was brought to, just in time to save a crash. In this manner we managed to get through the first set of locks, rather the worse of the wear no doubt, but as the rain was falling in torrents, we thought ourselves entitled to a little repose; so tumbling into our bunks, you may be sure we did not forget to counteract the evil

effects of our outward drenching, by a little internal application, medicinally of course, and only nineteen drops a piece.

The wind continued to howl and the rain to pour, the very windows of heaven themselves must have been opened that day, but we slept soundly, till at last hunger knocked at the door, and bade us rise. We walked back to the canal office to pay the requisite dues and obtain a pass, entering the yacht as a fishing boat, and we would recommend all our friends under 18 tons to do likewise; then returning through the village we stepped into a shop to buy some herrings and were served by as nice looking a maiden as one could desire to see—even our chaplain was evidently taken with her, for at breakfast he exclaimed “the herrings are so remarkably good we ought to go back for more.” He even volunteered to return himself, and managed his point at last, but on this occasion to procure some screw nails. Before leaving Andrishaig we were anxious to play a trick on the fifteen shilling trackman, so happening to meet him, he was requested to bring up his horse to us at two o'clock—promising to be punctual he evidently fancied that we had been gulled. We thereafter returned on board, hoisted the foresail, and possibly at 2 o'clock the engagement was kept by one of the parties, we have not been able to learn however, whether that party is inclined to forgive us. We got on amazingly well, till turning a sharp curve in the canal, we entered the bay of Ballenach; here the wind caught us aback and forced the yacht on to the bank, without much difficulty however, we passed a hawser ashore, and one or two of the natives kindly pulled us off. Here too our chaplain was accosted by a friend of his, a real parson, who enquired of him as to our welfare, and how we intended to pass the morrow. This was a tickler, but helping us out of our dilemma, he added, “For you know there is no Sunday here”—strange news this was to us at the time, but since then we have even been asked to believe that the command “Remember the Sabbath day” has been abrogated too.

Not long after this we reached Crinan, having passed out of the last lock and entered the basin—here we had agreed to meet the Emily, 11 tons, A. Teacher, Esq., and there we found her awaiting our arrival. In giving a description of this place, all the information afforded us by the guide books is “Here are an inn and a lighthouse.” We might add for the sake of other travellers that there is also a flag-pole as well as a spring well.

We are now in sight of the broad Atlantic, and about to enter upon scenes that we had never witnessed before. The coast is a rugged one, and the dangers of the deep are many, so that any of our friends who have accompanied us thus far, and already feel seasick, may yet embrace the opportunity of returning by land to Ardrishaig and thence by the Iona, take a passage home.

The owner of the *Emily* knowing that his vessel was rather the larger of the two, and was likely to brave the heaviest sea, tried to induce us to proceed at once; the appearance however of Loch Crinan was anything but inviting, especially in such a small craft as the *Armada*, we were, therefore, rather diffident, and loath to accede to his proposition. But by dint of a little argument he at last persuaded us to run towards Loch Craignish, and if we feared to pass through the Dorus Mor, or, Great Gate, we could easily find shelter up the Loch in lee of one of its various islands. The *Emily* started first, we following immediately after, with mainsail double reefed, foresail and storm jib; the natives thought us very rash, we thought so too, however we did not like to appear henned or afraid to follow his lead. We got on swimmingly, driving before the gale, which was southerly, and the sea was not running so disagreeably high as we had expected, but then we were still land-locked in a measure; before us we saw the waves boiling and dashing in the Dorus Mor, and pitching into the tide with a vengeance. The coast was quite foreign to us, so we had to study our charts and instructions carefully. We argued too that if the *Emily* got safely over any danger, by following closely in her track we would likewise escape; thus we had a double duty to perform, to take care of ourselves, and to watch her. She was by this time nearing Rabbit Island, at the entrance to Loch Craignish, where a squall struck her, that brought her on her beam ends and gave her owner a taste of brine; before she righted we observed that her foresail had been doused. The *Armada* staggered under the blast, though we were able to carry on, shipping several seas no doubt; till having fairly entered the Loch, and happening to be abreast of the passage between Macaskan and Gabhar Islands, it was our turn to encounter a squall which so shook our little bark that we too were glad to shorten sail. The two yachts were within an easy distance of each other, and both were speeding on anxious to get to an anchorage with as little delay as possible; the sun having just assumed his night cap, and sunk into repose between the Paps of Jura.

We were entirely at the mercy of our friend who had promised, before leaving Crinan, to pilot us to a haven as snug and safe as the Canal basin. We looked in vain for any trace of it, and were beginning to meditate a revolt in search of shelter for ourselves, when he made some show of putting about. This he did as soon as he had passed the Black Rock, an ugly looking customer situated in the middle of the Loch, near its upper end, fortunately however never covered at high water. We tried to go about also, but failed; the second attempt proving successful, we again pursued the Emily, which was now running for a small island, called Iscan, on the north side of the Loch; rounding this her anchor was let go, and we arriving shortly after came-to alongside. No doubt our berth was a very snug one after the excitement we had experienced, and without having been piloted in we would never have discovered this convenient little harbour, as the island lies so low and close to the shore, one has difficulty in distinguishing its position, when running up the Loch. The bottom seems to be mud, and the depth only three or four fathoms, so that a larger vessel might run some risk in coming-to, as there is not much room to spare. On the other side of the Loch however there is good anchorage, and the fishing is said to be very fair in the neighbourhood. In fact we were no sooner at rest than our friend invited us to accompany him on a fishing excursion to a small fresh water loch close by, and near the village of Ardfern. We had little hope of his success as it was now past ten, but the moon was shining brightly, and we had no objection to the walk. Arriving at the loch he spliced his rod and got his tackle put in order, made a first cast, catching a reed; made a second with equal success, got disgusted and then returned home. We laughing at his failure and were on the eve of being soundly pomelled. On our way back we longed to pay a visit to the village inn, but Forbes Mackenzie might have been spending his holidays there, so we were not anxious to intrude. Going on board shortly after we retired for the evening, bidding our friends "Good night."

To be continued.

OCEAN MATCHES.

OCEAN Matches which originated some years ago, with the members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, seem to have, during the past season at all events, but few opportunities; this we think is much to be regretted, for to our mind it was the commencement of a new era in yachting, and the opening of a school for our youthful aspirants to aquatic honours, the importance of which should not be lightly overlooked. As we have been the warm advocate of yachting interests for the last twenty years, we may therefore be permitted an expression of opinion when those interests appear to us threatened, and threatened they certainly are by as serious a danger as ever sapped the foundation of a national institution; when we make use of the latter term perhaps some of our readers may smile at our conferring upon, what may appear to them a mere pastime, so imposing a title; but the character of a nation is always shadowed forth by the pursuits which occupy the leisure of its youth, therefore, when the nature of any one of these pursuits tend to elevate the mind, invigorate the body, and cultivate a branch of knowledge that in a warlike or commercial point of view is of the utmost value, and upon superiority in which the very existence of our country depends, we feel amply justified in classing yachting amongst the foremost of our national institutions.

The motto we have adopted upon our title page, never appeared to us to be more apposite than upon the present occasion, and coming from the able pen of such a writer, forcibly bears us out in the importance which we have always insisted attaches to yachting:—

“The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor;”

this is a truism which the most sceptical, cynical, or sarcastic antagonist of our sports of the wave cannot deny, for although we may be characterised as a nation of shopkeepers, yet is it the fact, that that, very title has been gained by our being masters of the sea, and enabled to keep our trading argosies afloat wherever an inch of timber can swim.

Yachting received an impetus when our American brethren made their appearance amongst us with their famous schooner, that bid fair to carry us on in the march of improvement to the end of time; so suddenly were we aroused from our pleasant dreams of entire superiority in everything pertaining to yachting, that the severity of our humiliation in the defeat we sustained, was comparatively alleviated by the novelties of hull, spars, gear, canvas, and ballast brought before us in the con-

struction and fitting out of the *America*; forthwith we rushed into framing and planking, pulling to pieces and building up again, putting sterns where bows had been, and almost we might say *vice versa*, for surely such transformations never had been seen in {the product of shipwrights' hands as the first few years after the *America's* visit witnessed amongst us.

We swallowed our humble pie with the pleasantest of grimaces, and discovered that although we had been racing in fleet and match sailing for many years, yet had we not hit upon the proper shape for obtaining the maximum of speed, combined with the greatest beauty of form; in fact our old fashioned yachts looked like tea-boxes alongside of the Americanized beauties that sprang forth from almost every yacht building slip in the kingdom; in some instances, and perhaps we might say not a few, our enthusiasm carried us too far ahead, and we had to compromise the knife-like American bow with the least dash of our old fashioned "cods' head," in fact we had shoved a trifle too much of the "mackerel stern," under the bowsprit to suit the vagaries of our occasionally roughish seas. We have not always a comparatively smooth "Long Island Sound" expanse of water to perform our matches over, and ability was discovered to be quite as desirable as high speed.

The result, however, of all these alterations has been highly satisfactory; we have obtained a class of yachts that may be studied with advantage as models of naval architecture, such as the science, skill, and practical experience of our builders might be expected to produce, and we may be said now to possess a yacht fleet as nearly approaching to perfection as possible: the number and tonnage of our yachts has increased in proportion, and the ranks of our yachtsmen likewise; our regattas have multiplied in very nearly corresponding ratio, and prizes of such value and beauty are annually presented as sufficiently to satisfy the most exacting and fastidious owner of a racing clipper. Our readers will naturally exclaim "all these things accomplished so satisfactorily, we are in a very good case—accordingly we yachtsmen will be all more or less sailors, and in taking our pleasure—perform a patriotic duty and add to the security of the kingdom,—where then is the danger that threatens?" Well then, good reader, the danger lies in the fact that ye are not going the way of becoming good sailors at all; for instead of now, as it was in by-gone years, almost every yacht attending regattas going in for one match or other, and being very often steered to victory by her owner, or perhaps some other equally accomplished yachting friend, we find almost a stereotyped list of racing clippers commanded by regular racing skippers,—whose names of Nicholls, Penny,

Walker, Downs, Dutch, &c., are as familiarly handled about on the decks of steamers, and along jettys, as those of Fordham, Grimshaw, Goater, Kitchener, Day, &c., are on Epsom Downs or Newmarket Heath.

We must beg to be most distinctly understood in saying that we do not at all find fault with this state of things; it is quite right, and as it should be, and a natural consequence of the improvements that have taken place during recent years in the construction and fitting of yachts; but it is confined to too few, and our general body of yacht owners and yachtsmen—finding not a chance of distinguishing themselves amongst such famous cracks—are content to look on and admire, and gradually become little better than passengers on board their vessels, without any incentive to become thorough good working hands, practical sailors, good helmsmen, and average navigators. We want to see our yachtsmen engaged in matches, or rather matches encouraged for engaging them personally in the contest, for at our grand regattas—what from the fewness of those engaged, the limitation of hands, the excellence of sailing masters and crews on board the yachts competing, an amateur sailor has but little chance of learning his work, and but few opportunities of improving himself, for every man in a well regulated racing clipper is told off to his duty, and there is no time to rectify mistakes. Even if the owner wants to learn how to bend a top-sail-sheet he must make up his mind to forfeit the cup for his pains, for yacht racing now-a-days with a fresh breeze is flying work and no mistake.

There was a class of matches originated some years since, from which we argued great things, namely—the Corinthian matches, these brought together in friendly union goodly bands of yachtsmen, friendships were created, a healthy rivalry promoted, and a desire to excel in the practical working of yachts evoked, that promised to place yachting on a higher and more important footing than it has hitherto reached; but there were so many difficulties in the way of permanently establishing these matches, that we despair of ever seeing them become part of the standing programmes at our chief regattas. Next to those Corinthian matches we regarded the Ocean races, as the most promising feature in inducing yacht owners and their amateur friends to become good practical seamen; here was a good school indeed, wherein the professional and amateur crews could work together in complete harmony, without the interests of the former being in the least interfered with, and where the latter could receive the best practical instruction, in becoming accomplished sailors and excellent navigators, and it is with extreme regret we perceive a likelihood of them likewise, becoming a legend of the

past ; but why should this be—is it that the enthusiastic spirit for yachting pursuits is dying away, or merely at rest for a time ; the former does not seem at all likely—at least if the yacht lists and reports from building stations can be depended upon ; let us hope therefore that like giants refreshed, our yachtsmen will be up and doing this coming season. We had some splendid matches in the St. George's Channel, in the south of England, and from the Thames, and we sincerely hope to see these matches revived ; no later than last autumn a match was projected from Plymouth to Gibraltar, which would have been a triumph, and we should have thought would have ensured a large entry of our Mediterranean cruisers. This match was proposed by that well-known yachtsman and thorough sailor Capt. P. C. Lovett, *Mirage* schooner, Royal Thames Yacht Club ; and had the entry filled, would have proved of all absorbing interest amongst yachting circles. As it was it proved quite the topic of the day, when the idea was first mooted by Capt. Lovett, and appeared to obtain great favor amongst cruising yachtsmen. We have heard of no less than thirteen names of schooners and yawls at one time confidently mentioned as about take part in this Ocean race, and worthily might it be called so, but lo !—when the entries came to be closed—out of the goodly array of names which adorn the lists of our 20 Royal Clubs, of powerful yawls and able schooners, which we see cruising about our stations during the summer months, only three vessels declared for the contest—viz., the *Mirage* schooner, 167 tons, Capt. P. C. Lovett ; *Redgauntlet* schooner, 148 tons, J. Nolan Ferrall, Esq., and the *Medea* schooner, 70 tons, W. J. Rideout, Esq., all of which flew the burgee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Where were the representatives of the white and red burgees of the Solent, were there no able craft and willing crews in the Scottish or Irish waters to test the pluck of the Thames rovers across the waters of the Bay ! and where was the golden harp of the Royal Cork—which has often ere now been worthily flown in the bay of Algeiras ? We hope Capt. Lovett will not be deterred by this first attempt proving abortive, but that he will again bring forward his spirited programme this year, to be met we shall expect with that plucky support it so well deserves.

There is another long cruise yet to be accomplished by our yachtsmen—which might well occupy the attention of Capt. Lovett, who has so worthily taken up Ocean races in his spirited Club the Royal Thames. It must not be forgotten that the ever memorable cup won by the *America* at Cowes, on the 22nd of August, 1851, was presented to the New York Yacht Club, by Messrs. Stevens, Wilkes,

Finlay and Schuyler—the owners of the *America*, as a perpetual challenge cup for all organised yacht clubs of any foreign country ; now here is a distinct challenge to the pluck and daring of our English yachtsmen, which has lain unaccepted for eight years ; surely when little Clyde built cutters of 25 tons, can accomplish the voyage to Australia, it is not too much to expect that our leading yacht clubs would organize a fleet of their powerful schooners to cross the Atlantic, and wake up Uncle Sam, in the bay of New York. This would be an enterprize to show what our yachtsmen are made of, and we fondly cherish the idea that that cup will still travel back across the Atlantic, and be yet shown in British waters ; the yacht and her owner that accomplishes this feat, will place the club he represents at the head of every yacht club, and will need neither granite pedestal or marble tablet to perpetuate his fame: that we have the means, the talent, and the pluck to do it amongst us, cannot admit of a doubt. We looked upon the race to Gibraltar as the preliminary steps to its accomplishment, and we still have confidence enough to prophecy that the man and ship will yet be forthcoming—British built—British sailed, and under a British burgee, that will bring that cup back to our Island seas.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.

On the north-west coast of Ireland is situated a haven of refuge, a harbour of security, that gladdens the heart of many a weather worn mariner, when a stiff nor'-wester rifts up the waters of the Western Atlantic into mountains of seething foam.

The bay and harbour of W—— is indeed a welcome sight to the weary crew of a storm-hunted homeward-bounder, particularly after a succession of winter gales ; and an anxious look out is kept for the “lame ducks of the ocean,” that the autumnal equinox may compel to seek its friendly shelter.

Although the Board of Trade does not find it necessary to put on additional clerks at certain seasons to chronicle its extra exports and imports, yet still this very respectable little seaport manages to do a very respectable little sea-borne business ; there are goodly ships that hail from it, and more than one legend lingers about its shores of wondrous clipper schooners that were just the “things salt water liked ;” and performed prodigies in storm and sunshine long before George the III. was king ; sightly steam ships too may not unfrequently be seen picking out the most sheltered and deepest passages among the thousand islands, that the oldest inhabitant will insist does, or did at one time,

stud the broad expanse of the bay ; altho' they have diminished of late and may now be counted by the hundred.

In the little merchant coterie that laboured unceasingly to raise themselves and the port of W—— to a high commercial status in the world, there were as my readers doubtless may suppose, Tritons as well as Minnows, of which I regret to say for the sake of the dear old spot, the latter predominated ; and possibly there is not a sea-port in the dominions of our gracious Queen—God bless her—where everybody's business, in the days I write of, was better understood or more vigorously commented upon at high change meetings, than at W——; and whether it was "Misthur Considine's" last venture in Indian corn or Salt fish, or Biddy Cassidy's pigs that were threatened with the measles, it was all the same : the commercial mind of W—— was great and comprehensive.

There was society in W—— and its suburbs, and very aristocratic too I can assure, my readers, at least so far as local tradition bore testimony, and the prevailing fashions of Paris and London, very often became fully developed in this remote provincial sea-port, long before the leaders of *ton* in dear dirty Dublin,—or the "Metropolis,"—I beg its pardon, had the hardihood to introduce innovation.

Amongst the *strong men*, as the *millionaires* were called in W——, Tom Radley stood A 1, coppered and copper fastened, and warranted to class an unlimited number of years in the local Lloyd's or any bank in Christendom.

Tom was unique in every way, his appearance and manners, his dress, and his methods of doing business : had providence placed Tom Radley amongst a larger community, with a wider sphere for the exercise of the undoubted talent he possessed for doing battle with the world, there is no doubt he would have been a most remarkable man—one of those self made giants that crop up occasionally to astonish the sluggards by the world's way-side ; but the little sea-port of W—— was Tom's universe, and there he had progressed pretty far into the sere and yellow of human leaf-hood at the time of my tale. Mr. Radley's advent into W——, was not marked by any remarkable phenomenon in the sky, or convulsion of the neighbouring earth or sea ; lowly and humbly he made his appearance as clerk to Peter Cassidy, the distiller, who was reputed to be as rich as all the Rothschilds shaken up in a sack, but who died without as much land as would "sod-a-lark," or as much copper, to say nothing of silver or gold, as you could bake a ginger-bread nut upon ; but Tom Radley boldly starting out on his own responsibility kept a quiet stealthy course without exciting any particular obser-

vation as to his proceedings, until the little "heap of mud" he called his beginning grew into a mountain of good land, and then the wise men of W—— woke up one morning suddenly, and wondered what manner of man they had amongst them, when they found him actually chairman to a bank.

Altho' the most unpopular man in W—— there was not one treated with more respect, servile tho' it was, and his bitterest foes were fain to cringe and bow, and bow, again, until their backs ached, to the embodiment of the mammon they worshipped, in the shape of a stout little elderly gentleman, clad in a smart blue frock, tightly buttoned, always with a flower in the uppermost button-hole, a buff neck-tie of ample dimensions, spotless collar to correspond in size, feet that would have baffled Hall of Regent Street, either to cover or reduce to human shape, a hat—half jockey in the leaf—whole business in the crown, a clean shaven face of that hard blue red that just barely relieves its possessor of the charge of riotous living, hands to match the feet in proportion and the face in colour, and if any man ever saw Tom Radley present a different appearance—winter or summer—from Michaelmas day to the London Monument, (to avoid confusion of dates,) could he prove it—undoubtedly he saw the man to discover the Philosopher's Stone.

From this peculiar neatness of dress, and its apparent incongruity with the uncouth figure and ungainly extremities, few strangers could pass Tom without mentally wondering "who that odd looking little man was?" but even if these did pass muster, there was a peculiarity about Tom's face that could not be got over; at the first glance it presented the aspect of a pleasant looking visage carved out of the red sandstone found in Cheshire, and as thus imagined—that it never was meant to wear either smile or frown, or give the slightest token that a brain worked, a heart beat, or that busy passions were unceasingly surging beneath that stolid exterior; but then Tom's eyes!—and yet they were but a common-place pair after all, grey in hue and small for their age, and with but little of that impulsive fire that adds such lustre to the human face divine; but chamelion-like they seemed possessed of functions of a composite order, and could revolve in opposite directions, taking in everything within range of vision before, behind, and on either side of them, albeit neither cast nor squint disfigured the orbs of "honest Tom Radley."

Biddy Cassidy aforesaid, declared, with a pious motion of the fingers of her right hand to her head and shoulders—"Betune uz an' harm but they wor regular *openers*, *pair-fect* divil sarchers, nayther good for man or baste that they fell upon!"

Tom never seemed to look at you straight in the face, yet you felt as if those cunning lynx-like little grey eyes were searching you all over, right through and back again, and a cold shiver like a chill of wintry wind, would raise goose flesh when the glamour of Mr. Radley's ill omened peepers concentrated their powers upon you.

There is no country where the "ould blood" is regarded with more veneration, or used to be, than in Ireland ; but now that rail and wire are changing manners and customs all over the world, things may be slightly altered ; at the period I write of money was battling for position against the influence of old family ties, but in the present day it seems more convenient to render this meaning more easily comprehensible by the conventual phrase of "march of intellect."

Be this as it may, although Tom Radley ruled the roast as master of the Mint in the sea-port of W——, there were not wanting envious spirits that hissed out from dark spots and unholy corners such nasty venom as "upstart," "cow-boy", "nobody knows," &c., and verily Thomas Radley was a mystery—not only to those around him, but as will eventually appear even to himself.

A ship-owner, a timber merchant, a dealer in broad-cloth, shipping away cargoes of salt fish, invoicing silks and satins from the East, sugar and molasses, and dark amber rum from the West, you would imagine such a trade required a staff of *employe's* and palatial offices such as strike the eye in Water or Lombard streets : no such thing—a mouldering tumble down old gatagay led into a dark and dismal looking yard, at the end of which stood an open shed, the roof formed by a coarse shingle wood edifice, designated by black paint, on a square foot of white board "the office."

"The office" was reached by a rickety wooden ladder, and its furniture consisted of a deal table elaborate in its dirt, a chair to match, a lean-to desk—no clerk—and an infinitude of cobwebs;—yes there was one thing more I had nearly forgotten—on that table—on that fifth begrimed table stood a tiny china flower pot, and in that pot there bloomed, as it seemed everlastingly, a beautiful plant of the Forget-me-not ;—was this a piece of sly irony of master Tom's ? At all events it had an effect which he never intended, that true honest looking little flower often raised hope out of desperation, and the heavenly warm blue of its petals was relief to the devilish cold grey of Tom's eye.

In the yard there was literally nothing—save a faint indication that a wagon had once entered therein, of how it got out there was not a trace ; but under the shed there lay as fine a log of mahogany as ever furnished tops for an imperial dinner table. Tom called his establish-

ment his "smithy," and here there was a touch of unmistakeable satire (I was going to say *iron-y* again—) for very pretty ornaments, devilish chains were wrought there sometimes, even within the shadow of that pretty flower of innocence.

In Irish provincial towns, altho' domestic privacy is not unfrequently invaded to furnish food for gossip; yet where money matters are concerned it is wonderful how reticent the most inveterate gossips become, when personally involved. I do not mean to vouch to my reader for the truth of what I am about to indite, but that generally well informed and on the best of authority private and confidential myth—"They say," said at lonely corners of streets, and in little back alums of offices, and almost inaudibly across coffee-room tables, that the log of mahogany that lay under that gloomy grave-like looking shed in Tom Radley's dark and dismal smithy, was worth to him all the book-keepers, and cashiers, and clerks, that ever bothered a bank or drove a merchant into parliament: and "They say" further said, that of many ships and cargoes which entered the port of W——, if the true bills of lading were critically examined, there never would a log of mahogany be found recorded thereon; but that a log of mahogany, a kind of ubiquitous irrepressible log, was eternally figuring in commercial documents in W—— it is indisputable. To solve this gordian mystery "They say" steps in and says, that Tom Radley's smithy often heard lowly whispered tales of broken hopes, and losses, of "bad crops," "broken credit," "mortgages," "bottomry bonds," and such like transactions in the affairs of life—all of which when confided to Mr. Radley, was looked upon as safe as gold in the safe of the bank of England; and with some truth too—for it was part of Tom's system not to let his right eye know what his left was looking at. "They say," in continuation further said, this mysterious log of mahogany always formed an important item in these transactions, and that when "honest Tom" was "*pressed for money*" which with a great deal of truth upon his side, he always was, upon *such* occasions, the deficiency in specie was made up in "St. Domingo ware," but that this said "Domingo ware" had lain so long beneath the smithy shed, it was found beyond the reach of man's ingenuity to remove it.

Terence Murphy to be sure, volunteered an information once, and backed it with assertions strong enough to corrode any steel pen, that he was present "one winther's mornin' when the crew uv a Norwegian timber ship moored the 'log' snug enough wid a chain cable med fast to an anchor sunk thirty feet into the solid airth!" but then Terence was a drunken ne'er-do-weel no doubt, and occasionally saw more than

was proof of the accuracy of his eyesight ; only unfortunately "They say" stepped in to the rescue of Terence's veracity by stating that once upon a time a canny Scotchman dwelt in W—— who somehow got into business connections with Mr. Radley—the nature of which may be deduced from the fact that Sandy Sinclair, determined to move the log of mahogany with a view to realise the hard cash it represented to him ; for a whole fortnight he laboured in vain, at the end of which a funeral was observed leaving his house stealthily ; all that remains of this exploit is the single track of wheels I have previously mentioned ; what became of the vehicle which caused this track, or the animals that drew it, is only known to whichever of Tom Radley's eyes happened first to light upon them when abandoned by the broken hearted Scot.

From the above imperfect sketch my reader will doubtless conclude that Mr. Radley was an opulent up-right merchant of the well known sea-port of W——. It would ill become me—with the heirs of his wealth staring me every other day in the face, to say that he was not—why should I ? any more than Biddy Cassidy should call him—under her breath be it observed—"a sanguinary ould usurer."

PART II.

Biddy Cassidy enjoyed in her own peculiar sphere, no less notoriety in W—— than many of the strong men—the men of notes and gold—of that well to-do little spot ; she occupied a long straggling and very ancient dwelling on the margin of the bay, and in the immediate vicinity of the town ; she had a few acres of homestead, a well stocked little farm yard, a snug garden, and a well found store, for Biddy dealt in everything that an honest penny could be turned by, and had about as keen an eye to business as honest Tom Radley himself ; the most ancient end of her dwelling reared itself proudly over the more modern additions ; it was an old fashioned Tower whose basement stories had been converted into a very respectable little hostelry, which had such a cozy bar, with one of the most inviting come-in-and-be-comfortable style of parlours, and a fine large sanded room, where the hardy pilots were wont to congregate, and where briny individuals whose business lay with ships and the deep waters were sure to be found. There were great bow windows along the front of the ivy clad tower, the view from which commanded the bay and the offing, and here too not unfrequently the merchants and ship-owners took a little enjoyment in that pleasant parlour by the sea ; it formed quite a look out station, and as they had the advantage of professional assistance from the pilots' room upon any

knotty point that came under discussion, not a little business was frequently combined with the trifle of pleasure they took: in fact the Wreckers' Roost was looked upon as the Lloyd's of W——.

Biddy—or craving her pardon—the widow Cassidy—the relict of Barney, brother to that Peter the distiller, erstwhile proprietor of honest Tom's services, was a fine muscular christian, able to battle her match with any one afloat or ashore, as the worldly appearances which surrounded her amply testified, she was indeed a rare specimen of a strong minded female; but—but—there is always a but—whatever the widow's other qualifications might have been, her personal beauty could only be described by saying she was as ugly as Paul Ash, that died for shame!

When Barney Cassidy made her his own, she was described as a “fine strapping girleen,” but poverty is a hard task-master—it drove poor Barney,—(some said it was Biddy) to sea, and no tidings had been ever heard since of the gallant and handsome young pilot; Biddy worked hard night and day, for herself and her little daughter, and now there was a treasure in that old Wreckers' Roost, greater than even Mrs. Cassidy was aware of, although there were but few moves on this ever changing draught board of life that she had not had experience of. Rose Cassidy was possessed of all that wild luxuriance of beauty that is occasionally to be found in some out of the way spot, in the person of as lovely a girl as ever set the hearts of a score of gallants in a blaze; modest—industrious, with wit and humour inexhaustible, and such a figure, oh ye Gods of sea and land! Old Dick Archbold the pilot swore “she was the very *morial* for a figure head to the sauciest frigate that ever carried pennant in the British service!” And as Dick was near ninety he was listened to as an oracle.

But Mrs. Cassidy had an idea, others than Emperor's entertain such crotchets, and that was that the Wreckers' Roost belonged to one of the handsomest, most accomplished, and fashionable females in those parts, which sufficiently accounted in her mind for the degree of popularity she enjoyed; in fact she was on most intimate terms with herself, and its mighty comfortable to write love letters to one's own address sometimes.

This however, was not the sole idea that occupied Biddy's busy brain; she had not been entirely undisturbed in the enjoyment of her single blessedness, for many a knowing eye had reckoned up the value of the crops, and the bits of cattle poor things, and the stock in trade, to say nothing of the comfortable ingle nook that stood so invitingly vacant; but Biddy whilst quite accepting the honied fictions of her

grizzly haired admirers as only her due, sturdily resisted the accomplishment of their facts : her mind had long resolved gigantic schemes of matrimony, and when such emotions convulse the muscular heart of such a woman, it may be considered as good as settled ; Biddy was determined that be accomplished how it might—Mrs. Thomas Radley she should be—mistress of the wealth, adorning the position, and presiding over the household of the great magnate of W——. There was a trifling difficulty in her path, and indeed it bothered her not a few, and that was to find an avenue to the whereabouts the “ould serpent’s” withered up article of a heart was supposed to be, for Tom was a determined foe to female influence—a confirmed woman hater.

Little did Biddy think the lever to open that invulnerable little safe of all Tom’s secrets, was speeding across the ocean as fast as a gale of Nor’-west wind could carry it.

A terrific gale raged along the western coast of Ireland, on the 7th of December, 18— a few that experienced its fierceness will easily forget that terrible storm, and as I was very near losing the number of my mess in the midst of its fury, I rather think I shall class with those having a good memory : no port along that wild coast was visited with more severity than that of W——. It was high water shortly before noon on the day preceding that of this eventful tempest ; the sun rose with a dull pale splendour—a ghastliness of splendour that made the eye to quiver that gazed upon it, and the heart cold within : there was a glare of shine—but not that honest burly shine that sends its rays home cheerfully into the dark and dismal nooks of the earth, and warms up with hope, and fresh spirits, and new vigor, every living thing it glints upon ;—no it was a watery—weakly slime—a very mockery of heat that seemed absorbed in the dull leaden-hued clouds : there was a cold grey haze that curled and vapoured upon the sea, and crept craftily about the shores and up the faces of the cliffs, and then out over the sea again with a stealthy motion, as though it were weaving itself into a pall for the dying year ; the sea itself bore a changed aspect, instead of the clear rippling wave spray that tosses its head aloft in playful wreathes, and challenges the sun rays to a game of rubies, and diamonds, and emeralds, in the air ; there was a sullen rolling surge of turbid water, that painfully to the eye reflected the faded richness of the sickly sun-light : and then there was a warning—weird like—soughing of the wind,—that mysterious whispering mournful sound so familiar to the sailor’s ear,—one of those voices in the air it is meet for him to understand.

The indications of an approaching storm were too palpable to be

mistaken, and along the pleasant "mall" or broad walk that led to the Wreckers' Roost the stalwart pilots who were off duty, came striding along to swell the number that crowded the comfortable room on that eventful afternoon; into the bay windows they settled like clusters of bees, and grave looking groups of twos and threes took their quarter deck walk up and down the well sanded floor, ever and anon stopping to gaze upon the events the window watchers drew their attention to; comfortable they looked on that wild night—these hardy sons of the sea, as they smoked their long pipes and imbibed goodly libations of their favorite grog, and yarned away after a fashion that few of their class know better how to do than Irish pilots, and many were the tales of good ships lost and brave men fighting their brief fight for life amidst the sea swept reefs of that iron bound coast.

"By my sowl!" exclaimed Denis McCarthy "If I wor Corny Sullivan id's sorry I'd be to lift my killock* such an evenin' as this, powerful a say-boat as the Colleen Dhas is!

"Thru for you Denny asthore! but we all know what's bringing Corny to say in the face uv signs an' tokens that id make any christhin chrimble, storm or sunshine there's an ould divil always watchin' Corny: ye may depind upon it there's weighty ground tackle aboard the Colleen this minit—an' if he meets a *lame duck*†—short an' sweet 'ill be the bargain; if an anchor and chain is not well sowld—you may depind upon id there 'ill be salvage for somebody, and who will have it sooner than the hawk that hovers nearest!"

"Well bad-scran to the man that would traffic men's lives for goold-say I!" returned Denny, "Bud by all accounts Misthur Radley and Corny is thickly acquainted."

"Thickly acquainted indeed?—didn't ould Radley get the Colleen a'most for nothin' whin poor Jack Flaherty got undther the thumb uv the law; and wasn't Corny up to the neck in id until ould Radley tuk him out of that bit of smuggling work—an put him in the Colleen by way uv fishin'—oh id's purty fishin' goes on between thim pair uv boys, Corny's not over pertiklar, an' he knows if he does get into a scrape where to get help to bring him out uv id!"

"One fool makes many!" exclaimed another veteran, indicating with the stem of his pipe where several brigs and schooners were induced by the example of the Colleen Dhas to get underway and proceed to sea. "Now, isn't it a shame for such a pair uv schamers to be deludhin' them unfortunite coasters to go to say: that Colleen Dhas is found wid every-thing aboard strong enuf to stand an Aist Ingy munsoon, and thim

*Anglice "anchor"

† A vessel in distress.

crathurs has canvas on board jist like brown paper, and gear no sthronger than hay bands."

"You may depind upon it mates!" said old Archbold, "that Corny Sullivan is not goin' to say to-night for nothin', there's somethin' up this blessed minit in the offin'; as for the coasthers it will be up helm and back wid 'em, the moment they feel the weight of the say outside the islands; so there won't much harm happen to thim; but I'd give a can uv grog all round now to know what Corny is up to: see—see lads there goes his thry-sail aloft! Arrah sure I'd stake my life he's afther somethin' desperate this blessed minit!"

All eyes were now bent on the preparations for sea that were being made by the Colleen Dhas, a long and powerful cutter of nearly 100 tons, that lay close to the northern shore and quite convenient to the observation of those in the windows of the Wreckers' Roost; gradually and like men that knew well they were proceeding upon a desperate service, her crew got her ready to face the violence of the gale that was momentarily increasing; her bowsprit was reefed in closely with just barely enough projecting to set a storm jib, her storm trysail had been set at the time of the pilot Archbold's exclamation, her topmast and cross-trees were taken down on deck; her powerful whaleboat was lashed there also, her cable hove short, and now her crew running up a close reefed fore-staysail, a few clangs of the windlass palls, and the Colleen Dhas was flying away amongst the islands bound for the open sea.

"Hillo! mates, what's along with you all now?" exclaimed a cheery jovial voice, and a handsome young sailor joined the group of pilots, "Is there a lame duck in sight, or a whale ashore among the bits of sod you call islands, or has a sea eagle lost his reckoning and drifted in amongst the land sharks?"

"There's a sea hawk abroad at all events, Harry Considine!" retorted Denis McCarthy; "An' ids more nor any uv uz can make out what he's after, not even Dick Archbold. Are there any homeward-bounders expected in?"

"My uncle's ship, the Narwal, is due from Spain!" answered the youthful seaman, "but God forbid she should make the bay with such weather as this coming on, unless she has the daylight for it!"

There was a general move of the pilots out to the rocky platform that formed a sort of quay and landing place opposite to the Wreckers' Roost, where sheltering themselves by the breastwork of rocks they swept the horizon with their glasses, whilst in the meanwhile the Colleen Dhas was making gallant way against the fearful head sea, that was now tumbling into the bay; in the meantime Harry Considine

proceeded into the interior of the Roost where he was soon engaged in whispered conversation with the blooming Rose Cassidy, who seemed by no means indifferent to the attentions of the gallant young mariner, and indeed if rumour was true Harry only waited to be promoted to the command of one of his uncle's ships to make an offer of his hand and fortune to the heiress of the Widow Cassidy; but Harry was young yet and had not the experience that the prudent Phil. Considine considered necessary. The young couple had plighted their troths notwithstanding, and with Hope at the helm, and Cupid on the look out, what will not young lovers endure: their interview however was destined to be of short duration, for a heavy tread, and an ill-omened harsh voice was heard in the passage, and Rose had just time to escape from the young sailor's affectionate embrace when Tom Radley entered the apartment; the confusion of the lovers did not escape his observation, but scarcely noticing the respectful salutation of Rose, or the half repressed imprecation and scowl of hatred that lowered on Harry's brow, he sat himself down.

In a moment the Widow Cassidy was in attendance, radiant with smiles and glorious in black silk array, with her gold watch and chain, and all the little paraphernalia that well to do ladies in her sphere know how so admirably to display to the eyes they wish to dazzle, but honest Tom bestowed upon Biddy a severe look, that might betoken curiosity or derision, or both, and to her most persuasive. "A good evenin' to you Mithur Radley—shure it does one's eyes good to see you on such a hard evenin'," he merely vouchsafed a surly—"Humph!"

"An' what will I be gettin' you, Mithur Radley dear: maybe a dhrop uv the ould thing, I'll make it myself, nice and comfortable and plenty uv spice in it?"

Another surly "Humph!"

Now the drop of the ould thing was, neither more nor less, than a bottle of choice old port, mulled to a nicety, and which Mrs. Cassidy had a rare reputation for preparing after a fashion that would make any respectable gentleman's front teeth curl.

Tom had of late been in the habit of much frequenting the Wreckers' Roost, and the "ould thing" was his constant beverage; it may be that this seductive stimulant was his greatest attraction, Biddy was prone to think otherwise, but altho' she had exercised all the devices within her ken to solve the mystery to her satisfaction, it was still unaccountable, for Tom preserved a most stern reticence, and neither by look nor word gave the ambition of the widow even the faintest encouragement. This was the more puzzling to Biddy, for, from previous acquaintance with

Tom and his fortunes, she augured at first that these gradually increasing visits would cement a platonic friendship that must eventuate after the fashion she had so long since determined in her own mind; but no,—Tom seemed to retire within his shell more closely, the oftener he came in contact with Biddy, until at last like a prudent general contending with a cunning foe, she resolved to set herself down patiently for a regular siege, and depend upon the course of events for a triumphant issue.

Setting down the silver tankard under Tom's very nose, she retired, taking care however to be within sight and call of the object of her ambitious dreams. Whether it was the delightful aroma of that curious old particular port, that never by any chance reached any less dignified nose than Mr. Radley's, or whether it was that the severity of the weather induced a companionable influence, Tom arranged a chair opposite to himself, and casting his revolvers around to see that the coast was clear, he exclaimed

"Mrs. Cassidy!"—No answer.

"Widow Cassidy!!"—Ditto.

"Biddy!!!"

Ha!—she had made one hit—she had made him call her after the style of long, long, ago—Biddy! In a moment Mrs. Cassidy was in his presence.

"Did you call, Misthur Radley, dear?"

"Umph—yes—sit down."

To rustle out the silk gown into becoming festoons, arrange the gold chain with a swan-like toss of the head, and repose her chubby fingers half hidden with rings on the table, was—not the work of a moment, but done easily and deliberately like a woman not in the least taken aback, but just taking things as matters-of-course; altho' at the same time her heart was beating at the rate of twenty knots an hour.

"Pray Mrs. Cassidy what is the meaning of that young man Considine being apparently so intimate with your daughter Rose?"

"Well Misthur Radley if you must know ashore, they are partly engaged to be married—ye see people of certain times of life take fancies in their head Misthur Radley, and tho' I'd like myself that both of thim wor a little older, yet still Harry Considine is the nephew of a well-to-do man Misthur Radley,—for ye won't deny that Phil Considine is a man can count money wid most men in W——."

Biddy had often heard astounding yarns from the pilots about explosions of gunpowder, and being blown up by gas, and fire damp, and such like startling occurrences calculated to shake the nerves, and generally to excite terrible notions of such events; but all to her imagi-

nation fell infinitely short of the reality of Tom Radley's explosion of wrath upon hearing Biddy's explanation.

"What—Rose Cassidy—to be married—to a Considine?—never!—I tell you what Mrs. Cassidy I have watched that girl for years as I would my own!—and then *you* to talk of the wealthy Considines?—see here—faugh phew!" and extending his palm he blew an imaginary feather off his hand, then clenching it—dashed it with such violence on the table as to shatter a wine glass to fragments, the usually cautious, quiet, designing little plotter, had completely forgotten himself; he had revealed a passion that had lain secretly cherished for years, in a very few words he had also revealed the hatred he bore to the only successful rival in business he had in W——, and these two secrets of his innermost heart were now in the possession of a woman, and that woman the very last in all the wide world he would or should have chosen to confide in. Seizing his hat and without vouchsafing apology to, or further notice of the hostess, he rushed forth into the storm, and just as a very babel of sounds arose from the groups of pilots that thronged the little pier and breakwater watching the progress of the Colleen Dhas.

The hostess of the Wreckers' Roost! when she recovered from her momentary alarm found herself alone; she had received—not exactly the offer of the position, but the key of it; the keel of the Golden Glory lay uneasily upon the stocks, and although, as yet unlaunched and unnamed, upon that short but eventful interview between Thomas Radley and Elizabeth Cassidy turned the fates of four human beings, and the adventurous voyage of the goodly schooner that the same depended upon.

(To be continued.)

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Albert Yacht Club.—Another Royal Club now takes rank upon our list, and although we incline to the opinion, and in which we know we are not singular, that there are enough of "Royals," yet this being the only club called after the late Prince Consort—we have no doubt the members will appreciate the favour conferred upon them by Her Majesty, and place the club in the foremost rank as a thorough yachting institution, and worthily commemorative of the illustrious name it bears. This club was first organised in the month of September 1864, but it was not until the 8th of June 1865, that it was formally launched, when the committee having secured

head quarters at the Southsea Pier Hotel, Southsea, gave to the breeze their new blue burgee; they have commenced operations under very auspicious circumstances, showing on their preliminary list no less than 121 members and 31 yachts; and a most cordial desire to support them is evinced in the fact that 19 new members and 11 yachts have since been enrolled, showing an aggregate of 140 members, and 42 yachts—with a tonnage of 2,250 on the yacht list. The Admiralty warrant for carrying the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet was granted by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty on the 8th of April, 1865, and on the 26th December, 1865—the Home Secretary conveyed to the committee Her Majesty's permission to take the title of "Royal," and authorizing the yachts of the club to enjoy all the privileges appertaining thereto. The Commodoreship of the new club is as yet vacant, which looks uncommonly like as if the members were in no hurry until they can select a thorough good—salt water officer. The Vice-Commodore is Captain Conway Gordon, and the office of secretary is filled by Mr. C. Napier Pearn.

Temple Yacht Club.—The January meeting of this club was held early in the month at the Club-house, Freemasons's Arms, Long-acre—under the presidency of Mr. Hillersley, Commodore. The minutes of the previous meeting having been duly read and confirmed, the notice given for the alteration of the 18th rule was discussed and carried as follows, "that unless three yachts start for all club matches no prize be given: all yachts taking their stations to be considered as starting." Notice of motion was given for next night of meeting that in rule 4 "three be substituted for six months." Also "that no member be permitted to sail in a club match who has not paid his annual subscription." The following gentlemen were nominated to fill the respective offices for the ensuing year:—Mr. Hillersley, Commodore; Mr. Chellingworth, Vice-Commodore; Mr. Porter, Rear-Commodore; Mr. Mathews, Treasurer; Mr. Moase, Hon. Secretary.

A New Yacht Club for the Metropolis.—We have heard it rumoured that it is in contemplation to start another Metropolitan Yacht Club; now hard as we work to promote, and much as we rejoice at the progress of yachting, yet we hope there is no real foundation for this piece of nautical gossip; there are yacht clubs enough, and to spare, and we fear much any extension must tend most injuriously to those already in existence; in fact there are not a few who think that our yacht clubs are over done, and that half the existing number properly supported would be about the proper establishment.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The quarterly general meeting was held at the Club-house, Albermarle Street, on Wednesday the 24th inst.—Col. J. Wilkinson, in the chair; there were some 200 members present, the principal business being the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following noblemen and gentlemen were unanimously re-elected—Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget; Vice-Commodore, Lord de Ros; Auditors, Messrs. J. Harvey, W. L. Hooper, and J. Mills. Mr G. Powell was unanimously

elected cup-bearer, in lieu of the late lamented Mr. R. Cooke. A ballot was then held for the election of a general committee for 1866, the following gentlemen being returned to serve.—H. W. Birch, *Fleur-de-lys* schooner, 80 tons; Capt. F. S. Clarkson, *Clytie* schooner 64 tons; J. E. Cox, *Minion* cutter, 48 tons; S. N. Driver; Col. C. P. Evelyn; J. N. Harrington; P. Hood, M.D.; T. Leach, *Zillah* cutter, 26 tons; J. F. Lee; E. R. Maddeford; J. C. Morice, *Marina* cutter, 65 tons; J. S. Virtue, *Czarina* 210 and *Lily of Devon* 45 tons, schooners; Col. J. C. D. Morrison; W. L. Ramsay; J. L. Robinson; W. A. Ross; C. Smart; C. Stokes; Col. J. Thomson; S. Walker; and Col. J. Wilkinson.

The financial statement for the half-year ending December 31st, 1865, was submitted—showing a balance of 732*l.* 10*s.*; Investments in the funds 2,369*l.*, Furniture, plate and effects, 3,014*l.*,—and a prize not sailed for value 60*l.*; the report was unanimously adopted. Col. Thomson's motion for having half-yearly instead of quarterly general meetings of the members, was fully discussed, when it was resolved that there should be only one general meeting in the year, to be held annually in the month of March, at which the programme of the sailing matches for the season should be announced.

Further donations of 10*l.* each were voted to the following Societies:—The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, and the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital. A ballot for the election of new members was then held, when the following yachtsmen were admitted—Sir Charles Goring Bart, *Mars*, cutter, 40 tons, and Walter Frampton Stutfield, Esq., *Zayda* cutter, 23 tons. Votes of thanks were recorded to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Mr. J. A. Dunbar, and Mr. J. C. Maudslay, for presentation prints of their yachts—*New Moon*, *Madcap*, and *Volante*; the thanks of the meeting were then unanimously accorded to Col. Wilkinson and Col. Thomson as chairmen, and to the several scrutineers of the ballot, after which the proceedings terminated.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The annual general meeting of the members of this club was held on Monday evening, the 15th ult, at the Club-house, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Terrace. There was a full attendance of members; the Commodore Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne presided—faced by Mr. Alexander Crosley. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, Messrs. J. L. Garden, J. Randall, J. M. Teesdale, J. Brown, Jun., and H. Villebois, were elected members of the club. The Commodore having vacated the chair, preparatory to the election of officers for the ensuing year, Mr. Osborne was called thereto.

Mr. Edwin Crosley proposed the re-election of their old and esteemed friend Mr. Arcedeckne as Commodore, who had filled that office for many years past, and than whom a more able and efficient officer could not be found. He called their attention to what their Commodore had done for them; on board his yacht he at all times received his friends and the members with the greatest hospitality; as a sailor commanding, and on board the club steamer during matches, they had had many opportunities of judging of his capabilities, and had found him always at his post, an honor

to himself and a credit to the club: whether they took him as chairman residing as he so ably did at that table, where, moreover, he was most constant in his attendance—and it was a good thing to have a Commodore both a good officer afloat and an efficient chairman at their social board, and where he was always amiable and agreeable; or whether they looked at him in private life, where he was kind hearted and charitable, in every position there was no cause to find fault; on the contrary, they found him a kind friend, an excellent chairman, a thorough sailor, and a hearty good fellow, and on these grounds he asked them to re-elect their Commodore.

The motion having been seconded, the re-election was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Tomlinson next proposed the re-election as Vice-Commodore of Mr. Edwardes. It was essential in a flag officer that he should be a yacht owner and a thorough yachtsman, as also a man of influence, in order that he might teach the members to follow him, and increase their numbers; it was also essential that he should be a gentleman, for without he possessed that attribute all other qualities would be thrown away; all the qualifications he had enumerated were, he thought, possessed by their second officer; they could not have appointed a gentleman better suited to the office, and he asked them to show their appreciation of Mr. Edwardes' merits by at once recording their votes in his favor.

The secretary read a letter from Mr. George Harrison, dated Canada Works, Birkenhead, stating that in consequence of his ever-increasing duties, which necessitated his almost constant absence from town, he felt reluctantly compelled to resign the office with which they had entrusted him. At the same time he thanked the club heartily for the kindness and cordial support he had experienced in the discharge of his duties in years past, and assured them of his anxious desire at all times to promote their interests and welfare.

Mr. Harrison's resignation having been accepted.

The chairman stated that the gentleman selected to fill the vacant office, was no other than their old friend Mr. Charlwood, who had been among them some years; he was a capital yachtsman and a thorough business man.

Mr. Farmer and Mr. G. W. Ridgway, having in laudatory terms seconded Mr. Charlwood, he was unanimously elected.

Mr. Haines proposed the re-election of Mr. G. C. Eagle, as treasurer. He had served them so long and faithfully that it would be waste of words to enumerate the benefits he had conferred upon their club. Capt. Burgess having seconded Mr. Eagle, his re-election was carried unanimously.

Mr. Gladstone, in a long and able speech proposed for re-election Mr. Alexander Croaley, as Cup-bearer; he dwelt upon the important services rendered by him during a lengthy period, and considered him one of the main supports of the club.

Mr. Silke seconded the nomination which was carried unanimously.

Messrs. C. Borrás and Lyons, respectively proposed and seconded the

re-election of Mr. Gregory as secretary, eulogizing the admirable services of that efficient officer; as in the previous cases there was no dissentient voice.

The officers having re-entered were notified of what had taken place during their absence.

Commodore Arcedeckne in resuming his seat, thanked the club for this renewed mark of their esteem and regard: he had been their Commodore now for some years, and he congratulated them most sincerely upon the prospects of the club, which he felt certain ere long would be the first yacht club in the land.

Vice-Commodore Edwardes expressed his acknowledgments, and assured the club that while he had the power to serve them, he should never be found wanting in inclination.

Mr. Charlwood, in accepting the office of Rear-Commodore, said the hearty reception he had met at their hands, rendered it difficult for him to return adequate thanks for the honor conferred upon him; they might depend that the confidence reposed in him should never be betrayed, and he trusted to realize their expectations by heartily and energetically aiding the efforts of his seniors, in promoting the progress and prosperity of the club. As the club increased numerically and financially they would be able to give more prizes, which would entail more labour on the Rear-Commodore, but that labour he would cheerfully render, confident they would support him and his brother officers.

Mr. Eagle in returning thanks for his re-election, observed that the cordial support he had always met with had rendered his labours a work of pleasure; it was indeed a sincere gratification to him to find his long entertained opinion, that the Royal London would obtain a position of which they might all be proud, had been fully realized; the important changes made last year were not effected without grave consideration on the part of the committee, and he was glad to say the result had been most satisfactory. As long as they were content to be guided by their committee, as long as they continued upon their present excellent footing, success was certain, and they might depend upon his continued support so long as he was blessed with health and strength to serve them.

Messrs. Crosley and Gregory having also replied, the following were appointed Auditors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Edwin Crosley, and O. D. Osborne, (re-elected) and Mr. S. F. Oriel.

The Vice-Commodore proposed, and the following were elected on the sailing committee. The flag officers, treasurer, cup-bearer, secretary, and Messrs. R. J. Blyth, C. V. Boyes, E. Crosley, T. M. Gladstone, J. B. Lyons, S. F. Oriel, O. D. Osborne, C. O. Rising, G. Tomlinson, T.J. Walton, and R. J. Wood.

Messrs. J. F. Delany, G. Haines, and E. Hughes, were next appointed measurers of yachts, which closed the election of officers.

Mr. Charlwood proposed that sailing regulation 0-8 be altered to read as follows:—that in all matches, should the leading yacht not be able to pass

to the southward of the winning buoy by nine o'clock, p.m. the match shall be re-sailed the following day, or any other day which the sailing committee may name; the time to be decided by the officer in command at the match, but when such match is re-sailed the above restriction as to the time of finishing the match shall not apply, but the match shall be decided at whatever time the competing yachts may arrive." Strong reasons, Mr. Charwood observed—had arisen last year why such an alteration should be effected, as in the event of light or contrary airs a match might be re-sailed over again for a week or more. It was scarcely fair to ask a gentleman to sail more than twice for a prize, and therefore the committee had deemed it expedient to frame a rule so that the officer in command should not leave the match until finished.

The Rear-Commodore's motion was carried *nem con.*

The financial statement for the half-year was read, showing receipts £811 11s. 1d. Expenditure £616, leaving a balance of £195 11s. 1d. exclusive of £300 invested in Three per cent Consols.

The statement and report was duly passed, and a vote of thanks passed to the treasurer.

The Commodore solicited the contributions of members in aid of the captain and crew of the tug-boat Endeavour, for their gallantry during the late gales; the Margate life-boat had put off to the rescue of a brig ashore, a squall however, capsized her, and the masts sticking in the sands, her crew of thirteen clung to her keel for an hour and-a-half, the captain of the Endeavour put off with three hands to their rescue, and succeeded in landing them safely; he brought this act of gallantry and feeling before the club, because had the crew of the steam tug chosen they could have shared £300 or £400 as salvage amongst them, by going off to the brig first.

The Commodore's motion was postponed for further consideration.

Prince of Wales's Yacht Club.—The usual monthly meeting of this Club was held on Monday evening, the 8th ult, at the Freemason's Tavern. Vice-Commodore Cecil Long, presided, with Rear-Commodore Sadlier, in the Vice-chair; there was a numerous attendance of members. The usual business having been disposed of the treasurer Mr. P. Turner, produced the balance sheet for the past half-year, which exhibited a very satisfactory state of financial affairs; he remarked that it had never been the object of the club to accumulate a large sum of money, on the contrary whenever they had any considerable balance they gave additional prizes, which had the effect of maintaining their *prestige*; he had to return thanks to those gentlemen who from time to time liberally supported the club in carrying out these views, and he felt that whilst the officers of the club possessed the warm support and co-operation of the members they had hitherto enjoyed, they had every prospect of a prosperous future.

Mr. Powell moved the adoption of the treasurer's statement and report of accounts, at the same time passing a very just eulogium on the very able and kind manner in which Mr. Turner had conducted the financial and general business of the club.

Mr. Sadlier seconded, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Turner in briefly returning thanks, expressed his acknowledgment for the assistance he had always received from the members, which rendered his duties comparatively light; it had ever been gratifying to him the friendships he had formed in that club; he had every confidence in their future prosperity, and trusted the day was far distant that should sever the agreeable connexion he had hitherto enjoyed with them.

The annual ball was fixed to be held on the 6th of February, at the Freemason's Tavern, and every preparation to render it successful is in due course. Mr. Massingham announced his intention of presenting a prize of £25, to be sailed for during the ensuing season, and Mr. Harry Dodd, also intimating his intention to present a prize of similar value, the chairman thanked these members for their spirited liberality, in promoting the objects for which their club had been founded: thus this spirited club is fairly launched into its sixteenth season.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—The monthly meeting of this club was held on Wednesday, Jan. 10th, at the Pier Hotel, Chelsea, Mr. Ingram Pick, Vice-Commodore, presided, faced by Mr. Boggett. There was an unusually large attendance of members—in consequence of the circular convening the meeting announcing that the question of dissolving the club would be discussed.

The December minutes having been confirmed, the treasurer read the half-yearly report and balance sheet, which showed total receipts £156 7s. 8d. and expenses £116 7s. 2d., leaving a balance of £40 0s. 6d.: three years ago there was a balance against the club of £8 or £10: two years ago there was only a balance of £3 in hand, and last year of £28, so that financially the club had never been in a more prosperous condition. There was only one outstanding amount of £18 for printing, whilst there was a sum of £5 4s. 6d., not yet paid to the treasurer to be added to their present balance.

On the motion of Messrs. Oriel and Thorn, the treasurer's account and report were unanimously passed.

The chairman congratulated the club on the satisfactory statement of accounts, and regretted their attention should now be directed to an unpleasant subject; ill-health had prevented him attending the club meetings of late, but their esteemed treasurer would explain the reasons for the important steps taken by the committee.

Mr. Lenthall, the Treasurer, then proceeded in a very able speech to explain the reason why the question of dissolution had been brought forward; he expressed his surprise and delight at so large a meeting, and his only regret was that the members had not always shown up in such numbers, which would have relieved him from the unpleasant position he occupied that evening; he had been connected with the club as an officer eight years, they had opportunity of judging what a warm interest he took in the club, for during that period he had not been absent half-a-dozen times from any committee or general meeting; so that it might safely be

inferred no hostile feelings actuated him in bringing forward a motion for the dissolution of the club, the conviction for the necessity of which course was impressed upon him, unless the members came forward with a pledge to support the club more effectually than they had recently done; he referred to the books which showed that the average attendance for the past eight months at their monthly meetings was but eleven, whilst in previous years thirty, forty, fifty and upwards were frequently present; this fact indicated, he thought they would admit, a serious falling off in the interest hitherto felt in the club. A portion of the members had instituted a club ball; he found upon examination that they had lost by it on one occasion £37, on another £15, and last year £3; a certain number of persons must attend, and below that number a loss must be entailed, and when he discovered that this year there would be a probable diminution in attendance of eighty persons, this coupled with the apathy displayed in other matters connected with the club, convinced him that the venture could only end in a heavy loss, and therefore proceedings with regard to the ball had been stayed. Another vital cause of uneasiness was the fact that for a long period they had been without the services of a permanent secretary, the duties of this office were so important that without one they could not exist; on Mr. Teague's resignation Messrs. Royston and Martin rendered important services, yet when the serious consideration of this question was brought before the sailing committee, out of fifteen an attendance of three only could be secured. Another attempt had been made by summoning both sailing and ball committees, but only seven members attended; their Commodore had been only present once, and their Vice-Commodore four times during the past year, and these facts added to such as he had previously instanced, showed the necessity for some important and decisive step. Again they had been established as a local club, their meetings and matches had been local, but on taking their matches below bridge the local element had died out; independent of their club meetings they once had large social gatherings, but now that element was also nearly extinct: although their matches of the past season had been successful that was mainly attributable to the support of strangers. The members of the club were likewise diminishing, four years ago they showed a list of, 190, now they were only ninety-three, with a black list of eighteen defaulters. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, he had been forced to the conclusion, in which the sailing committee (a small meeting) concurred with him, that the club could not go on, and he had brought forward the motion for dissolution, now that they were in a good financial position to retire honourably without incurring debt. If however, he was to take this meeting as an earnest of their renewed interest, there was no need for dissolution, every member to whom he had spoken was most averse to it; if by their vote they threw out his motion, he should only be too happy to continue to serve them, and to know that the Ranelagh Yacht Club would still take a prominent position amongst other clubs; their Commodore had written to him resigning his office, in consequence of his numerous engagements pre-

venting the fulfilment of its duties, but intimating a desire to remain a private member; Mr. Martin notwithstanding that it would much inconvenience him, had consented to continue as their hon. sec., rather than desert them in the hour of need; by the next meeting they might procure a gentleman who could devote his time and attention as their Commodore, and he left the matter in their hands, for their calm and careful consideration previously to deciding either way.

A lengthy discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Mason, Child, Bogget, Dr. Beggi, Boyd, Keefe, Keene, and Walker joined; it was intimated that no resignations had been received consequent upon the notice of dissolution, and a general feeling having been strongly expressed against the latter course, it was unanimously resolved on the motion of Mr. Walker, seconded by Mr. Child, that the club should be continued.

Editor's Locker.

A CHALLENGE.

January 11th, 1866.

SIR.—Perceiving in your Magazine for December that *Red with White Maltese Cross* laments the fact of no private match having taken place last season, and seeing in your number of the present month that he quotes the *Zerlina*, *Torch*, and *Surprise*, as the champions of their class, or at least implies such to be the case, I shall be happy to lend a hand in putting an end to any anxiety he may have as to their being no private match, this year by entering a 20 ton yacht, (built last year,) for a small Sweepstake with the above vessels; no time allowance to be taken or given, and the match to take place the day on which the Royal St. George give their bye day at the Kingstown Regatta. I believe that the Clubs at Kingstown generally confine one of the regatta days for the matches of vessels belonging to their club, which is the reason of my naming that day. *Red with White Maltese Cross* seems to be so well acquainted with all aquatic matters that no doubt he will be able to carry out this idea.

To the Editor H. Y. M.

Yours, &c., THE OWNER.

AMATEUR MATCHES.

London, January 15th, 1866.

SIR.—Now that the Sailing Committees of the different Metropolitan Yacht Clubs have been elected for the present year, and the members of them are consequently turning their thoughts to the arrangements for the coming season, I should feel much obliged if you would allow me to bring under their notice, through the medium of your columns, a kind of match that is much neglected on our river—I allude to the Amateur or Corinthian match, of which we have had but one or two of late years on the Thames, and which have not proved with us to be very successful. I dare say in a great measure in consequence of this, an idea has arisen that we cannot get up an amateur match on the Thames, but I think this is a very erroneous conclusion,—take for instance the match of last year, had it not been for some unfortunate mistake about the last night of entry, the *Queen*, *Satanella*, and *Kitten*, would have been entered; and

if provided with crews equal to those who so ably handled the Vampire and Dudu we should have had as fine a match as ever was sailed on the Thames.

An objection may be raised, that had these other yachts sailed, their crews would, perhaps, have been inferior, but no one who knows the London yachtsmen will maintain that those two vessels carried all the men that were worth having; on the contrary, I know several myself who were anxious to join in the match, and were debarred from want of room, and I would with those men willingly have sailed either the Queen or Satanella against the yachts that competed that day.

These matches do a great deal of good in a variety of ways, they make men acquainted who would not otherwise have met, they promote a friendly spirit of rivalry among the different yacht owners, and above all they create a desire for a knowledge of seamanship, for who would not take a little pains to acquire that knowledge when out cruising, that he might see his name in the list of the crew of the winning yacht in a hard fought match, and I maintain without any fear of contradiction that no one knows what the true pleasures of yachting is who is not able to take charge of his own ship.

If it is feared that the crowded state of our river, renders it unsafe for amateurs to venture out without some professional assistance at hand, let us, although I do not admit such to be the case, adopt the arrangement of that rising little club—the Prince Alfred Yacht Club at Kingstown. Their yachts are divided into five classes, viz 1st class above 40 tons, 2nd class 25 to 40 tons, 3rd class 12 to 26 tons, 4th class 7 to 12 tons, and 5th class 5 to 7 tons; and it is provided that—"In all matches the yachts must belong to and be steered by a member of the club, and all extra hands above four in the 1st class, three in 2nd class, two in the 3rd class, and one in the 4th and 5th classes, must be members of it, or a royal or recognised yacht club," and on the 22nd of May last the Kilmeny, Xema, Secret, Echo, and Luna sailed on those terms a most interesting and even match.

Now, if the Sailing Committee of the Royal Thames or Royal London are afraid to venture upon the offer of a prize for amateurs only, let them try this half and half scheme, it will at all events provide better amusement for us yachtsmen than lolling about the deck of a steamer, or a friend's yacht all day; and I trust the success of the experiment will lead to the offer of a prize for an entirely amateur match, when, if any owner should be in want of a crew I will undertake to find him one, that if his vessel has any go in her will not fail to get it out.

The prizes for this class of match need not be of great value, for, there being no crew to pay, and no expenses beyond the providing a certain, or, rather uncertain, quantity of "beer and bacca" for her crew, an owner would enter his vessel entirely for the fun of the thing, and as it would be best perhaps to confine the match to yachts under 20 tons, a prize worth twenty or twenty-five pounds would be quite sufficient to ensure a good entry. I therefore hope that if the clubs I have named are unwilling to adopt my suggestion that some spirited yachtsman will come forward, like Messrs. Maudslay and Smith last year, and by the offer of a prize enable the London amateurs to show what stuff they are made of.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

Yours, &c. AN AMATEUR.

NOTICE.—Yachting Biography and other articles stand over till our next.

Dimensions of "Mosquito" Cutter p 112
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 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ Volante ~ p 119

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1866.

A CRUISE TO SKYE IN AN EIGHT TON CUTTER.*

WHEN we awoke next morning, Sunday, 16th July, we jumped overboard, preferring this process of ablution to the more tedious one of using soap and water; but even this was rendered almost unnecessary, as we had been in a perpetual shower-bath since last Friday. To-day, however, was evidently anxious to make amends, as no clouds were visible, and the sun's furnaces appeared to be drawing well. We have frequently remarked that on Sunday there is a beauty and freshness thrown over nature, which is generally wanting during the remainder of the week. The waves, as they come rolling to the shore, seem to follow each other more gracefully, and the wind to blow more steadily; fish too come prowling about the yacht in shoals, and the gulls, with a little coaxing, might almost be induced to pick out of our hands.

The chaplain, going ashore to the island, (Ischan Island in Loch Craignish,) returned shortly afterwards with a wild duck, which he had knocked down with a stone. We called him to account for this deed, reminding him at the same time of the duties and deportment of the office which he had accepted. In reply he merely recommended us to lose no time in weighing anchor, as well as to keep our remonstrances to ourselves. We took his advice but the wind having now

* Continued from page 70.

veered round to the west we had to beat down the Loch. Then we noticed that the islands, many of them being of considerable length, are all strangely ranged one after the other close to either shore, but leaving plenty of sea room down the centre. When beating over towards one of these, (More Island) we saw a small black object floating in the water not far from the shore; and making for it, we were alarmed by the chaplain shouting out at the pitch of his voice, "The gun! the gun!" In a twinkling he had it in his hands, and just as he was about to fire, the seal, for so it turned out to be, very composedly ducked his head and sank out of sight. We eagerly watched for his second appearance, and had not waited long, when up he came, and very close too; off went the gun, so did the seal, for we could find no trace of him. But at the same moment we fancied the entire island had fallen to bits, as there was a tremendous splash all along its shore; caused, as we afterwards discovered, by the shuffling into the water of hundreds of seals that had been lying on the rocks basking in the sun, and had been suddenly disturbed by the report of our gun. The punt was got ready, powder and shot put on board, and the chaplain, gun in hand, was rowed ashore, with the intention of taking a few either dead or alive. He urged in his defence, the same plea that we have heard other yachtsmen use, as an excuse for photographing on Sunday, whilst "Yachting on the Northern Waters of Scotland;" namely that nature should not have bedecked herself so gaily, and thus led them into temptation. Oh! *Snake, Snake*, that man could only *look at* thee without the necessity of being stung! In the chaplain's case neither should the seals have been there, but there they were, and he had by this time almost reached them, when they suddenly disappeared. Fancy however, our astonishment at the impertinence of the brutes, for knowing apparently that it was Sunday, and that we had no other fowling piece at hand they nearly stepped on board the yacht—amongst the number we observed some elderly mammas followed by their young cubs, and the whole gang were evidently delighted to gaze at the strangers, although we tried to hit them with bits of coke; they seemed perfectly indifferent however, to this species of insult, staring us quite out of countenance. A rifle might have had some effect, but the gun was harmless. The chaplain, returning not long afterwards, brought with him the backbone of what once had been a rabbit about the size of a

small rat ; this he had shot on shore, but unfortunately all its body had been blown away in the process.

The "Emily" had by this time got some way ahead, but she put about to inform us, that her owner had made up his mind to remain in the neighbourhood so as to prosecute the fishing. Now both yachts had started with the intention of proceeding further north, and of course we were rather annoyed at the necessity of so early a separation ; for a little company is at all times agreeable, the more especially when one is travelling, and away from friends. Campbell beautifully explains what we mean in the words,

"Without the smile from partial beauty won
Oh ! what were man ? A world without a sun."

By sailing in company too we would have been of service to each other, and a friendly spurt now and again would not have detracted from the pleasures of the cruise. We bade him good day, hoping that he would enjoy himself and catch no lack of fish.

The wind was rather light, inclined even to a calm, but we were still able to crawl onwards. Reaching the Dorus Mor, we passed through it without difficulty, observing no trace of the strong current that at particular stages of the tide runs through it, sometimes at the rate of six, seven, and even eight knots an hour. We here sailed into the midst of myriads of islets, some without names and others that might for us have remained so too, as they stuck in our teeth when we attempted to pronounce them. Several hundred of them put together would barely suffice to support a solitary sheep, so scant is the vegetation ; and from the very rugged and rocky nature of their shores, hopeless indeed must be the lot of any unmanageable vessel that courts their intimacy.

The Sailing Directions for the West Coast of Scotland recommends the aid of native pilots, but in our opinion the government charts are drawn out with such accuracy, that this expense is quite unnecessary ; every stone, every shallow, and we may almost say every shell is noted down, thus by paying a little attention to the tides each obstacle may be passed in safety. Stick to your own tiller as long as you can, and leave it only for refreshment and sleep ; in support of this theory, we may state that our right hand, long ere the cruise had ended, had swollen up to a frightful extent and pained us not a little. Having referred to the Sailing Directions we may add, that when speaking of the Dorus Mor, they say, "that in sailing

through you should have an ebb tide;" but we found this to hold good only so long as you are proceeding south, and that in sailing from Crinan to the north a flood tide is requisite. If we are deceived we shall be happy to be corrected.

The wind again freshened and the tide favoring us, we were quite content to be driven; such a day would have made even a statue smile. We passed to the east of Ris-an-vic-faden Island, so as to give a wide berth to

"Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corryvreckan's roar,"

though we neither heard nor saw anything of the whirlpool, but we were quite enchanted with the scene before us.—Jura was being left behind—bold Scarba with its wooded heights was on our left—on the other hand again at the head of a little loch stood Craignish Castle—further north were the islands of Luing and Shuna—and closing up the scene but further away still were ranged the mountains of Mull. Fair prospect! but our trance was most unceremoniously broken by the cook piping us to dinner, which forcibly reminded us that even in the midst of fairy scenes we must not forget that we are still of the earth—earthy. Our dining saloon measured nine feet by eight, and the ceiling was about three and a half feet from the floor; the table, made in the form of a box, served also as a wardrobe; the dinner consisted of half a leg of mutton stewed with turnips and carrots; and by the bye the back-bone of the rabbit had also been slipped into the pot, but it either evaporated into steam, or the cook had surreptitiously made off with it. In recalling this feast we almost fancy we can still discover a trace of its flavour. Sailing is a fine appetiser and we would strongly urge our Epicurean friends to give it a trial, as we have dined before now on a sea biscuit washed down with a glass of beer, and did not fail altogether to return thanks for the same; once or twice too we have not even fared so sumptuously, dining on nothing at all, except perhaps chewing the cud, finishing up with a little leek.

As we rose from the table we began to feel the effects of the recent storm, a heavy swell still rolling in from the Atlantic, but it was so broad and regular that none of us were *much* put about, for the Armada skimmed over the billows like a duck. The bold shores of Mull were now opening up before us, and near here, "the majestic features of Scarba are best contemplated, rising in one dark yet

varied mass from its rocky shores and woody amphitheatre; and finely contrasting with the long low lines of the opposite coasts, and with the numberless rocks and islands that diversify and adorn this intricate sea." The tide was running very strong and the wind was doing us no harm, both helping us on at the rate of at least ten knots an hour. We passed Pladda lighthouse and shortly afterwards entered Easdale harbour; the kirks here apparently had scaled, for the lads and lassies in pairs were squatted like limpets on the rocks, and were no doubt cooing to each other like doves. The entrance to this harbour at both sides of the island is narrow, and unless one knows his vessel and has her completely under his control, Easdale had as well be passed on the outside; our little ship spins about like a peerie, so we shoved her nose into holes and corners that most would never look at. It had almost escaped our memory too that, a short time before this, a sail hove in sight; the first one we had seen since parting with the *Emily*. On nearing it we did not require to use a glass to find out the name, as "*Ada*" in bold characters was plainly discernable on the burgee; she hailed we believe from Fleetwood, and we needed no one to inform us that her sails had come from Laphorne's loft, or her hull from the stocks at Fairlie.

Leaving Easdale we skirted the high and precipitous cliffs of Seil, against which, with a roar, the huge billows spent their fury, and we gradually drew towards the shores of Kerrera; on the southern extremity of which, "on a lofty cliff overlooking the sea," stands the old weatherbeaten Castle of Gylen. Passing into the Sound, a gentle breeze carried us leisurely along, yet the slowness of our progress did not mar our enjoyment, for the charming scenery and the delightful evening rendered us contented with ourselves and all mankind. With many a joke we wiled the hours away till at length we arrived in Oban Bay, just as the wind with the sun bade us good-night. Tea being ready shortly thereafter we did it all manner of justice, and having exhausted our stock of beer we stepped ashore to the Caledonian for a fresh supply, calling at the post-office for letters and a "*Glasgow Herald*." Alexander Smith says of Oban "that one never thinks of staying in it, more than a night;" but for our part we could easily spend a day or two longer, without being troubled with much *ennui*. The weather however, makes all the difference in the world, for on a former visit we arrived on such another evening as the present, and were quite charmed

with the beauty of the bay and the general appearance of the village, but the following morning turned out a drencher, which disgusted us not a little, with its seclusion. On another occasion at Dunkeld we experienced a similar reception. Fancy spending one's holidays in Birnam Hotel Gardens, clad in a greatcoat with an umbrella overhead : and yet few places in Britain can equal the beauty of Athol. As Oban Bay appears to be very deep, we had anchored close to the shore, and not very far from the pier ; so returning on board, we slipped away to our berths, regretting of course the manner in which we had spent the day.

We got up betimes on Monday morning, and after getting the decks scrubbed down and some more bread brought on board, we made everything snug for another day's cruising. Leaving the bay by the North Channel we had a fair breeze past Dunnollie Castle and across the Frith of Lorn to Lismore Light, passing to the south of the Lady Rock, so named we believe from a tragedy that was enacted there some centuries ago. A Maclean, for some cause real or supposed, placed his lady on it at low water, so that she might be overtaken by the rising tide and drowned ; his nefarious design however, was frustrated, as she was rescued unaware to him by some of her own friends. We cannot at the moment remember whether the story states that they lived in peace and harmony with each other all the rest of their days ; but this we know that a most unromantic beacon has usurped the lady's place as a warning to the unwary mariner. Before leaving the subject too, we should like to be informed whether the tide rose higher then, than it does in these days, as we understand the rock is now seldom if ever covered ! When passing it some heavy waves came toppling on to the deck, without consulting either our comfort or convenience, these were caused by the current, and are always to be found at this point shortly after the first of ebb. We managed to battle through them however, and passed close to Duart Point, on which are the ruins of Duart Castle, a stronghold of the Macleans,

“ — Where a turret's airy head
Slender and steep, and battled round
O'erlooked dark Mull ! thy mighty sound.”

In this Sound which we are now entering, every crag or precipice is crowned with the remains of some old Castle or Keep, which greatly adds to the romance of the many grand and impressive scenes

here presented to the tourist, and which forcibly reminds him of the age when might was right, and when no one dared to deny the truth of the good old rule,

"That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

Sir Walter Scott in his "Lord of the Isles" beautifully describes a moonlight sail through the Sound, at a time when these various halls were tenanted, and all "glanced with a thousand lights of glee." Now they tell a different tale, and we would do well to point a moral from that finger which never ceases to trace their doom upon the walls of each, thick and strong though they be.

Passing Scallasdale Point we came upon a number of rocks and other dangers, which had better be avoided. A trading schooner and a smaller vessel had both come to grief on these, previous to our arrival, some vestiges of them still remaining. The captain of the schooner it would seem always took his daughter to sea with him, and she appears to have cheered him up in the midst of danger, as well as assisted him in the management of his vessel, for when recounting some of the sad events connected with the ship-wreck, he proudly informed us "She was quite a heer'in, as she was the last man to leave the shup." The two wrecks detracted none from the fascination of the scene, but rather added a touch of wildness to its beauty. At no great distance on the other side of the Sound stands,

"Ardtornish on her frowning steep
Twixt cloud and ocean hung."

It was in the days of this old Castle's pride that Scott chooses to lay the opening scenes of his "Lord of the Isles," and pictures to us the joys and fears of a devoted heart longing for her lover's safe return. Close by too Loch Aline pierces the hills of Morvern, and strikes off the Sound, but as our time was rather limited we refrained from entering it, tho' we have been told it well repays a visit. Ahead of us some miles further on we descried a sail, but whether it was running down the Sound or going north we were unable at the moment to distinguish. But after an hour, or an hour and a-half's sailing, we really were closer, and could then tell that we were about to fall in with friends—friends from the Gareloch on the Clyde—who had passed through the canal a day earlier than ourselves, and were likewise bound for Tobermory. By this time we had almost reached Calla Island, they taking the shorter cut through the east-

ern entrance. We intended to follow but were afraid of the shoal water, so skirting the outside of the island we arrived in Tobermory harbour not long after them; and in four hours from Oban a distance of about thirty miles.

Our intention was not to have gone further than this point, but on our new friends' recommendation, and accompanied by them, we agreed to attempt the passage to Loch Scavaig in Skye. Before doing so however we went ashore to have a stroll, as well as to see what was stirring in the town, the only one Mull can boast of. We saw a newspaper, but the owner refused to sell it, as he and a few of his friends clubbed together in sharing its expense; he however had no objection to our devouring its contents, for which we thanked him kindly.

It was well on in the afternoon before we again set sail, the wind being very light. This was a misfortune, as we knew there was no anchorage nearer probably than at the Island of Eigg, even that being none of the best. We managed however to work the yacht out of the Sound, but were completely becalmed off the dreaded point of Ardnamurchan. In saying so we mean that there was not a breath of wind, and to mend matters there was a heavy swell rolling in from the Atlantic. Here was a pretty situation! Sometimes our bow was to the waves, sometimes the stern, but oftener we were lying broadside on to them, and only fancy how delightful was the sensation. It was a relief to get on board the punt and have a shy at the Duckers, which were rather numerous, but as we could succeed only in getting a very unsteady aim, our practice told much more heavily on the powder and shot than on the birds, for we had frequently to fire two or three times at one, before we managed to hurt it. There were lots of Gurnets and Dog-fish prowling about too, so we hooked on some small bits of mutton to a line, dropping them in their midst; we soon got a nibble, but discovered that not only the mutton but also the hooks had gone. We gave the fish one or two chances, but did not find it to pay, losing on each occasion two hooks without catching a fish. We spent several hours in this fashion, till it became almost unendurable. But what could we do? Our friends in the other craft resolved to douse their sails and try to row her round Ardnamurchan point, agreeing to wait for us at Eigg or in Loch Scresort in Rum; so leaving us they bade us good night as it was now late and quite dark. They had not been

gone long when we were favored with a very little air, which, if it did not drive us forward, at least kept us head to the swell, it gradually increased however, and we had soon cause to exclaim with Eliza Cook,

“ But now the night breeze freshens fast, the green waves gather strength ;
The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its length ;
Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick let her hawser slip ;
Though but a tiny thing she'll live beside a giant ship.
Away ! Away ! what nectar spray she flings about her bow !
What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my brow :
She knows she bears, a soul that dares, and loves the dark rough sea,
More sail ! I cry ; let, let her fly !—this is the hour for me.”

We refrained from setting more sail, but the breeze carried us on as far as Muck Island; when passing between it and Eigg, we are sorry to say, it again left us ; and, if our position was bad before, it became doubly worse here, as the swell not only danced and pitched about, but we were now on a rocky lee shore, and the punt would have been quite useless with the yacht in tow, in making way against such a sea. Leaving the helm we tried to snatch a wink or two of sleep, but we had no sooner got nestled comfortably in one position than away went the yacht with a heavy lurch to the opposite side, almost rolling us out of our berths. Rising with a groan, we were forced to acknowledge that it was no use trying to sleep, for that was impossible, and also that there was little use in trying to keep awake, for, to say the least of it, that was disagreeable. We had therefore no help for it, but to drink long life and better luck to each other ; and wonderful to relate this had the beneficial effect of sobering us down not a little : not long afterwards though, the cook vauntingly remarked that he was game to cross the Atlantic with any man, which offer not being accepted he at once branded the company as cowards.

Tuesday morning began at last to show signs of life, and brought with it a very little wind, and creeping towards the shores of Rum, we took short tacks, working the yacht up in the direction of Loch Scresort, so as to see whether our friends had found their way there before us, as we could see nothing of them all over the horizon. The shores of the island rise here quite precipitously from the sea, as on one or two occasions we had tried ineffectually to plant a footing on it in pursuit of birds. Thank goodness however, we got rid of the swell, only to find it replaced by a strong current running south, and

against which we had some difficulty in making way. We did at last discover a small cove into which we ran the punt, so as to test the truth of the following description of the Island, by Monro, "Sixteen myle long, and six in bredthe in the narrowest, ane forest of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deir in it. In this ile will be gotten also many wild nests upon the plane mure as men pleasis to gadder, and yet by reason the fowls has few to start them except deir. Many Solan geese are in this ile." We trudged over a considerable portion of it, and, so far as we can remember, we did not happen to discover any trace of either little deir, Solan geese, or birds' nests. Looking into Loch Scresort we saw nothing of our friends, and a breeze springing up, we headed for Loch Scavaig in Skye, where we arrived late in the afternoon. We moored the Armada in the only sheltered nook in all the Loch, fastening her to the shore with a hawser, for which purpose there are three or four holdfasts with rings fixed into the rocks. The accommodation doubtless was rather limited, but very snug. We set about catching some fish with the fly lines, and succeeded in taking a large number, some of them of considerable weight. When darkness set in we had intended trying our hands at the plash net, but were rather disappointed at some other fishers having been there before us; they seemed to be natives and were quite willing to dispose of their booty for a moderate remuneration. In fact we bought all their stock and congratulated ourselves on having made a cheap purchase, receiving a dozen fine salmon trout for as many threepenny bits: the fish being still alive when handed to us. We afterwards tried a plash or two with the net on our own account but did not add much to our store; so being rather worn out, having had no rest throughout the previous evening, we retired for the night at an early hour. And though we had been reclining on a bed of down under a palace roof, we could not have slept more soundly.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE YACHTS AND YACHT RACING OF THE PAST SEASON.*

I HAD fully intended that the January number should close my remarks on the Yachts and Yacht racing of 1865, but as "*Yachtsman*," in whose *nom de plume*, I recognize one of our best practical seamen, in some sort challenges me to continue them, I take the pen once more chiefly to notice his comments; but in the first place may say how much interested I was at reading the article contributed by Mr. Glaisher on the use and construction of Marine Barometers, taking at the same time the opportunity of getting his opinion through your columns as to whether the ordinary Aneroid, or the improved instrument on the same principle, called the Barometre Metallique, is not as useful, and worthy to be relied on for marine purposes as the column of mercury which he describes; as if it be, the superior strength and portability of this instrument, to say nothing of the much smaller space it occupies, (a great desideratum in a yacht's cabin,) would make it far handier and better than the old kind of barometer, except perhaps for scientific purposes.

The late Mr. Batt, who was fully alive to the use of the barometer, and almost entirely navigated his own vessel, never used anything on board but a common Aneroid which he bought in 1848, and transferred from one of his yachts to the other; this instrument had been carefully compared and set with the standard barometer at the Mountjoy Barracks, Phoenix Park, Dublin, and since his lamented death it hangs at my house, close by an ordinary mercurial instrument, and I cannot perceive the slightest variation between their motions, or that one is more sensitive than the other. It has never been opened or cleaned in any way during the last 18 years, but appears to be as good as the first day; and when I contrast its size, and the room it takes up, with a great upright mercurial barometer, swinging on gimbals, and requiring a large space to move about in, cannot but think it a far superior article for yachtsmen's use, if equally to be depended on; and a few more pages from Mr. Glaisher on this subject, and on the proper use of and where to purchase such instruments, would be read with great pleasure by myself and others.

To return to my own task however, I quite agree with "*Yachtsman*," as to the value of adding to the dimensions given of any vessel, a note of the quantity of dead weight she requires to enable her to carry her spars and sails, always supposing those vile shot bags to be out of the

question, and I much regret I did not get this information, when I obtained the measurements of the vessels I have described; but perhaps some of their owners or builders will be kind enough to supply it, as notes of this kind are, I know, always welcome to space in the Magazine.

I do not however consider, as he does, the career of the *Alarm* to be "more extraordinary than that of the *Mosquito*," at least if by this he means that it is to be compared to hers in success, as he will probably acknowledge when he sees a complete list of the iron vessel's matches. The *Alarm* in all her long life cannot have sailed one-fourth as many, and while a cutter, was from mere size as unfair an opponent for the pigmies she used to meet, as I have always maintained the *America* to have been from the same reason, and equally with that "distinguished foreigner" owed much of her success to her weight and power, which were quite an over match for her usual antagonists. Even after *Alarm* was made into a schooner she seldom met any vessels at all of her own class, and, like the *Arrow*, never wandered from the smooth waters of the Thames or Solent, where being splendidly handled, and her sails, &c., being all cut and set to the best advantage she was quite the "cock of the walk," and did what she liked; but it must moreover, not be forgotten, that from her slightness of build, weak timbers, enormous spars, and the absence of bulk heads, tanks, and cabin fittings, she met such vessels as *Zara*, *Aline*, and *Shark*, with (to use jockey language) several pounds in hand, and that many times the little *Wildfire* used to hang to her in a wonderful way. At the same time I do not deny that I think her the fastest schooner afloat, but in moderate weather, and with a fair tonnage allowance, there are now many other schooners which will not be afraid to meet her, to say nothing of the cutters.

I need not follow "*Yachtsman*" through the other vessels he reviews, but as to the *Surf*, I doubt if much will ever be made of her by any shifts or changes of mast or ballast. I sailed several races in her, and made up my mind she was a very poor tool, too fine and too much cut away below ever to carry canvas well, and the contrast between her and the *Phryne* both in deck room and accommodation below, was quite wonderful. When she changed hands and went over to the river, a great deal was said about the improvements made by her present owner; and I thought she would have done better, especially as her mast was reduced; but she has never shown prominently when matched with any cutters of her own class, and has only picked up one prize last season. Altogether I fear she must be reckoned amongst the—not few—failures made in building a racer.

In writing of the schooners I forgot the *Gloriana*, which has come out since she was lengthened a fine powerful vessel, and I was sorry not to see her in the Solent. In her old form she was a curious craft to look at, her deck being like a section of a champagne bottle, and for her size, 134 tons, had very poor accommodation, especially forward and aft, but she was certainly fast, as proved by winning Her Majesty's cups in 1853 and 1856, beating the *Shark* and *Lalla Rookh*; and she walked over for the late Prince Consort's gift in 1855, the circumstances which led to the withdrawal of the other competitors being much canvassed at the time. When Mr. A. O. Wilkinson purchased her after Mr. Gee's death, he gave her new masts of immense size, and she formed one of a fleet of yachts which sailed from Plymouth to Torquay, under the command of the Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, but she did not show any great speed, and a few days after went on a rock. She has now been lengthened up to 148 tons, and from the way she beat the *Circe* and *Albertine* for the schooner cup of the Royal Thames Club, must undoubtedly be a clipper, both on and off the wind, and I hope to see her tried with the *Albertine*, *Egeria*, and *Aline* next season.

The *Albertine* was by no means so successful last year as Lord Londesborough deserved to be for the plucky way he brought her out, having in 1864 hauled her up in Inman's yard and had her thoroughly refitted, everything being done which could increase her speed; her bulwarks were reduced, a running bowsprit and capstan fitted, instead of the old jib-boom and windlass, new copper, and I believe new canvas given to her; she sailed well, but was overmatched by the *Gloriana* in the Thames, by the *Egeria* at Cowes, and at Ryde on the first day by *Aline*. On the third day she came in first but was disqualified by a decision of the Sailing Committee, which has since been much canvassed, and tolerably universally condemned, after which she did not again race. She has this winter been again in Inman's hands for further alteration and lengthening, and no doubt will sail faster than she did, but whether she will be able to beat the newer vessels remains to be seen.

The *Circe* only started in the first class schooner race of the Royal Thames, when she was second to *Gloriana*, although she was entered against the *Pantomime* in the Mersey. She is an extremely fast schooner, especially off the wind, but not very good in a dead beat and short tacks, as she is sluggish in stays. *Egeria* and she met on their way to the Solent last season, and for nearly a whole day continued pretty well abreast of each other, *Egeria* rather gaining, but during the night *Circe* got her head in front, and kept it there until she

came into the narrows under Hurst Castle, when, thanks in a great measure to the skill of her pilot, Egeria again showed in front and led the way up the Solent.

I trust to see the Gloriana, Albertine, Shark, Aline, Egeria, Circe, Witchcraft, and Pantomime come together in a steady breeze this year, when the race will be worth seeing,—the two latter being both new in 1865, one by White the other by Ratsey; but must have disappointed their owners a good deal. The Pantomime is, however, a very nice and handsome vessel, and although rather short, decidedly fast, while her accommodation and cabin fittings are extremely good, and I predict a better future for her. She was very unfortunate in having no antagonist of her own class to contend with in the Mersey, as the *Speranza* yawl had a great advantage in the short tacks coming back, and this leads me to the subject of yawls and schooners, about which last season by no means shews me any reason to change the opinion expressed before, that as both are two-masted vessels, the yawls are much more fairly classed with fore-and-aft schooners than with cutters.

The number of masts on which a vessel spreads her canvas is a plain and easily determined method of deciding her class, but it is by no means so easy to determine what is a schooner. Some years ago all the owners of racing schooners were up in arms against the *Wildfire*, and declared she was not one, but a double-masted cutter, or some such thing, and not a fair vessel to sail in their races, merely because she had a running bowsprit and cutter's stem. Now nearly every fast schooner has these improvements, and I have no doubt if the plan of a double skirted fore-topsail mentioned in the December number, succeeds, all will adopt it, or the shifting triatic-stay which she also had. Under these circumstances I contend that the distinction for classification of *how many masts a vessel has* is the fair one, and that all restrictions as to the number of sails set thereon should be removed, so as to give owners and builders fair scope for their ingenuity in devising new and improved sails, and modes of rigging, instead of waiting until another America comes over to show John Bull how to do it.

While writing about schooners, I may express my wonder that it has not occurred to some plucky or speculative young yachtsman, who wants to do a bit of racing on reasonable terms, to buy the old *Wildfire*; and give her a new suit of sails, with Penny or Herbert in command, she would much astonish some of the new clipper schooners in the races for this class, and could not be now objected to for what they all have.

Before closing this hasty scrawl let me give one more push to the old

shot bags, and express a hope that some better arrangements may be made in the Solent this season, to prevent vessels full of these abominations, and using them freely, coming to meet those who in the Thames or Irish Channel, which have been cleared of all shifting ballast, and that the R.Y.S. may think it worth while before their regatta to revise their Sailing Regulations, which at present date from 1857, and are more fit for the time when all their races were confined to their own members, than for the open competition which the club now invites, and in conclusion hoping for a lively and good season, fine weather, large entries, few protests, and many prizes.

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Henry Dodd—a member of the P. of W. Club, has been presented by a numerous circle of friends, with two handsome brass signal guns, mounted on mahogany carriages, and with all the latest improvements; each gun bears the following inscription. "Presented by a few friends as a small tribute to Henry Dodd Esq., in appreciation of his exertions in the establishment of Sailing Barge Races, with a view to the improvement of topsail and stump-rigged barges and bargees; also in recognition of the hospitable kindness evinced by him to those whom he invited to witness the recent sailing barge matches on the Thames.—January 31st, 1866."

Mr. Dodd in returning thanks, expressed the great pride he felt, in having, with the assistance of his brother members, established these now very popular sailing matches, and encouraging a most deserving class of men,—the bargees, of whom he spoke in the most warm terms, as jolly-hearted fellows from whom many of our yachtsmen might learn a useful lesson in the handling of their yachts; he characterized them as first-rate pilots, and faithful fellows, whom he was pleased and proud to speak of. Mr Dodd went on to say that in order to perpetuate these matches he was prepared to place £500 in the hands of some properly authorized officer—to place it to the best advantage for this purpose, provided the public would come forward in a like spirit.

On Friday, Feb 2, a number of gentlemen interested in yachting met at the White Hart Hotel, Largs, for the purpose of presenting Mr. W. Fife, the celebrated yacht builder of Fairlie, and managing partner of the firm of Messrs. Fife and Sons, with a testimony of their esteem for him as a man, for his upright and prompt conduct in the business, and also for his great ability and success in yacht building. It consisted of silver bread basket, silver tea tray, two gold salvers, silver cruet stand, silver claret jug, silver tea set, gold Albert chain, and gold brooch for Mrs. Fife.

YACHTING BIOGRAPHIES.

At this dull season we think it may interest our readers, if we put before them some records of the doings of a few of those vessels most distinguished in the annals of match sailing, and with this view have collected, chiefly from our own Magazine, as complete a list as we have been able to procure of the contests in which some of our most noted clippers have engaged, to which we have added accounts of the yachts themselves and their career, which we propose presenting from time to time, until the return of summer enables us to fill our numbers with newer and more amusing matter; and no craft can more appropriately head our series than those ancient and well matched rivals the *Mosquito* and *Volante*, whose names have been so long familiar and their forms well known to all racing yachtsmen; one representing the iron, the other the wooden class of clipper cutters, especially, as although their doings have been often commented on in "*Hunt's Yachting Magazine*," we think no attempt has hitherto been made to collect a complete list of the races in which they have respectively been engaged.

The *Mosquito* was built as long ago as 1848 by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare, the well-known iron shipbuilders, at their establishment on the Thames, from a model by Mr. C. Waterman, who had previously designed the *Ranger*, *Jilt*, *Fay*, &c. A copy of her lines was published in this Magazine, vol. v., p. 62., she was then 68ft. 6in. over all, with a beam of 15ft. 3in., and called only 50 tons. The length for racing measurement being at that time taken along the rabbet of the keel, which it was therefore an advantage to make as short as possible, a purpose effected by giving an enormous rake to the stern-post, in her case as much as 15 feet, by which vessels were made large and powerful, while their nominal tonnage was diminished, but this method of construction had so many and obvious defects, that after a sharp contest, some records of which are preserved in our First and Second Volumes, the present much more rational rule was substituted, by which the length is taken along the deck from the fore part of stem to after part of stern-post, the effect of which has been to raise the *Mosquito* to 60 tons. It was intended to have brought her out for the first time at the match of the Royal Thames on 20th of May, 1848, but meeting with an accident on the previous Saturday, her maiden race was on the 13th June of that year, when she met some of the best known and fastest cutters of the day, including the *Heroine*, and *Arrow*, then 84 tons, for the *Strangers*

prize of £100 given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club over the usual course, from Erith to Nore and back, when she defeated the *Heroine* by 19 min. 5 secs., the rest being nowhere, and obtained the first leaf of her many laurels.

As the table added to this article gives a complete list of all the matches she has sailed, with the number and names of her antagonists and the result, we need not go through them seriatim, but may notice that her early career was a very chequered one, and she was by no means universally victorious, being frequently beaten by *Cynthia* and *Arrow*, and in 1851 by her great rival the *Volante*, 48 tons, which in the spring of that year was turned out by Messrs. Harvey of Wivenhoe for the late Mr. Craigie, and on the 25th June, cleverly defeated the *Mosquito*, *Cygnets*, (the holder,) and other cracks for the grand Challenge Cup of the Royal Thames Club, value £200, (in those days the great object of ambition amongst racing yachtsmen,) and which having to be won twice by the same person before it became his permanent property, had gone through many hands. Mr. Craigie, however, and the *Volante* repeated their victory in the following year, and the splendid trophy passed into his possession. The *Volante* had the advantage from the outset of being put under the guidance of J. Pittuck of Wivenhoe, afterwards so well known as the skipper of *Thought* and *Vestal*, and under his charge had at the commencement the best of her contests with her iron antagonist, beating her the first four times they met, but after the 6th of July, 1852, when Lord Londesborough had the good fortune to engage Jack Nicholls of Southampton, to take the command of his vessel, she soon turned the tables on her opponent, and defeated her eight times in succession at the various regattas on the Thames and round the coast,—their most noteworthy conflict being at Plymouth, on the 6th of August, 1852, when, after the race had been left undecided on the previous day, owing to *War Hawk* getting dismasted, and both the rivals abandoning the contest to look after the safety of their disabled antagonist, they re-sailed it in a gale of wind and heavy sea, the *Mosquito* proving too powerful for her smaller opponent, but only beating her by a few minutes after a most exciting contest.

With 1853 both their racing careers came to a sudden stop, as Lord Londesborough tiring of match sailing sold the *Mosquito* to a gentleman resident in Sweden, who took her out to Stockholm, where she remained ingloriously for two years, but as a proof of her strength and the excellent way she is put together, it may be mentioned that while there, the only mode of cleaning her bottom, an operation which from

its material required to be frequently performed, was to heave her down while afloat with a powerful purchase to her masthead, until her side was sufficiently exposed to be got at, a process which, though sufficiently trying, did not strain or injure her in the slightest degree.

Mr. Craigie having died, the *Volante* was also then sold, and passed into the hands of Mr. Birch, who cut down her spars and sails, and converted her into a cruising vessel, and she did not re-appear at the starting buoys until 1863, when Mr. H. C. Maudslay purchased her and put her into the hands of Payne at Southampton, who lengthened her forward, giving her a new bow of the modern shape, but leaving her after body as it was. In this new guise and measuring 56 tons, she sailed a few races, but without much success, and in the spring of 1864, Dan Hatcher took her in hand, and gave her a false stern-post some feet further aft and much more upright than before, filling up the space between with dead wood so as to fine out her after lines to correspond with her forward ones. This alteration brought her up to 60 tons, and she at once went into the A 1, rank amongst racing cutters, while a glance at the list of her matches will show how actively her young owner and his veteran skipper kept her employed. Her powers of carrying canvas were greatly increased by the lengthening of her after body, and at Liverpool in the strong breeze on the second day she fairly out-carried and walked away from her ancient rival, meeting however, in the *Phryne* an opponent capable of doing the same to herself.

The *Mosquito* and *Volante* have up to the end of last season met each other twenty-three times with very nearly equal success; in 1864 they sailed in eleven matches, out of which there was one dead heat and three in which neither finished; of the remainder, *Volante* won four to three, so that their sailing in 1865 was looked forward to with much interest, especially as in the meantime the *Mosquito* had undergone an alteration, of the value of which their relative speed would have been a capital test. Unluckily one confined herself to the Irish the other to the English channel regattas, and they did not meet, but *Volante* showed great speed throughout the season, especially when there was much running and reaching, and generally came in first but found it so difficult to allow the time for difference of tonnage to such vessels as the *Niobe* and *Christabel*, that her owner has put her again into the market, and laid down a new cutter of 45 tons, on the model of the *Niobe*, but built on the composite plan, with iron ribs and teak planking, with which we wish him every success.

The *Mosquito* did not remain so long idle as her rival, for in 1856, the late Mr. Alfred Young, then owner of the *Amazon*, bought her in

partnership with Mr. Thomas Groves, and putting Tim Walker, the master of *Amazon*, and who had been mate of her under Jack Nicholls in command, commenced the second series of victories which our table records, her first triumph being in Dublin Bay, 26th June, 1856, when with her owner Mr. Groves at the tiller and a crew of gentleman amateurs in charge, she won the Corinthian Cup given by the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, which then had its head quarters at Kingstown. Mr. Young dying in the winter of that year Mr. Groves became sole owner, and swept the channel ports of their prizes, including 11 Queen's cups, until 1859, when he gave up racing and sold her to the Royal Northern Yacht Club, to be hired out to such members as might desire the use of her, and her spars and sails were reduced.

In this degrading employment the "dear old lady" continued until 1864, when her present owner, Mr. T. Houldsworth, took pity upon her, and exchanging his own vessel, the *Æolus*, with the club, and putting William Walker in command, but securing his brother Tim to steer and pilot her in her matches, he gave her an entire new fit out of spars, sails, and rigging, larger than she had ever carried before, and commenced an active season, by taking her all the way to London to beard the new clippers at the very head-quarters of yacht racing, with such success that she came in second, and well within her time of the new iron cutter *Astarte*, 77 tons, securing the second prize, the clever little *Vindex* having only just contrived by the help of her tonnage allowance to upset the old one's claim to first honours. In this match the age of iron flourished, as the first three vessels were all the offspring of Vulcan, but as the *Volante* was early disabled, and the *Surf* by no means a first class representative of the carpenters' art, the result cannot be taken as conclusive against our wooden walls.

The list of the *Mosquito's* doings during the rest of the year speaks for itself, but at its close her owner finding the old defect in her steering, especially when running before the wind, very apparent, and all reason for such a raking stern-post having been happily done away by the alteration of the law of measurement, put her into the hands of Messrs. Barclay and Curle of Glasgow, who with the facility which iron vessels afford for alteration, opened her out aft, and set her stern-post much more upright; lengthening her keel 8 feet, and bringing in her rudder head 20 inches on deck, fining out her lines in proportion. This proved an immense improvement in her steering qualities, and no doubt increased her speed; indeed, her skipper and all who had known her before think she never went so fast as in 1865; altho' in the *Fiona* she met a new rival, who proved rather too large and powerful for her.

Mr. Houldsworth was also tempted while altering her to throw the 20 inches gained on deck aft into her forward body, and to flange her out a little more over her water line, to prevent her dipping so heavily in a seaway, as she used to do; but the utility of this alteration has not been so apparent as the other, and considering that it increased, or rather prevented a diminution of her tonnage, we doubt if it were worth the expense it involved.

It may interest those of our readers who have a regard for the old craft, as well as encourage those who have adopted iron as the material for racing yachts, to know that on opening and completely laying her bare, the plates, ribs, &c., were found nearly as sound and strong as the day on which she first was received into the bosom of Father Thames; and that with her new knees and braces she is now really a stronger and better vessel, and worth more money than the day she was first launched; and it may be said of these two old rivals, that they are now ready and able to meet any new craft of their own size and tonnage afloat, and in many cases to give a good account of them, and if a match between them could be got up during the forthcoming season on one of our best regatta courses, it would, from old recollections, and from their great similarity in dimensions, both as regards hull, spars, and sails, as well as from their equality in speed, create as much interest and speculation amongst yachtsmen as the meeting of the Dutchman and Voltigeur, or the Duke and Archimedes, ever did in turf circles.

We now add in a tabular form the matches sailed by each of our heroines since their launch, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, with the result, value of prizes, and names of other vessels engaged; and propose to follow up the subject by giving the biography, so to call it, of other celebrities, in our next and following numbers.

†

Mosquito.—Built 1848 by Ditchburn and Mare, length (over all) 68ft. 6in., beam 15ft. 3in.,=50 tons.

Altered 1865 by Barclay and Curle, length fore part of stem to after part of stern-post, 68ft., beam 15ft. 3in. mast (deck to hounds) 43ft. 8in. boom 53ft., gaff 86ft., bowsprit 38ft.,=59½ tons.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel,—1848 C. Mare, Esq.; 1848-9 W. Flamank, Esq.; 1850 C. Mare, Esq. again; 1850-4 Lord Londesborough; 1854-5 in Sweden; 1856-5 A. Young and T. Groves, Esqrs.; 1860-3 R.N.Y.C.; 1864 T. Houldsworth, Esq., who possesses her at present.

Date.	Boat	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1848.					
June 13	50 Thames		1	100 0	Heroine, Secret, Daring, Arrow, Ino
July 18	Gt. Yarmouth		1	50 0	Bluebell, Prima Donna, Gauntlet, Eak, Secret, Daring
19	Hull		1	50 0	Hilda, Fairy Queen, Whim, Snake, Zephyr
20	...		1	50 0	Walked over (chal. cup)
Aug. 28	Plymouth		1	50 0	Vision, Daring
1849.					
June 14	Thames		0		<i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Diana
29	...		0		<i>Cygnnet</i> , <i>Cynthia</i> , Daring, Secret, Foam
1850.					
June 5	50 Thames		1	100 0	<i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Diana
July 5	...		1	200 0	<i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Diana (grand chal. cup)
15	Harwich		2		<i>Cynthia</i> , Tartar, Prima Donna, Foam
24	Hull		1	30 0	Hilda, Quiz
25	...		1	50 0	Hilda, Quiz
Aug. 5	Southampton		1	45 0	<i>Cynthia</i> , Arrow, Diana
15	Cowes		0		<i>Arrow</i> , Brilliant, Gondola, Freak, Alarm, Aurora, Sultana, Constance
17	...		0		<i>Arrow</i> , Freak, Aurora
22	Poole		2		<i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Heroine
1851.					
May 20	50 Thames		0		<i>Cynthia</i> , Heroine, Tartar
June 25	...		3		<i>Volante</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Heroine, Secret
Aug. 8	...		2		<i>Volante</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Secret, Arrow, Heroine, Phantom, Whisper
1852.					
May 14	50 Thames		0		<i>Volante</i> , Warhawk, Pauline, Mosquito lost bowsprit
June 13	...		3	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , <i>Cygnnet</i> , Pauline
July 6	Lowestoft		1	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , Pauline
13	Gt. Yarmouth		1		<i>Volante</i> , Secret
22	Ryde		2		<i>Arrow</i> , America, Aurora, Zephyretta, Violet—Mosquito close to Arrow
Aug. 4	Plymouth		1	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , Warhawk, Bacchante, <i>Cynthia</i>
5	...				Race abandoned—Warhawk dismasted
6	...		1	50 0	<i>Volante</i>
9	Torquay		1	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , Tartar
10	Teignmouth		1	ch cup	<i>Volante</i>
21	Cowes		0		Race abandoned, want of wind
23	---		1	100 0	<i>Arrow</i> , Alarm, Claymore, Aurora, Lavrock
1853.					
May 3	Thames		1	100 0	<i>Volante</i> , Warhawk, Pauline
June 30	...		1	60 0	<i>Volante</i> , Phantom
July 13	Lowestoft		1	100 0	Gossamer, Mayfly
Aug. 4	Weymouth		1	30 0	Phantom, Elfin
15	Cowes		1	100 0	<i>Arrow</i> , Julia, Aurora, Osprey
23	Teignmouth		1	100 0	Snake, Vestal
1854-5	In Sweden				

Date.	^g Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1856.				
June 26	59 Kingstown	1	63 0	Cymba, Cyclone, Coralie
July 3	Queenstown	1		Vigilant, <i>Foam</i>
18	Douglas	1	50 0	Coralie, Gauntlet, Odalique, Scud
Aug. 11	70 Cowes	0		Arrow, Whirlwind, <i>Glance</i> , and 7 others
18	60 Ryde	1	50 0	Arrow—Blew a gale, Arrow dismasted
26	Torbay	2		<i>Extravaganza</i>
28	Teignmouth	1		<i>Glance</i>
Sept. 2	Plymouth	1		<i>Wildfire</i> , Maraquita
23	Antwerp	1	100 0	Amazon, <i>Glance</i>
1857.				
June 2	60 Thames	1	100 0	Extravaganza, Cyclone
30	Kingstown	2		<i>Oithona</i> , Extravaganza, Stella, Cyclone
July 1	...	1	100 0	<i>Oithona</i> , Extravaganza, Crusader, Cyclone
7	Pembroke	1		Vigilant, <i>Emmet</i> , Blue Bell, Leander
13	Queenstown	2		<i>Wildfire</i>
Aug. 7	Southampton	4		Lulworth, <i>Wildfire</i> (disqualified,) <i>Vestal</i> , Emmet, Cyclone, Extravaganza
8	...	2	100 0	Arrow
10	Ryde	3		<i>Lulworth</i> , Arrow, Zouave, <i>Wildfire</i> , Whirl- wind, Phantom, <i>Emmet</i> , Extravaganza
1858.				
July 12	60 Queenstown	2		<i>Oithona</i> , <i>Wildfire</i> disabled
13	...			Race undecided, want of wind
16	...	1	100 0	Extravaganza, Amazon, Vigilant, <i>Foam</i>
21	Kingstown	1		<i>Surge</i> , <i>Oithona</i> , Cymba, Amazon, Dream, <i>Wildfire</i> , Maraquita
22	...	1	70 0	<i>Surge</i> , Amazon, Cymba, <i>Wildfire</i> , Kelpie
Aug. 16	Ryde	3		<i>Lulworth</i> , Arrow, Amazon, Cymba, <i>Surge</i> , <i>Vesper</i>
25	Plymouth	1	50 0	<i>Surge</i> , Secret, Violet
26	...	1	100 0	<i>Wildfire</i> , <i>Surge</i>
1864.				
May 31	60 Thames	2	50 0	2nd pr. Astarte, <i>Vindex</i> , Surf, Volante dis.
June 23	Queenstown	1	100 0	Astarte, Alerte, Osprey, Avalanche, Thought
25	Bray	1	50 0	Enid
July 1	Liverpool	2		Phryne, Volante, Astarte, <i>Vindex</i> , Heroine Kilmeny
2	...	3		<i>Phryne</i> , Volante, <i>Vindex</i> , Heroine, Astarte
4	To Kingstown	0		<i>Phryne</i> , Volante, Albertine, Fiery Cross, Speranza, Enid, Snipe, & 4 others
7	Kingstown	2		<i>Volante</i> , Phryne, <i>Vindex</i> , Avalanche, Enid, Alerte
8	...	2		Phryne, <i>Vindex</i> , Volante, Enid, Thought, Kilmeny, Dawn
19	Queenstown	1	60 0	Osprey, Phryne, Alerte, <i>Vindex</i>
20	...	2		Astarte, Alerte, Osprey, Secret, <i>Vindex</i>
22	Kinsale	1	52 0	Astarte, <i>Vindex</i>
Aug. 3	Cowes	1		Race undecided
5	...	4		Arrow, Volante, Surf 2nd prize, Alerte, <i>Vindex</i> , Astarte
6	...	6		Volante, Albertine, <i>Vindex</i> , Alerte, Amu- let, Vestal, Viking, Flying Fish
10	Portsmouth	1	21 0	2nd prize— <i>Vindex</i> , Surf, Banshee
12	Ryde	1	50 0	Volante, Astarte, <i>Vindex</i> , Banshee, Osprey Emmet

Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1864.				
Aug. 18	Torbay	0		<i>Arrow</i> , <i>Volante</i>
19	...	0		Race abandoned
1865.				
June 27	Queenstown	0		<i>Enid</i> , <i>Glance</i> , <i>Avalanche</i> , <i>Aurora</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i>
28	...			Race undecided
29	...	1	60 0	<i>Enid</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Glance</i>
July 5	Liverpool	2	100 0	<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Speranza</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Glance</i> <i>Banshee</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i>
6	...	2	100 0	<i>Astarte</i> , <i>Fiona</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Banshee</i>
12	Dunoon	2	20 0	2nd prize— <i>Fiona</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Glance</i>
13	...	2		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Glance</i>
14	Helensburgh	1	40 0	<i>Glance</i>
24	Queenstown	2	100 0	<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Banshee</i> , <i>Heroine</i>
16	...	3		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Banshee</i> , <i>Gertrude</i>
31	Bray	2		<i>Banshee</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Fiona</i> disabled
Aug. 2	Kingstown	3		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Banshee</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Dawn</i>
4	...	2		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Banshee</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Dawn</i>

Volante.—Built by Messrs. Harvey in 1851, 48 tons; lengthened forward by Payne in 1863; lengthened aft by Hatcher, 1864; present dimensions, length (over all) 74ft. 6in., on deck 65ft., beam 15ft., 59½ tons, mast (deck to hounds) 43ft., boom 54ft., gaff 36ft., bowsprit 31ft., topmast 34ft. 6in.

The following gentlemen have been owners,—1851 J. L. Craigie, Esq.; 1854 H. W. Birch, Esq.; 1863 H. C. Maudslay, Esq.

Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yacht.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1851.				
June 10	Thames	1	ch cup	<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Heroine</i> , <i>Secret</i>
July 8	...	1		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Arrow</i> , <i>Secret</i>
July 30	Weymouth	1		<i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Tartar</i> , <i>Secret</i>
Aug. 2	Teignmouth	1	150 0	<i>Fleur-de-Lys</i> , <i>Blue Bell</i> , <i>Avalon</i>
5	Southampton	1	50 0	<i>Vision</i> , <i>Mazeppa</i>
6	...	1	100 0	<i>Arrow</i> , <i>Mazeppa</i>
23	Cowes	0		<i>America</i> , <i>Aurora</i> , <i>Bacchante</i> , <i>Freak</i> , <i>Constance</i> , <i>Gondola</i> , <i>Volante</i> disabled
25	Ryde	2		<i>Alarm</i> , <i>Bacchante</i>
Sept. 4	Lyme Regis	1	30 0	<i>Blue Bell</i> , <i>Surprise</i>
1852.				
May 14	Thames	1	200 0	<i>Warhawk</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> disabled
June 12	...	1	50 0	<i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Pauline</i>
21	Harwich	1	63 0	<i>Avalon</i> , <i>Frolic</i>
July 6	Lowestoft	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Pauline</i>
13	Gt Yarmouth	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Secret</i>
21	Margate	1	30 0	<i>Marina</i>
Aug. 4	Plymouth	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Warhawk</i> , <i>Bacchante</i> , <i>Cynthia</i>
5	...			Race abandoned
6	...	2		<i>Mosquito</i>
9	Torbay	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Tartar</i>
10	Teignmouth	2		<i>Mosquito</i>
25	Weymouth	1	50 0	<i>Albicore</i> , <i>Elfin</i>
27	...	1	ch cup	<i>Enchantress</i> , <i>Mischief</i>

Date.	^g t	Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts — Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1853.	48				
May 3		Thames	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , Warhawk, Pauline
June 30		...	2	50 0	2nd prize, <i>Mosquito</i> , Phantom
July 26		Kingstown	1	100 0	Cynthia, Coralie, Irish Lily, Marina
27		...	1	50 0	Onda, Tar, Firefly
Aug. 29		Harwich	1	50 0	Pauline, Maud
1854.					
Aug. 24		Weymouth	2	20 0	2nd prize, <i>Phantom</i> , Delvin, Edith
1863.					
June 10	56	London	0		<i>Mare</i> , Emmet, Queen, Amazon, Volante
July 22		Hull	1	10 0	<i>Amber Witch</i> , Albertine, Banshee
Aug. 24		Falmouth	2		<i>Vindex</i>
1864.					
May 30	59	London	2	10 0	2nd prize, <i>Astarte</i> , Surf, Vindex, Banshee
31		Thames	0		Astarte, Mosquito, <i>Vindex</i> , Marina, Vo- lante disabled by Astarte
June 4		To Harwich	1	50 0	Glance, Astarte, Whirlwind, Surge, Vindex
7		To Ryde	1	20 0	Marina, Night Thought
July 1		Liverpool	2		Phryne, Mosquito, Astarte, <i>Vindex</i> , Hero- ine, Kilmeny
2		...	2		<i>Phryne</i> , Mosquito, Vindex, Heroine, Astarte
4		To Kingstown	2		<i>Phryne</i> , Mosquito, Enid, Heroine, Albertine Speranza
6		Kingstown	1	100 0	Mosquito, Phryne, Vindex, Heroine
7		...	4		Phryne, Mosquito, <i>Vindex</i> , Enid, Thought
Aug. 3	59	Cowes			Race undecided
5		...	2		<i>Arrow</i> , Surf, Mosquito, Alerte, Vindex, Astarte
6		...	1		Albertine, <i>Vindex</i> , Mosquito, Alerte, Ama- let, Vindex
10		Southampton	1	ch cup	Laura, Vestal, Cyclone, Torpid
11	60	Ryde	2		<i>Albertine</i> , Marina
12		...	2		<i>Mosquito</i> , Astarte, Banshee, Osprey
16		To Torquay	0		<i>Marina</i> , Blue Bell,
18		Torquay	0		<i>Arrow</i> , Mosquito and Volante gave up
19		...			Race abandoned
20		...			Race abandoned
22		...	2		<i>Marina</i>
1865.					
June 3	60	Thames	4		Vindex, Christabel, Glance, Audax
5		London			Race undecided
12		To Harwich	4		<i>Alarm</i> , Xantha, New Moon, Brunette, Marina, Whirlwind
17	59	To Harwich	0		Christabel, Alarm, <i>Niobe</i> , Vindex
19	60	Thames	1		Christabel, Glance, Vindex, Audax, Marina
20		London	2	10 0	<i>Niobe</i> , Vindex, Glance
28	59	Harwich	0		Christabel, <i>Niobe</i> , Surf, Volante disabled
Aug. 2		Southampton	1	190 0	Astarte, Flying Fish, Christabel disabled
8		Ryde	3		<i>Alive</i> , Christabel, Hirondelle, Marina
9		...			Race undecided
10		...			Race undecided
12		...	1	50 0	Niobe, Christabel, Vindex
14		...	2		<i>Hirondelle</i> , Christabel
15		...	1	40 0	Meteor
16		Portsmouth	0		<i>Niobe</i> , Vindex, Christabel, Volante disabled
21		Torbay	3		<i>Christabel</i> , Hirondelle, Niobe, Astarte Vindex
23		Plymouth	0		<i>Hirondelle</i> , Christabel, Niobe, Vindex
29		Falmouth	1		Glance

Summary.

MOSQUITO.							VOLANTE.						
Date.	Start	Lost.	Gave up.	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value £	Date.	Start	Lost.	Gave up.	Won. 1st.	2nd.	Value £
1848	5	0		5		300	1851	9	4		5		295
1849							1852	13	6	1	6		443
1850	9	4		5		425	1853	5	1		3	1	250
1851	3	3					1854	1				1	20
1852	12	3	2	7		350	1863	3	2			1	10
1853	6	0		6		490	1864	20	12	3	4	1	185
1856	9	5		4		263	1865	18	11	3	3	1	200
1857	8	5		3		300							
1858	8	3	1	4		320							
1864	18	9	2	5	2	383							
1865	13	6	1	5	1	420							
Total	91	38	6	44	3	3,251	Total	69	36	7	21	5	1,403

To be continued.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

I HAVE said that when Tom Radley rushed forth from his brief interview with the hostess of the Wreckers' Roost, loud shouts and exclamations of astonishment and horror were to be heard from the excited pilots at the scene that was taking place in the bay.

A large and noble looking ship had been descried in the offing, from her manœuvres it soon became evident to experienced eyes that she had lost her rudder, and that her captain and crew were making use of all their resources of seamanship to reach the bay by the aid of their reduced canvas, before the full fury of the gale burst upon them; unavailing were their efforts, for the sea was now one mass of white foam, and the huge waves of the Atlantic were tossing the doomed ship about as though she had been a very cockle shell; as the pilots had predicted, the outward bound coasters were in full career back to the anchorage they had so imprudently left a few hours previously, none daring to venture to the assistance of the disabled vessel; but the object of the Colleen Dhas in getting under way now became evident. The hardy cutter had made fast a hawser to the ship, and the latter barely carrying as much canvas as would steady her, had as a forlorn hope committed herself to the charge of the other, which was endeavouring to tow her into the bay; it was indeed a desperate enterprise, daringly undertaken, and so far nobly executed; every movement

* Continued from p. 87.

of the ship was watched by Sullivan, skipper of the Colleen Dhas with the eye of a hawk; he was himself at the helm; and controlled both vessels with a skill that excited the admiration of even those pilots who avowedly disliked the man: he had succeeded in getting the ship so far into the bay, as to escape the danger of the following seas, which had previously threatened to broach her to, and there was just light enough to show that he meant to carry her across to the weather shore, and close to the Wreckers' Roost, where she could have anchored in comparative shelter; but between this desirable haven and the struggling vessels, there interposed the tail of a rocky dangerous reef that stretched far to the S.W. of the seaward-most island. Across the tail of this reef at the moment Tom made his appearance, the Colleen Dhas was endeavouring to tow the ship, it was indeed a perilous course, and one that none save a seaman who had unbounded confidence in his own resources, or saw that there was but one last hope for safety, would have attempted: there was one other course that appeared fraught with much less peril,—to continue before the wind up through the islands, until the shelter of some of the largest could be gained; this was seen in a moment by the wary pilots, and it was their warning cries as they sprang upon the rocks, and ran along the borders of the cliffs, waving their hats and making signals to the skipper of the Colleen Dhas, that caused the sudden uproar.

The commander of the disabled vessel was keenly alive to the fearful danger the course adopted by Sullivan would entail upon his ship, and through the haze and driving spoodrift he could be seen standing between the knight-heads, frantically gesticulating towards the head-strong seaman who steered the cutter. The remainder of the scared officers and crew were grouped along the bulwarks, satisfied that they had done all brave men could to save their ship and their lives; with compressed lips and bated breath they gazed wistfully at the long range of awful breakers that roared beneath their lee, awaiting in alternate hope and agony for the moment that should either see them in safety or struggling hopelessly for life: the agony of such a moment can only be realized by those who have endured it; all the events of a life, whether of weal or woe, crowd vividly up in that little space of time,—lovers, relatives, and friends,—home and its endearments, scenes of childhood, hopes for the future, regrets for the past, all are presented to the troubled mind in that brief suspense, with a clearness, an almost presence, that even the most reckless dare not ignore.

Suddenly the hoarse voice of the veteran pilot Archbold shouted forth—"Its the Narwhal—Considine's ship the Narwhal!—Where are

ye Harry boy? Its your uncle's ship as I'm a living man,—see you not the bright tusks of her figure head as she lifts to the sea? Ay, ay, lad, I know every spar and rope in her now, and may God forgive Corny Sullivan if he is playing that ship false!”

The young man thus addressed stood with his arms folded and brows knit—sternly contemplating the approaching vessels. It was as well for Tom Radley that Harry Considine was thus wrapt up in almost as fearful a suspense as any on board that fated ship; it was particularly well for him that the fiendish gleam of joy that overspread his features when the name of the Narwhal passed hurriedly from lip to lip, was not witnessed by the youthful mariner; nor that frantic gleeful chafing of the hands as he hissed forth, “At last, at last, Phil. Considine you are in my power—you are a ruined man!—a ruined man! yon ship will never cross that reef.”

His bitterly muttered soliloquy seemed like the incantation of some ill favoured wizard, for a mighty cry of horror from the panic stricken spectators announced that the catastrophe had occurred; the Colleen Dhash ad cleared the reef and the Narwhal made a wild plunge to follow her, shooting her fore-foot far out of the surging wave, upon whose toppling crest she was borne. Oh! for a steady pull from that stout little cutter now! Hold on good hemp—the safety of a noble ship and a brave crew depends upon you! Another plunge and the stout hawser strained and trembled, and spit forth jets of water from its fearfully tautened strands—then there was a sudden shock—the rope parted close to the taffrail of the cutter, and the Colleen Dhas sped upon her way—alone! Rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea the Narwhal made one more gallant struggle to escape, but just as her bow lifted in the last effort, a tremendous sea struck her and cast her broad-side-on upon the crown of the reef, then could be heard the crashing of her tall masts as one after another they went over her side with a noise like thunder; but high above the breaking and the rending of planks, above the wail of the storm and the roar of the breakers, arose the fierce wild shriek of strong men battling for their lives, that terrible despairing appeal for help which no true man can hear in vain, even though his own life should be perilled in answering it.

For some half dozen of the pilots to jump into a stout whale-boat that lay in the lee of the little pier, was but the work of a moment; and with Harry Considine at the steering oar away they dashed fearlessly for the reef. What had danger to do with them, were there not brother sailors drowning within sight and hearing, and shipmates and and townsmen too if stronger incentive were needed? Away, away,

with a wild cheer that rang over the darkening waters sped that tiny boat and her brave crew, and were soon on the verge of the breakers; the Colleen Dhas hovered near the fatal spot, and her boat was also launched to the rescue: long and eagerly were the movements of these boats watched; but the gloom of the advancing night soon hid them from view, and only occasionally could their safety be ascertained, as like gulls upon the wing, they almost seemed poised in mid air, as they rose over the snow white tops of the breaking sea.

Fresh horror was added to the appalling scene, a terrific squall of sleet and hail came hurtling up the bay, driving before it an avalanche of foam and drift, threatening destruction and death as in the path of a Tornado; the revulsion of feeling that took place on the shore was startling,—a moment before all hopes and fears were concentrated upon the crew of the fated ship, now it was distraction for the safety of the devoted men in their own whale-boat; shriek after shriek from poor Rose Cassidy revealed but too plainly the secret of her heart, when the name of Harry Considine reached her ears as being one of the rescuing crew; and the tear of anguish rolled down many a sun-burnt cheek when the probable fate of a brave brother, or gallant son, struck home to more than one veteran of the sea, as with straining eyeballs they strove to pierce that terrible tempest, relentless in its fury even to the mission of mercy; a faint cry of triumph seemed to rise as it were at their very feet, was it a mockery?—one of those delusions that is often heard by sailors amidst the strife of the elements, no—more powerful—and nearer it came—the strong hoarse triumphant shout of victory, and skirting along the base of the cliffs the whale-boat burst through a cloud of foam and spindrift—leaping from wave to wave like a scared thing just escaped from a fearful doom, her dauntless helmsman waving his hat aloft in token of success; what a long drawn breath of relief—greeted her almost magical re-appearance—what a heartfelt welcoming cry of joy nerved her almost exhausted crew, another stroke and she was alongside the pier,—there was a rush of many footsteps, a silent grasping of hands, and the boat and her crew were fairly lifted on to the rocky alip; then self was at an end, and eagerly sought for were the victims rescued from the wreck, but of all the gallant men who had lived and fought their short brave battle on the decks of the ill-starred Narwhal, one lifeless—silent form alone remained; out of all the joyous band of merry mariners that had navigated that goodly bark from the sunny shores of Spain, that rugged featured—ill-favoured waif of the ocean was the sole relic; carefully was he borne beneath the hospitable roof of the Wreckers' Roost, and

never was heir to a noble race more tenderly cared for on his natal day, than was that swarthy half drowned wretch by the bustling but really kind hearted Mrs. Cassidy ; little did the worthy Biddy guess the wealth that the waves had thus cast at her door, or that pilot crew know of the golden secret they had kept the deep from swallowing up.

Tom Radley would have given a round sum to know something of the man that had been saved from the Narwhal, but he saw plainly from the lowering brows of the pilots that he was not just then in good odour with them ; the hostess was too busy with her reviving charge to pay him much attention, besides she was evidently not a little irritated by his previous conduct that evening ; and he made up his mind to seek the wished for information from Harry Considine ; with this view he sought the little apartment sacred to the privacy of the widow and her daughter ; cautious was his approach and as precipitate his retreat,—he just heard the manly voice of Harry uttering anathemas against those “black villains old Radley and Con Sullivan !” and the gentle chiding tones of Rose deprecating the sinfulness of vengeful thoughts, after such a miraculous preservation from a like fate to the hapless seamen, whose corpses now strewed the dismal ledges of the Samphire reef.

And Tom Radley fled—fled away from that humble roof and its now happy inmates ; he fled away to his gorgeously furnished mansion, and for the first time in his life he felt the pangs of a guilty conscience ; he sought his pillow and wished he had remained abroad in the tempest ; fitful were his slumbers and ever and anon he woke up with a gasping scream, strong arms seemed twined about him from which he could not escape, and in his restless dreams—myriads of drowning seamen were dragging him into the breakers of that frightful reef.

PART IV.

Winter had given way to early spring, and strange events had occurred at the Port of W——.

Philip Considine, and his father and grandfather before him, for that matter, had earned a reputation for wealth and stability that had grown into a local proverb: “Safe as the Considines” was considered a conclusive argument when any question relative to financial capability arose, and there was not a man in the county that would not as soon have believed that Achill Island was in danger of foundering as that the credit of the house of Considine could be shaken.

Philip Considine was a fine specimen of an Irishman of the olden time, but the character has been so often and well described that I shall not detain my readers further than to mention some one or two peculiarities that distinguished the individual in question; he was a man of powerful frame, and good qualities in proportion; he abhorred anything approaching to deceitful dealing; and the hobby of his life was to keep a fine yacht; he was a bachelor, and Harry was destined to be his heir, and when he had finished his term at sea as commander of one of his uncle's ships, was to have been duly associated in partnership; such had been the training of every Considine, and it was this family that had started W—— from its primitive simplicity of a few fishing huts into a busy and well-to-do seaport.

Peter Cassidy, the defunct distiller had been a firm friend and ally of old Philip's, and when the former died, the latter was at no pains to conceal his belief, that Peter's confidential man of business had foully belied his trust, and that hard cash and securities of no mean value had found their way into other hands than those justly entitled to the same; that confidential man was Thomas Radley.

From that hour Philip looked upon Tom with that kind of contempt which a noble mastiff might be supposed to bestow upon a village cur; but Tom wove a net round the unsuspecting old man, so cleverly, so cautiously, that when the victim was almost helplessly entrapped he knew not who it was that drew the web so closely.

The loss of the Narwhal had ceased to occupy the entire attention of the good people of W——, and the consequences to the house of Considine was now in the mouths of the good gossips; it was a terrible blow, and demand followed demand with such alarming rapidity, that Philip Considine was fairly beside himself in order to maintain his credit.

The commercial mind of W——, was in a woeful state of ferment, for a great collapse was imminent, and county and town stood aghast when the busy whisper went abroad that the house of Philip Considine was about to suspend payment; still it was but a whisper—the old merchant stalked about with his head erect as ever, and as yet no claimant for notes or gold had left his door unsatisfied.

It may well be supposed that the hostess of the Wreckers' Roost was not a whit less well informed than her neighbours relative to the altered prospects of the Considines, and like a worldly minded woman, which I am sorry to say she seemed to be, she acted accordingly; Harry Considine was forbidden the house, and desperate and careless went away to sea, whilst Rose broken-hearted and tearful, was dispatched to Dublin to the care of an accomplished governess. Tom Radley was

in raptures—it was evident that Mrs. Cassidy was about to have her daughter properly prepared for the position he had determined she should occupy as his wife. The ship-wrecked Spaniard still remained at Mrs. Cassidy's, and it became a matter of astonishment, the influence this man exercised over her ; it even puzzled Mr. Radley, who endeavoured but vainly to fathom the motives that actuated Biddy; for hours repeatedly was she known to be closeted in earnest consultation with the swarthy stranger, and her manner from being obsequious and servile to a degree, was now noticed to become anxious and thoughtful.

One fine morning in May—Philip Considine might be seen moodily surveying a noble looking schooner that lay ready for launching upon his building slip ; the construction of this vessel had occupied his thoughts for many years past ; he had achieved as wide a reputation for ship-building, as for mercantile transactions, and the vessels that had left the stocks at W——, were world famous : in a particular degree, Considine's hookers and schooners had the confidence of the seamen all along that coast ; for speed and power at sea they were unrivalled, and no matter how fierce the gale or troublous the sea, they always proved themselves just what salt-water liked. A sort of superstition seemed attached to them likewise, for all kinds of good luck and prosperity attended their owners, and for one of them to be lost was a thing unheard of, and indeed if such an idea ever found utterance in local nautical circles it was at once scouted as an impossibility, many an old tar shook his head when the loss of the Narwhal was mentioned, and remarked what a pity it was she had not been built at W——.

The particular schooner now undergoing old Philip's critical survey was indeed a paragon ; she had a long clean knife-like bow, considerable beam in proportion to her length, and a beautiful clear run aft ; with all her fine lined appearance she carried her floor from end to end, and notwithstanding her great beam it was so delicately fined off fore and aft as almost to give the idea of want of power; in fact to look at her below she appeared an exceedingly sharp—exquisitely modelled—but small vessel, it was only when you got upon her deck that some idea of her power could be gained; there she looked like a great ship, and to pass down through her accommodation for passengers and crew, it appeared more like that of a five hundred ton ship than a tidy schooner of some two hundred.

I have said the construction of this vessel had occupied the old man's attention for years; he had watched her grow hourly and daily, every timber of her frame and plank of her hull seemed like a part of him—

self; she was to have been the joy and solace of his declining years, and when Harry had taken the weight of business off his shoulders, the pleasant cruises he would take in that child of his fancy, the old places he would visit, and the old friends he would look up, afforded him materials for many an airy structure by day, and were not unknown in his dreams by night; there she lay now—sparred, rigged, and canvassed, and not a fault could be found with her, yet after all she must pass away to a stranger;—money he wanted, money must be had, his favorite hobby must be sacrificed, and all the cherished projects he had laboured hard to realize scattered to the winds, thought of no more. He had eaten humble pie that morning until he had been surfeited; he had bowed his proud spirit and gone to Tom Radley in his smithy; he had offered him his favorite at a moderate sum, and offered to take the inevitable log of mahogany in part payment; but he had been met with cool sarcastic scorn, and refused,—he Philip Considine,—absolutely refused the help that he offered more than value for, and then for the first time the truth of Tom's enmity dawned upon him, the secret of the pressure from without was revealed, and he left the smithy a desperate, and he felt it, a ruined man; but as he turned upon the threshold his eye caught the little pure blue flower, and its golden eye seemed to gleam forth a hope and comfort to him in that dark hour of desolation, it seemed like a tiny golden glory to sparkle like a rare gem in that dismal den, and to bid him not despair, that whilst such a little speck of nature could bloom in the midst of such a region of woe, man's heart should take courage and struggle through the cloud: strange effect had that azure flower upon old Philip Considine, and although he knew not where help was to come from, yet as he gazed sorrowfully upon his beautiful schooner, that little golden eye seemed looking at him from every plank, and spar, and rope, and web of canvas, and to say as plainly as eye could speak, "Courage, help is coming!"

He was suddenly aroused from his sorrowful reverie by the voice of no less a personage than the hostess of the Wreckers' Roost.

"A fine morning Misthur Considine, a fine morning, amongst the ships Misthur Considine as usual. Well now ids a mighty quare thing for a widow woman to be amongst ships, bud I'm thinkin' of makin' a venture myself!"

Had a serpent stung the old man he could not have been more astonished, a rude answer he was never known to give, and yet the recollection of poor Harry's trouble almost prompted one, was this woman come to triumph over him too; yet, was she not the widow of his old friend's brother, and just then he looked aloft and the little golden eye

appeared to beam down upon him from the main-topmast cross-trees; a human form was in those cross-trees—up there aloft was the Spanish seaman examining the fitting of the rigging; as usual he was the widow's shadow, and now he was busily employed in critically surveying every portion of that schooner, flitting along her decks, and up through her spars, and down through her cabins, noiselessly and without uttering a word, and the merchant shuddered as though a hand of ice were laid upon him, as he watched the lithe and dusky foreigner, gliding about like some weird spirit, and thought was this man to be mixed up with the future of his favorite, as he had been with the fate of the unfortunate Narwhal.

"You have always been a friend to me and mine, Mr. Considine!" continued Biddy in a low and kindly tone, "and I want to join in a bit of speculation, so I was thinkin' may-be you would have a schooner something like that for sale, an' if so I don't mind makin' you an offer!"

Here was no insult at all events, but the little golden eyes promised help.—"That schooner is for sale, Mrs. Cassidy," answered Considine, with a struggle at composure, tho' a thrill of anguish shot through his heart,—what new mystery was this?—what speculation could the widow Cassidy embark in from the port of W—that he, Phil. Considine knew not of, and where was the money to come from, and then his eye caught a glimpse of Sebastian, the Spaniard, hanging over the bows of the schooner examining the gammoning of her bowsprit; surely that man was at the bottom of all.

Biddy Cassidy was at business at once, and in Phil's little counting house the sale of the schooner was speedily completed; despatch appeared to be of the utmost moment, and the widow fully satisfied Considine of her ability to pay; he ventured a few words of caution about speculation, but although Biddy thanked him heartily, never a word did she utter that could possibly give a clue to the object she had in view.

"I have one request to make of you Mrs. Cassidy!" said Phil, when all matters were concluded.

"Troth an' Mithur Considine if i'ds in my power I'll do it for you this day!"

"Have you thought of a name for that vessel yet?"

"The never a one, how should I!"

"Then call her the *Golden Glory*."

So the very next day the good schooner, the *Golden Glory* was launched in a very quiet manner, and in a few more, a strange crew arrived from nobody knew where—they were grave, steady, and silent

men, and shipped at once, Sebastian Almonte, the ship-wrecked Spaniard took command, and in less than a week the swift little ship was cleaving the waters of the Atlantic without a single soul being the wiser of her errand: but of course everybody was agog with the strange fact of the widow Cassidy turning ship owner, and surmises were not a few, some saying she was bound on honest commerce, whilst others gravely shook their heads when the name of the Spanish captain was mentioned, and hinted at smuggling: but Biddy turned a deaf ear to all she was asked and all she heard, and never seemed to think any more of her purchase, but carried on business just as usual.

Of all the folk in W—— that confessed themselves puzzled by these strange doings of the widow Cassidy, none was more completely in a maze than Tom Radley; through her purchase of the schooner Philip Considine had escaped his clutches just at the moment he thought him securely in his power; now to brave Tom was a bold act, and had any one else done so it would have been a short shrive and quick repentance; but with the hostess of the Wreckers' Roost it was a different matter; he found she exercised an influence over him he could in no way account for, and he felt he dared not quarrel with her; so the little man lowered his dignity and comported himself with more respect and humility to the widow, hoping to re-inspire that confidence which Biddy at one time seemed fain to bestow; but although his attendance at the Roost was almost daily, and the amount of port wine he consumed rather astonished himself, yet was he not a bit the nearer to unravelling the mystery of the "Golden Glory."

(To be continued.)

LAUNCH OF THE CIGAR STEAM YACHT, ROSE WINANS.

It has been our pleasing duty to record from time to time the launch of new yachts, but on no previous occasion has it been our lot to place before our readers a description of a more extraordinary vessel, than that launched on Monday, the 19th of February, from the stocks of Mr. Hepworth, iron ship-builder, Cubitt Town, Isle of Dogs.

For some two years past the curiosity of passengers travelling the watery highway of Father Thames, has been unusually excited by the appearance of a large iron cylinder growing daily into the shape of an

enormous cigar ;—speculation at first was completely at fault as to the purpose for which this strange piece of iron work was intended, a mystery surrounded it that few could penetrate, although there were not wanting sagacious individuals who enjoyed a short-lived popularity, by exercising their fertile imaginations at the expense of the credulous passengers by the river boats, and we have enjoyed not a few quiet laughs at the ingenuity displayed, in assigning a use and occupation for this cunning production of the sons of Vulcan. One would have it to be a newly invented light-house for the Goodwin Sands ; another—that it was a screw shaft for the Great Eastern ; a third pronounced it to be one of a series of buoys to mark the track of the Atlantic cable ; a fourth was quite in the secret and knew positively it was a petroleum pump ; a fifth said Sir Wm. Armstrong stood sponsor, and it was in reality to be a monstrous steam gun ; a sixth knew better—it was to be one of the main-drainage out-let pipes ; but the seventh guess—the magic seventh—made by a jolly man-o-war's man of the “ Duke of Wellington ” to his inquisitive shipmate “ Why darn it Bill don't you know ?—its a decoy for that 'ere blessed King of Egypt to shoot alligators on the Nile with ! ”

However, as time wore on and the “ iron thing,” as it was called, assumed more definite proportions—the Argus eyed public discovered that it bore a strong resemblance to an engraving of a cigar shaped screw steam ship—built at New York some years previously, we believe under the directions of the same owner, and of which, if we mistake not, a spirited wood cut appeared in our *Illustrated London News*. As the America upon her appearance in the Solent drew forth the observation “ if she is right—we have been all wrong ! ”—so if the cigar ship proves a success, then we in this little island shall have to wake up “ sudden ” ; for Rip Van Winkle's slumber was a spot of mildew in comparison to the giant snore our naval architects and builders have been indulging in.

The following particulars of this remarkable steam yacht will no doubt prove interesting to our readers. She was designed entirely by, and has been built at the sole expense of Mr. T. Winans of New York. In shape she is like a cigar—save that she tapers away at both ends instead of having one cut off ; her extreme length over all is 256 feet ; the greatest diameter exactly amidships is 16 feet, giving the proportion of sixteen beams to her length ; now when we remember that seven beams to the length is considered to give a very lean vessel on the plan of ordinary construction, some notion may be gained of the startling deviation from general rules boldly made by Mr. Winans. The area of

midship section immersed is calculated to be only 100 square feet ; her displacement 500 tons, and tonnage according to builders' measurement 300 tons. She is built throughout of the very best plates for ship building purposes, part of them being steel, and the remainder Lowmoor iron; up to the water-line they are five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and above that they diminish to five-sixteenths of an inch ; the rivets which fasten these plates are counter-sunk; and the joining of the plates so skilfully executed, that her external surface presents the perfection of smoothness. Internally her frame is composed of rings of angle iron placed at moderate distances, inner rings being placed on the engine and boiler rooms, seven inches in depth, and only three feet apart : her length is divided into sixteen water-tight compartments. In the place of a keel the bottom of this gigantic cylinder is strengthened by a plate of the finest Lowmoor iron, three feet in width, by an inch in thickness; so that should she ever be required to take the ground, ample protection will by this means be afforded. Inside this cylindrical hull, and about six feet from the lowest part amidships, an iron floor sheathed with a wooden deck, runs right fore and aft, forming what may be called the passenger deck ; above this there is very fair head room for cabin accommodation, but the railway arch character of the cylinder overhead gives a rather contracted appearance. On the upper and centre part of the hull is built an iron platform 180 feet in length, by 10 feet six inches in width, upon which is laid the upper deck ; this platform is two feet in height, and around it are wooden bulwarks two feet ten inches in height, which gives an entire elevation of deck and bulwarks above the cylinder of four feet ten inches ; she is rigged with two light iron masts on the telescopic principle, and two short funnels, and the necessary skylights, companions, &c., complete her appearance on deck. She is to be propelled by two eight bladed screws, each twenty-two feet in diameter, fixed upon a steel shaft, (by Bessemer,) revolving right through the vessel ; as the extreme points of the cylinder are too fine to afford sufficient room for the bearings, stuffing boxes, &c., of this shaft, about sixteen feet of the fine points to which the cylinder tapers at each end, are fixed upon the shaft together with the screws, and revolves with them ; thus the latter will be by that length nearer the midship section of the vessel, and the parts of the cylinder to which they are attached being little more than a foot or so submerged, half the screw will be out of the water, leaving four blades always immersed, when in smooth water, to propel the vessel ; provision for steering is made by placing a rudder under each screw, and by using both rudders conjointly, the vessel, it is stated, can be turned on her centre. The

engines by which the shaft is driven are three cylinder, and high pressure: her boilers are on the locomotive principle, having vertical tubes, but are immensely superior to even locomotive boilers in strength; they will work up to 150lbs. pressure, and may, we are informed, be worked up to the great pressure of 1,100lb. per square inch with perfect safety. Her furnaces have 136 feet of fire bar surface, draught is secured by a powerful blast fan, and we are informed she can be made to burn 50lbs. of coals, per foot of fire bar surface per hour. In the trial trips of some of our fastest mail steamers it has been found, that a consumption of 30lbs. of coal per foot of fire bar surface per hour is difficult of attainment, if the cigar yacht therefore can burn 50lbs. she will be working up to 2,500 horse power, according to the rule of one nominal horse power to every $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coal consumed per hour, which will show at the rate of eight nominal horse power to each ton of burden, whilst in the fastest sea-going steam ships the ratio is one nominal horse power to each $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons burden.

Wonderfully constructed and strangely formed ships have been launched on the Thames; vessels to be propelled by every conceivable power almost that the ingenuity of man could apply; paddles and screws, screw and paddles combined, and twin screws, with such varieties of shape and proportion, as would drive a Watt, a Stephenson, or a Brunel almost crazy; vessels to be propelled by air, by water, by the action of air upon the sails of a windmill, by wheels without floats, and floats without wheels, each and all of which were individually to accomplish rates of speed, and effect a revolution in construction, enough to make even old Neptune stare: monster ships too—and we must not forget even the wonderful Derrick ship, have caused us cockneys to gape, open-mouthed, with astonishment; but for eccentricity of design, construction, mode of propulsion, and general arrangement, we think the cigar yacht distances her predecessors by any amount of nautic miles. As a vessel to navigate the ocean—her form is so utterly foreign to all our ideas of beauty, or even sightliness, to say nothing of our notions as to what salt water likes, that we are compelled to stare in mute amazement at the boldness of such an innovation; whilst we cannot ignore the fact that her immense length, easy lines, small immersed mid-ship section, smoothness of construction, and the arrangement of such enormous propelling force as 2,500 horse power to a vessel of 300 tons burden, promises a rate of speed impossible accurately to define except by actual trial. We may however remark that the lines obtained by the cylindrical form of hull adapted, are not new, as it is on the same principle that Mr. Tovell of Colchester, built the Margaret, Silver Star, Eagle

schooner, Wren cutter, and an iron vessel of one thousand tons at the Isle of Man, the three latter for Mr. Gibson, besides several trading vessels; the accounts of the performances of some of these vessels record a very high rate of speed indeed, which bodes well for the future of the *Rose Winans*. As regards pitching, scending, and rolling at sea, her designer appears pretty confident that by her great length, her engines, boilers, and all weights—kept well below the water line, and such light top-hamper of masts, funnels, deck-fittings, &c., the *minimum* of such motions will be secured. Having however, sailed over some few miles of salt-water, and tasted the briny flavour of it perhaps oftener than was quite agreeable, we must confess to a somewhat prophetic notion that smooth water will be found to be the cigar yacht's favorite element: in a heavy sea,—particularly when steaming end on to it,—we are puzzled to conceive what lifting power the hull possesses, to enable it to rise to an enormous wave; so that admitting pitching or scending is obviated considerably by her length, still the principle upon which that length is obtained, sacrifices lifting power, and every sailor knows that a vessel defective in that power, must go bodily through—or into the sea; when unless some ingenious covers be adapted to the low funnels, to permit the egress of the smoke and prevent the descent of water, the ship will run a very fair chance of being placed *hors-de-combat*, so far as her propelling powers are concerned, to say nothing of the improbability of any one being able to keep the deck, and from the size of her spars, we fancy navigating the cigar yacht under canvas alone has not been contemplated. We have always been under the impression, from past experience, that a good lifting bow was a *sine qua non* with a sea going ship, and no vessels present fairer examples of the belief in the utility of such a formed bow, than Mr. Winans own country's build: the cigar yacht's bow, so to speak, is beneath the water, and whatever she may do in smooth water, we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that in a broken sea, especially if driven with the full power of her engines, she will have a great tendency to dive. However, a few short weeks will enable Mr. Winans to prove his theory, and we can assure him of plenty of good wishes for his complete success. We look anxiously forward to the results of the *Rose Winans'* trial trips, as indeed must the whole nautical world, for never has elucidation of a novel principle been carried out with more quietness, self-reliance, and entire devotion to achieve success.

The *Rose Winans* carries the flag of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg.

CRUISE OF THE MARIE SCHOONER.*

We got under way on a fine afternoon in July, with a light breeze from the eastward, and under all sail beat down the harbour of Boston; although the breeze gave us about four knots, yet being dead ahead and the tide against us we did not make much progress. The day was a delightful one, and as we passed the fort, the notes of the band came floating over the calm waters of the harbour; we even passed Long Island Head, with its beacon light, undisturbed by the customary squall, and began to think we should not get beyond Marblehead, when the wind hauled a trifle to south and enabled us to shape a course for Gloucester. Our course took us well out to sea, but we could still observe the picturesque outline of Nahant and Egg Rock, the former surmounted by a Grecian looking edifice, which we are informed has successively served for church, drinking shop, and billiard-room, and the rock with its white light-house crowning the steep ascent. Beyond we see the pretty but strong smelling village of Swampscott, stretching along the shore of the little bay, its houses and villas immaculately white shining in the evening sun. We could even distinguish the fleet of fishing schooners, or jiggers, as they are termed, as they lay rolling at their unquiet anchorage; the bay is deep and the swell unceasing, particularly with the wind S.E. or even easterly. As we run along four or five miles from the land, the outline of the shore can be readily distinguished, and with the glass we note the rocky iron bound character of the coast, reminding us of our own "fast anchored isle." The south side of the bay is quite different, the land being low and sandy. We are now off Marblehead, a small fishing town lying snugly in a narrow harbour, sheltered from nearly all winds, its inhabitants were formerly noted for their turbulent character, and even now the boys of the town have an unpleasant propensity to stone, or as they call it "rook," any unfortunate stranger who may be in their vicinity. The bay here is thickly studded with small islands, rugged frowning rocks, generally destitute of vegetation and of curiously irregular outline; the navigation among them to Marblehead, Salem, Manchester, and several other ports is very intricate, and the channels are marked by several lighthouses and many beacons and buoys. Keeping Half-way Rock on our port hand we sight Eastern point with another lighthouse, and further to the eastward loom up the two splendid columns on Thatcher's Island, flaming beacons to the storm tossed mariner. We now head in shore

* Belonging to the Brooklyn Yacht Club, U.S.

a little, and by and bye can make out the pretty sandy coves between the great masses of rock, tempting to bathers. As we enter the harbour we leave the light on our starboard hand. On the port bow is the dangerous reef of Norman's Woe, the scene of the wreck of the *Hesperus*, so touchingly described by Longfellow. The shore here is thickly covered with trees, and here and there we observed a villa, embowered in the woods. Ahead of us is another reef with the beacon light which we leave to starboard, passing the Pavilion with a free wind we haul up a little, and as darkness closes in and the stars appear, let go our anchor in the cove.

Gloucester is a town of considerable importance and owns a large number of fishing vessels, schooners of all sizes, employing many thousands of men in this perilous business. The fishing interest has been greatly encouraged by bounties, which are now about to be withdrawn. The fishermen are much interested in the question of the Reciprocity Treaty, and should it be abrogated, and no new one made, it is to be feared the old Fishery disputes will be renewed with more virulence than ever.

Eager to make the most of our time we were on deck the next morning at sunrise, and after a matutinal cocktail got under-way at 5 a.m., the wind N.W. and moderate. Off Eastern point it freshened and we quickly came up with Thatcher's Island, passing between it and the Londoner reef. After rounding Cape Ann we found the wind more northerly, and our course being N.E.b.N., flattened in sheets and hauled up close. As the sun rose the wind fell, and at 9 o'clock it was nearly calm; we were well off the land, too far to see anything of the coast, which however presents little of interest, although there are many harbours frequented by small vessels. A few catspaws reached us occasionally, and by noon we had come to an anchor off Appledore in the Isles of Shoals. These Islands are nine in number, and are simply masses of rock, a few miles from the New Hampshire Coast. They lie in the track of vessels, and being low are very dangerous. There is a good light on one of them and a hotel of respectable size on another, where visitors go from many parts of the country on account of the even temperature. After paying a visit to the hotel my two companions tried fishing, but their not very patient attempts were unsuccessful. In the afternoon the weather looked rather threatening, and not liking our anchorage, we got underway and ran into Portsmouth, a good harbour and naval depôt on the mainland. D. and W. here paid a visit ashore and returned shortly with eggs, milk, and "soft tack," and the town's supply of lemons, consisting of three, which were soon made into punch:

we amused ourselves for a while fishing and turned in early, feeling decidedly sleepy.

Coming on deck the next morning at 6 a.m. we found it quite calm, but after catching some fish which were cooked for breakfast, a light breeze sprung up, so we got our anchor and stood out, passing the light about 8 o'clock, wind about west, light and variable, course N.E., steering for Cape Elizabeth, off Cape Neddick lost the breeze for a while, and by and bye met the beautiful schooner Calypso of the New York Yacht Club, her white hull and snowy canvas glistening in the sun as she slipped slowly and gracefully through the water. She had on board a party of ladies and gentlemen. They returned our salute by hoisting parasols to the masthead and dipping them. At noon we had a good breeze and shortly were abreast of Cape Porpoise. The blue peak of Agamenticus was distinctly visible, as also the faint outline of the White Mountains, far away inland off Wood's Island the wind hauled aft, and we ran along merrily wing and wing, passing Cape Elizabeth at 5.30. p.m. and in an hour after came to Portland harbour.

Portland is strikingly situated on the side of a hill on the starboard hand entering the harbour. The harbour is a very good one, easy of access and perfectly secure. It is the terminus in winter for the steamers of the Montreal line, and *was* to have been the Great Eastern landing place. It was near here the steamship Bohemian was lost, in one of the thick fogs to which this coast is so peculiarly liable.

We spent a good part of next morning exploring the city and did not leave till 11 o'clock, the wind light and atmosphere hazy. Steered for the passage near Hog Island, but finding it thick outside came to an anchor in the Roads and went ashore. We regretted not having time to explore Casco Bay, at the mouth of which we are now lying. Its islands are innumerable and of all sizes, some mere masses of black shapeless rock, while others are covered with verdure. In a few hours the fog cleared and we ran out through a narrow rocky channel. Outside we found it very squally, but the puffs soon died out and a calm succeeded. About 4 p.m. we got a pleasant breeze from the south, and at 6 finding the weather begin to look "greasy" we ran in shore to find an anchorage. Perhaps I should remark that there is no Chart of this part of the coast, and, we depended entirely on our pilot and the sharpness of our eyes, but we soon found his knowledge was mostly imaginative. However we got along trusting to good luck, the lead, and our steadiness of nerve. Our pilot declared he knew a good anchorage in Cape Small, but after poking about until dusk without discovering the desired haven we put into a cove near Phippsburg. Do not let my

readers imagine we are near a town. The place bearing the patronymic is a desolate tract, named after Sir Charles Phipps, and the few houses are rarely within hail of each other.

The cove in which we lay is nearly surrounded by high rocky land, covered with pine trees. There are two openings, one of which is open to the Atlantic, and the force of the swell is only broken by a sunken reef in the middle. At 10 p.m. the wind had increased to a gale, and the heavy seas made our tiny craft roll and pitch in a very lively manner. We lowered our booms on deck and gave her 25 fathoms of chain. At 1 a.m., finding her dragging, roused out the men and bent on a cable to the port anchor, but she fetched up before we were ready to let go. The scene was very fine and not without danger, as we could not have got sail on her in time had the cable parted, and the night being so dark it would have been impossible to pick out a soft place. Luckily we held on, though at times it seemed as if neither hemp nor iron could resist the furious squalls. The darkness was so intense that the high land, not over 150 yards off, was quite invisible; and we could see nothing but the phosphorescent light from the crests of the heavy rushing seas. At daylight the blow moderated, but the weather was cold and unpleasant. Wind S.E. and of course fog, later the wind shifted to S.W. and the weather cleared; and at 10h. 30m., we got underway under mainsail and jib, and beat down to the Cape against a heavy rolling sea, passing quite close to a reef on which the waves were breaking with a noise like thunder. Off Seguin light we got a free wind and ran before it wing and wing, causing the schooner to roll a good deal, much to the disgust of D. and W. who kept quiet all day, despising grog and eschewing tobacco. Off Damiscove Island about 2 p.m. and ran for the island of Monhegan. The island, or rather group of islands, is very rocky and bold, and the harbour simply a cleft between the rocks. Fish are very plentiful and we had good sport, catching a large number of various kinds. The inhabitants number about 200, and are a well conducted industrious people, governing themselves without any public officers. It is said the island was occupied in the 17th century, and there is on the smaller island a runic inscription which we did not see.

The next morning we were underway early, and ran out through a narrow passage close to the rocks, deep enough for a frigate. Our course was well off the land and across the mouth of Penobscot bay, steering for Matinicus rock, where there are two lighthouses and a fog bell. Leaving the rock on our port hand we ran for Isle Haut, the lofty summits of Mount Desert visible over Long Island, though still

far off, and farther away yet is the peak of Magunticook, looking like a cloud in the dim distance. At 6 p.m. spoke a fisherman, and asked the direction of the harbour. Beat up against a strong ebb tide past the Boaring Bull reef and felt our way into the little harbour with the lead, it being quite dark.

Sailed the next morning at 8 o'clock, and got into a labyrinth of islands from which there appeared no egress. Hove-to off Baker's Island, and sent a man ashore to the lighthouse for a pilot, who took us through a narrow tortuous channel, and we now saw Mount Desert directly before us, towards which we steered with a flowing sheet. Rounding the south end of the island near Great Head took in the top-mast-staysail, fearing the squalls from the mountains, a precaution we soon found to be well timed. Off Schooner Head we came abreast of a deep gully, and without the least warning were struck by a violent squall, throwing the yacht on her beam ends: the gaff-topsail-sheet and halyards were at once let go, and fore-sheet eased off. The flying jib-sheet parted, and nearly thrashed the boom out of her before it could be hauled down. As she did not come up we had to let go fore and main halyards, when she righted. In a few minutes it was perfectly calm, and we set sail again: by and by the breeze sprang up dead ahead and before we got our sheets in it had hauled round dead aft; for an hour we had the wind from every point of the compass, it frequently blowing on deck and at the masthead in precisely contrary directions. At length the breeze got steadier, though light, and we slowly passed the rocky islets in Frenchman's bay, almost inaccessible to everything but sea hawks and eagles, and about dusk anchored off Eden, where we found our friends.

Mount Desert is an island of some size, divided by a narrow strait from the coast of Maine, and is possessed of considerable natural beauty, but the laudation bestowed upon it is, in my opinion, extravagant. It is bold, rugged, and picturesque, and the view in many parts is very fine. At the time of our visit fogs were prevalent, so that possibly we were not so favorably impressed as we might otherwise have been. Eden or Bar harbour is a village of liliputian dimensions, the hotel being by far the most imposing structure; it is by no means suited to persons of Sybaritic tastes: the rooms are of the smallest imaginable size, innocent of paint, and furnished in the most primitive style. The food is substantial, but the refinements of cookery are utterly unknown, and water is the only fluid to be had, with the exception of cider, one trial of which will, probably, satisfy any reasonable being. Luckily the air does not need any preparation, and may be enjoyed in unlimited

quantity, so that appetite, which we are told is the best sauce, is rarely wanting.

The amusements are boating, fishing, and walking: flirting is of course understood. In courtesy I should mention a rickety bowling alley, which is in request in bad weather. There are also some ramshackle vehicles of extraordinary construction drawn by horses, whose obstinacy is unequalled by the worst specimen of donkeydom ever seen at Ramsgate.

The arrival of the *Maria* was gladly hailed, and the next day the little craft was visited by several of the fair guests of Agamont house, although the weather would not permit us to sail. We had some delightful walks up the mountains, and made several attempts at yachting; but the latter were rather unsatisfactory, as the wind in Frenchman's bay is usually light and baffling, unless it is blowing a gale. One fine morning we made up a party to visit South-West harbour and got underway about 9 o'clock. The wind was light, but unusually steady with a long easy swell, and our charming friends enjoyed the sail greatly: we took dinner going up the Sound, and landed to have a picture taken of the group. At length our pilot (the one we had taken at Eden) requested us to go on board at once, as the wind had shifted to S.E., and the inevitable fog would soon roll in from seaward. We hurried on board and quickly had our little craft pointing homeward, with all the sail she could carry. The view up *Somes Sound* is very beautiful, the light and shade on the mountains changing in the bright sun light like a kaleidoscope. In less than an hour we met the fog, accompanied by a mist worthy of Ben Lomond, and had to beat alongshore guided by the sound of the breakers. There are several reefs near the land, and our pilot readily distinguished the peculiar "rote" of each one—long usage enabling him to recognise them. There were several small boats anchored off the beach occupied in fishing, and we had a very narrow escape of running down one of them; the fog was so thick we did not see it until quite close, and the first intimation the crew had of their danger was my cry "starboard." The fog brought in a long ground swell, and the wind fell very light, but our lady friends were in no way troubled, and made the time pass merrily with song and laugh. About 9 o'clock we saw the moon, and ran out of the bank, and in an hour our anchor was again on the bottom off Eden; and with much regret we transferred our visitors to the hotel, as we intended to return to Boston at daylight the next morning.

The next day opened with a new and improved edition of fog, and we were compelled to remain. One of the party having left us here

for a tour among the Canucks, another friend kindly took his place. We had expected to bring back with us an old yachting friend who had lately been much more familiar with the sword than the tiller; but a wound received two or three years ago had broken out and disabled him. At 11 o'clock finding it clearing we got underway, and were nearly two hours going as many miles, owing to the light and baffling wind, and off Schooner Head experienced a violent squall, which compelled us to take in the foresail, and haul down the flying jib. The wind freshened rapidly and raised a heavy sea, the fog also began to roll in, so we bore up, and in twenty minutes were again at anchor, and found the little harbour quite clear of fog, and a pleasant breeze blowing. In a couple of hours we tried again and were successful in getting out; but fell in with the fog off Thrum Cap with a stiff breeze and heavy swell. Determined not to put back a second time, we beat along shore guided by the noise of the breakers, and about 7 p.m. arrived off Otter Creek, a curious little harbour like a gigantic cleft in the rocks. We knew nothing of the harbour, and the weather-beaten old skipper of a small schooner we spoke outside could not tell anything, but we got in all right, and our friend seeing the weather look rather wild followed our example.

About 2 a.m. a thunder squall passed over the island, and the wind roared down the gully and through the pine trees with a violence that made us draw our blankets close, and feel gratified that we were tied to a mudhook, instead of breasting it outside. At sunrise a stiff breeze was blowing from the eastward: we sent our men ashore for provisions and water, not being able to procure anything to eat at Eden, except "hard tack," but found the same lamentable lack of "grub" to prevail in this vicinity. Bread was all we could obtain, and but a scanty supply of that: as to drinkables we knew better than to trust to luck, being aware that nothing but "Jersey lightuing," or "Forty rod whiskey," could be obtained in any of these places, and frequently not even that. Perhaps it may be as well to explain that "Jersey lightning," is the name given to a fluid of such villainous potency, that the imbiber may, without any great stretch of imagination, suppose that a streak of lightning is running down his throat. "Forty rod whiskey," is so-called, from its supposed power of killing a man before he can walk that distance after imbibing, unless he has been accustomed to it from childhood.

To resume, adding a lot of huckle berries to our store in default of anything better, we put to sea. The wind had fallen considerably, leaving a good deal of swell, and in about an hour we passed Baker's Island Light. In the afternoon off the Isle Haut it fell calm, and we

drifted about till daylight. The night was dark and cloudy with now and then a light air, which only lasted a few minutes, the silence occasionally broken by the blowing of a black fish or porpoise, both plentiful in these waters. Several times we noticed a streak of phosphorescent light, marking the track of a shark or sword-fish in rapid pursuit of its prey. At daylight a pleasant breeze sprung up, and we shaped a course about W.S.W., for Matinicus. The wind coming from S.E. brought up the fog, and we were very glad about 7h. a.m. to hear the fog bell on the Rock, and shortly after saw the breakers, although the lighthouse and even the rock itself was quite shrouded in the mist. As none of us knew anything of the coast we dared not go inshore; we therefore steered a course which we hoped would bring us near Monhegan. About noon we saw a schooner and ran down to her to buy some provisions, and enquire our position, but found her skipper's notion of his whereabouts was not more distinct than our own.

During the afternoon we must have passed through the mackerel fleet, as we frequently heard noises and the cheeping of blocks, and our fog horn was often answered, although we saw nothing. About dusk the swell increased and as we thought it portended a blow, furled the foresail, took the bonnet off the jib and reefed the mainsail. Immediately after, the moon showed out, the fog lifted, and we saw the clouds scudding across her disc at a rate that made it evident the gale was not far off. Seeing a large heavily laden coaster near by we spoke him and learnt he had sighted Monhegan, and our position was about 20 miles from the land; Cape Elizabeth bearing about 50 miles W. by N. and Seguin W.N.W.

We got the foresail on her again, but could not carry it more than an hour, as the wind and sea rose rapidly. At 10 o'clock it was blowing a gale with every indication of worse weather. Sea heavy, but regular, the little beauty going very fast and making beautiful weather; it was fortunate that the wind was on the quarter, as the schooners light draft of water would not give us any chance in beating to windward, and we should have been obliged to lay to. At 11h. 30m. sighted the lights on the Cape, though for some time we could only catch a glimpse of them as we rose on the crest of a sea; coming up with the lights about 1h. 30m. a.m., we had to keep off dead before the wind and settled away half the mainsail, as the tremendous rollers made her very hard to steer. Our yawl was a source of consideration however, at one time we thought it would be necessary to let it go adrift. We passed Portland light like a steamboat, stretched our mainsail up again and hauled our wind, fetching the anchorage about 2 a.m. just in time to escape a

rasping squall. After making all secure, no time was lost in turning in after a nip all round to counteract the wet: here H. left us to visit some friends. The yacht Mercury arrived in the afternoon and we spent the evening on board her. During the night a fishing schooner carried away the fore topmast without doing any further damage. At 8 o'clock the next morning we were again underway, and when off the light saw the Mercury, coming after us, bound for Saco Pool; wind fresh, a good wholesail breeze with a long rolling swell. By and bye our friends decided not to go into Saco and followed us, gaining slowly. They had much the advantage of us, having their yawl on deck and a clean bottom, while we had to tow our boat and had the bottom covered with long grass. The wind now got to S.W. and grew squally, and off Cape Porpoise a heavy puff obliged us to haul down the main-topmast-staysail: we still held on to the rest of our canvas, although the squall often compelled us to shoot into the wind, until one of unusual violence and duration hove us down, sweeping everything off the table, unshipping the swinging lamp, and burying the lee gunnel far below the water. Took in foresail and flying jib, our friends also shortened sail and passed us. Off Cape Neddick the squalls came more frequently but with less violence. Passing the Isles of Shoals overtook the Mercury, and agreed to run for Pigeon Cove as we wished to be in Boston the following day. The squalls now ceasing, we again set all sail and the breeze gradually dying away she got along very steady. Just as the moon rose we glided slowly into the artificial harbour of Pigeon Cove, and made fast to the mooring posts.

The following day we left the harbour at 8 a.m., with a very light breeze, which at times died away entirely, and without any further incident worthy of being related came to at our mooring at City Point, South Boston, about five in the afternoon, and so ends our holiday cruise.

H.B.J.

A REMARKABLE VOYAGE.

ONE of our readers, having seen in our late Nos. the accounts of the voyages of the yachts Vivid and Alerte, has kindly sent us the following letter, which appeared in one of the Dublin Newspapers, and although not strictly relating to yachting, we gladly publish it as showing in what small, and in this case, we fear ill found craft, British pluck and British skill undertake and accomplish most perilous voyages. We shall always be glad to receive and to lay before our readers any similar records of the hardihood of our seamen, and of their triumphs over danger and difficulty.

SIR.—As I have arrived here in a class of vessel that has seldom crossed, if ever, the ocean before, and have passed through the West India seas at a period not often done by any class of ships, and, as the vessel was once connected with old Ireland—being tender to the ill-fated Galway line—and myself belonging to Dublin, I think a statement from the log may interest you, as it has done all here, and found a place in all the papers on this island. I left Portsmouth, England, bound for this port, on the 19th of August, 1865, in the screw-steamer *Shamrock*, 28 tons, five feet depth of hold, flat bottom, no keel or lee-boards, and drawing less than three feet of water. We did not get clear of the Channel ere the boiler leaked so badly that we had not the use of steam during the remainder of the voyage, which was performed under her very small sails, arriving at this port on the 8th of November, 1865. I shall now give you the extract from the log, which at least must interest those connected with the study of storms.

"OCT. 3, 1865—Latitude, 17 deg. North, Longitude, 153 deg. West.—The evening of this date set in with heavy squalls and dense rain; wind E.N.E. About midnight the wind was at its greatest height, the sea was high, and the squalls most furious. The intense gloom that surrounded us was now lit up by the most extraordinary lightning. The whole canopy of heaven was one blaze of fiery serpents, more numerous than the stars of heaven on the finest night—each flash showed me more lightning than I had seen in all my life before, and I have travelled much. In accordance with the law of storms, I resolved to run for it, although the dreadful appearance around and the smallness of my vessel almost bewildered me. At one a.m. wind N.E., which gradually abated, and in the morning it was fine; wind S.W. On arriving at Nevis Island, on the 11th inst., I learned that they had part of the hurricane there, and that it caused fearful destruction at Guadaloupe on the 6th inst., killing hundreds of people.

"OCT. 22 and 23.—During the hurricane that raged on the north of Cuba I was on the south side, with strong wind from S.W., and heavy sea.

"NOV. 5, 1865.—Strong north wind and heavy sea. Rounded Tortugas in company with schooner *Gleaner*. She was under the smallest reefed sails, and heaving her cargo overboard. I had all sail on board set, and making fine weather of it. As the vessel was iron, and her compasses not being adjusted, they were fearfully out; but a small pocket compass that I used to take aloft was most useful."

The *Shamrock* sailed twelve months ago from London, but was abandoned at Portsmouth. Another vessel, called the *Matanzas* twice as large as this, and new, sailed after me, but in three months got as far as Corunna. By your inserting this you will oblige your obedient servant,

GEORGE DREYAR, Master, screw steamer *Shamrock*.
Matanzas, January 2, 1866.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS:—Table of Winners, &c., in our next.

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HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1866.

A CRUISE TO SKYE IN AN EIGHT TON CUTTER.*

AFTER breakfasting the following morning, we feasted our eyesight with the wildness of the scenery of

"That dread Shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise and hears Coriakin roar."

The sun was shining brightly, but the rugged hills and inaccessible peaks all around us cast such a shadow over the Loch, that the naturally gloomy aspect of the place was highly intensified; just at the moment too, from a rocky ridge overhead, at the base of which the yacht lay moored, an eagle rose and came swooping down towards us; but suddenly checking himself in his descent, with a scream he whirled round a corner of the hill, and was soon lost to sight. The awful stillness which ensued was enough to make one commune within himself, feel lonely, and long for the advent of some miraculous change. We then rowed up to the head of the Loch, and landed

"Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,
To mingle with the main."

There, we had sometimes not only to scramble over rocks and

* Concluded from page 108.

precipices, but often to wade up to the knees in water, so as to force our way to Loch Coruisk; the fountain-head of this mountain stream. At last coming in sight of it, we had to acknowledge that no description, however truthful, could convey to us a faithful picture of the solitary grandeur of this Highland Loch. It has to be seen to be appreciated; and few, believe us, should seek its shores as a cure for melancholy. We have tramped up the steepes of Glencoe, and wandered over the Black Forest, and the Moors of Rannoch,

‘But by our halidome
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,”

had ne’er before been graced by our presence. In his “Summer in Skye,” Alexander Smith visited it, and seemingly relished its gloom very little. His whole life appears to have passed before his mind, and some of the deeds done by him, but never to be recalled, weighed heavily at his heart. He says, “Picking your steps carefully over huge boulder and slippery stone, you come upon the most savage scene of desolation in Britian. Conceive a large lake filled with dark green water, girt with torn and shattered precipices: the bases of which are strewn with ruin since an earthquake passed that way, and whose summits jag the sky with grisly splinter and peak. There is no motion here save the white vapour steaming from the abyss. The utter silence weighs like a burden upon you: you feel an intruder in the place. The hills seem to possess some secret; to brood over some unutterable idea which you can never know. You cannot feel comfortable at Loch Coruisk.” For fear, he might have added, that the inanimate thunder-spliten cliffs should peach!!

How unnatural and tame must be the feelings of those, who, with souls like that of the man, who proposed to make country lanes tolerable by having them paved, cannot be enraptured with such a scene of beautiful desolation as the one then before us. Charles Lamb even wondered how any Londoner could imagine “That health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, could make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable.” But we pity him, as much on his own account as for his opinion, believing that the more one sees of nature in her fantastic humour, the nearer will he be drawn to nature’s God.

Before retracing our steps, we seated ourselves on a crag over-

looking the lake, and begging Scott's pardon, we will take the liberty of transcribing here, what we then read from his "Lord of the Isles:"—

"The wildest glen, but this can show,
Some touch of nature's genial glow ;
On high Benmore green mooses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan—Ben ;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor ought of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied,
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain—side."

Getting down from our rocky eminence we strolled to the margin of the lake, and undeterred by the solemn stillness of the water, we plunged headlong into its depths, finding the change from the salt to the fresh water rather agreeable than otherwise.

Returning on board again, we towed the yacht out of the little creek, so as to get clear of the rocks, then setting the sails we prepared for the run home. There had been little or no appearance of wind all morning, but now a heavy shower of rain passed over us, which was followed immediately by a breeze. This carried us on, before night-fall, as far as the south-east end of Eigg, where we anchored: but we had reason to regret the choice, as during the night, we were rather put about by the pitching and tossing of the yacht in a heavy sea; the wind had chopped round to the east, and was now blowing freshly. We started at five a.m., having to beat off the shore, and observed that we had been anchored in the midst of rocks, which rather astonished us, as we had seen nothing of them the previous evening. When we had beat sufficiently far off the island we found that we could now easily lie for Ardnamurchan point, and that we were sailing along rather smartly; in fact, we were beginning to regret having taken in no reef, as we had occasionally to ease the yacht by shortening sail. Passing the lighthouse we came in sight of a schooner that was also endeavouring to beat into the Sound of Mull; her appearance at this time was a little hearten-

ing as every wave was now making a clean breach over us; and the full force of the wind from the Sound was telling rather more heavily on the Armada, than we had been bargaining for. Providentially we had brought with us a temporary covering for the cockpit, which helped to keep the well from filling; and without exaggeration, had this not been at hand, we believe these few imperfect notes might never have been written. On our first tack the schooner passed to windward of us, but on the second we were a long way ahead, increasing our distance every successive tack, till we arrived again in Tobermory Bay, where we anchored and breakfasted.

"All's well that ends well," but now that we are out of danger, we shall take this opportunity of remarking that we by no means courted the breeze, nor are we at all anxious to be caught by it again under similar circumstances. Yet violent as we considered this gale to be, we have been led to understand that it has been more than equalled, for a sailor friend of our own, who has just returned from sea, informs us that some weeks before, during a gale, when he was on the point of issuing some orders, the wind so furiously forced his mouth open, that he was unable to close it till after the abatement of the storm. So seriously was this told too, that we were half inclined to believe him; however, the fact requires confirmation.

We had almost neglected to mention another incident which might have proved fatal to one of our party. This was, that the *high* living to which we had been subjected throughout the cruise, possibly, the rabbit for all we knew, was evidently beginning to take effect on the cook; but fortunately, he embraced an early opportunity of consulting an eminent Apothecary of Tobermory, who prescribed something for him in a bottle, of which he would not allow us to partake, but we had good grounds for surmising that it smelt strongly of brandy, whatever its taste might be. This however, he stoutly denied. Poor fellow! for the following two or three days he he could scarcely call cruising enjoyment.

The wind was still blowing viciously, and having a dead beat before us, we took in two reefs before starting. At this time a screw-steam yacht hove in sight going north; she was schooner rigged, with a cream coloured funnel, and flying the Royal Yacht Squadron Burgee; evidently she was driving under canvas alone, as it struck us that her sails were doing all in their power to tear her

away from her propeller, it acting apparently as a considerable drag. When passing Salen Bay we observed a cutter at anchor close to Aros Castle, flying some sort of a white flag. We thought she might be the Emily, and that this device had been adopted so as to attract our attention. Beating up in her direction therefore, we soon discovered that it was the Sylphide, a twenty-five ton cutter, and that the white flag was nothing more than her topsail, which had somehow got adrift, whilst all her other sails had been taken in; it was intent on doing a mischief as it rugged and tugged at the topmast in a manner quite pitiable to behold. Tearing itself at last asunder, it fell into the sea a considerable distance astern. Sailing on we entered Scallasdale Bay where we anchored for the night.

Leaving the following morning (Friday) for Oban, we arrived there after an hour or two's sail, and again called at the post-office for our letters and a newspaper; possibly too we did not forget to revisit the bar of the Caledonian, but of this we cannot make certain. Starting shortly after we had a good stiff breeze down nearly to Easdale, by which time it had gradually increased, so that we resolved to run into its harbour, and take in the couple of reefs that had been shaken out in the morning. We then sailed through Cuan Sound, a dangerous narrow passage between Luing and Seil Islands, and through which the tide runs with great velocity, perhaps at the rate of ten miles an hour; but we would strongly recommend none of our friends ever to attempt the like again, especially if their lives are not insured, and provided they are not yet tired of cruising. We need only say that the tide relieved us at once of any little command we ever had of the Armada, and led her stern foremost whether we would or not. Remonstrance was in vain. However, without further mishap, we managed to get through it, and sailing down the Channel to the east of Shuna, we very unexpectedly again fell in with the Emily, now lying at anchor below Daill House, (Mc Dougall, Esq.). Here we also came to, as the wind was evidently playing its last card.

The following morning the deck of our friends' yacht presented a very gay and animated appearance, a number of young ladies having taken possession, and they seemed determined to keep it, so as to have a day's sailing. This circumstance at once explained the reason of her owner's sudden determination to remain in the neighbourhood of Loch Craignish. We think he ought to have let

us into the secret, and we might then have been induced to keep him company.

We did not set sail till the afternoon, and the wind was so light, that it was one o'clock the following morning, before we arrived at the entrance to the Canal; thus compelling us to spend the Sunday at Orinan. The innkeeper there told us that our Gareloch friends, from whom we had been separated off Ardnamurchan Point, had proceeded homewards the previous day. They had managed to row their craft round the point, and feeling tired had anchored in a small bay there, unfortunately however before sounding the depth. During the night as the tide ebbed their boat grounded, and they were most unceremoniously thrown overboard when she lurched to the side. This little mishap determined their return, and lost us their company.

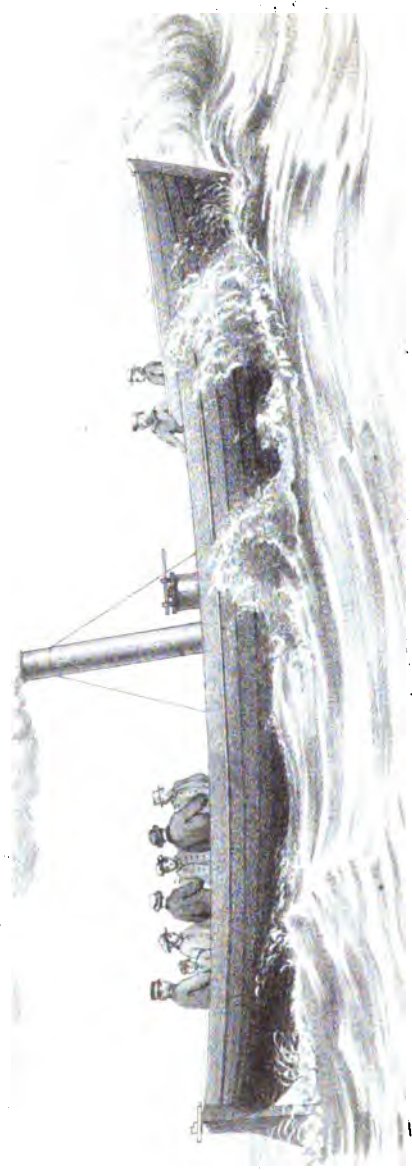
We passed through the canal on Monday, again entering Loch Fyne, and had only reached the Kyles by night. Leaving which the following day, we were all night becalmed off Innellan, and did not reach the moorings in Gourock Bay till Wednesday morning, 26th July, having been absent about twelve days.

Before winding up we may be allowed to state, that an eminent Scotch Divine, just returned from the Mediterranean, when referring to some of the most interesting sights and striking phenomena, that he had witnessed there, says of the scenery of the Islands in the Grecian Seas, that no doubt they have many attractions and associations to display; but that our own Western Islands surpass them far in variety of beauty and grandeur of outline; besides having the advantage also, that they are much more readily got at, and are within the reach of most. We will, therefore, consider ourselves more than repaid for these our *literary* efforts, if they should be the means of deciding some to risk "A Cruise to Skye," even though it should only be in an eight ton cutter; for all must admit, that "The security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor."

We trust then to have the pleasure next season, if not of meeting some kindred spirits away in the far North, at least of hearing of those who have followed our track, and have returned as well pleased with their "Cruise," as we had reason to be with ours.

B.





PATENT STEAM LIFE BOAT LAUNCH FOR YACHTS & C.
Built by
JOHN SAMUEL WHITE.
Cowes.

*Printed by Gurney & Sons, 1886.
Published in Hants April 1886.*

STEAM LIFE BOAT TENDERS FOR YACHTS AND SMALL STEAMERS FOR LAKES.

(See Engravings.)

In every branch of the yacht building world we have men that make some peculiar class of vessel their particular study, some are renowned for their cutters, others for schooners, and others again for luggers. Of late years we have noticed the gradual introduction of steamers amongst the yacht fleet, and we have now to introduce to our readers, not an unknown name, but that of a builder, who seems to have taken up the subject of steam, as applied to yachts and their boats, with an earnestness that bespeaks a determination to make that particular branch his *specialité*. The expense of steam yachts has hitherto been rather a bar to the ambition of many of our cruising yachtsmen; and the necessity for carrying a staff of engineers in addition to the regular crew, and also of undergoing a course of "Steam Study," (for an owner should know something of the management of his floating home,) has likewise deterred many from adding the luxury of being enabled to defy calms, and adverse winds and tides, to the many pleasures of cruising. Mr. John Samuel White of Cowes, having devoted his particular attention for some time past to the application of steam for yachting purposes, we are this month enabled to present our readers with some of the results of his labours. Mr. J. S. White, (son of Mr. John White, of Medina Docks, whose name our readers will doubtless at once connect with Life-boats,) has perfected a very admirable steam life-boat cutter, and this class of boat will be found of immense advantage and comfort, to the owners of large schooners and cutters, particularly for foreign cruises: in our home waters they will perform the part of tenders, and upon going to sea, the machinery being so arranged as to be removeable in a few minutes, they can be hoisted on board as ordinary cutters. The practical experiments, made by Mr. White, has resulted in his producing a boat and engines possessing the following qualities and capabilities.

1st.—The weight of a 25 feet cutter life-boat, engines and boiler included, with steam up, does not exceed 27 cwt.

2nd.—That being a life-boat, she will not capsize or sink, should she be filled with a sea, there being more than sufficient buoyancy in the air tight compartments, to float the engines, crew, passengers and coal.

3rd.—The speed attained averages 6 knots an hour, and a boat of this class will steam 40 miles with $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt of coals.

4th.—The "*towing powers*" are such that, without any pressing, a 25 feet launch will tow a 200 ton yacht $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour in a calm.

5th.—The engine is so simple in its construction that it can be managed with perfect ease and safety by one of the crew, after a month's tuition, thus obviating the necessity of carrying an engineer.

An ordinary yacht's 25 foot cutter weighs about 7 cwt, whilst one of Mr. White's boats fitted as an efficient life-boat for sea-going purposes, will only weigh 11 cwt.

We have frequently heard steam yachts cried down by our thorough going salts, who love to see the canvas wings spread high above their heads; the smoke, the vibration, the smell of the oil &c., are disagreeable adjuncts to a pleasure cruise, and prove quite as serious objections as those before alluded to, to the more general introduction of steam in yachting; but at the same time a general feeling prevails, that could the great motive power of the age be applied in some auxiliary form to our sailing yachts, without interfering with their normal construction or mode of propulsion, a much required desideratum would be supplied; it is just this desideratum that Mr. White has made it his study to supply, and the success he has achieved is owing entirely to the admirable adaptation of the most simple form of engine, combining the greatest power with the least possible weight, and avoiding all complications of machinery, to the ordinary cutter carried by a yacht, whether upon the home stations, or during a distant cruise. Of the utility of this arrangement we cannot speak too highly, for should a yacht get becalmed off a reef of rocks, or in too dangerous proximity to the shore; or off a harbour, instead of rolling about helplessly for many hours, she has the means on her deck of helping her out of this dilemma; as by placing the small engine in the cutter, a powerful little steam tug is at once improvised, wherewith the yacht can be taken out of a position of danger, or brought comfortably to her moorings. As a means of exploring rivers, fiords, or our highland sea Lochs, these steam life-boats will prove most useful, and afford facilities not hitherto enjoyed by yachtsmen.

The following have been built and launched.

No	Size.	Description.	For whom Built.	Date
1	50 ft.	Deck'd Shooting Yacht	H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,	1866
2	25 "	Diagn'l Life-boat Tender	Imperial Ottoman Government,	1864
3	25 "	Clench Life-boat Launch	Marquis of Hastings, (Lady Bird)	1865
4	35 "	Diagn'l Life-boat Launch	J. J. Broadwood, Esq.	"
5	25 "	Clench do.	Wm. Wise, Esq., (Urania)	"
6	27 "	Diagn'l do.	H. Webster, Esq.	1866
7	40 "	Ditto do.	M. Sutton, Esq.	"
8	25 "	Clench do.	H. Hannington, Esq. (Zelia)	"
9	27 "	Diagn'l do.	Sir Bruce Richester	"



PLAN OF PATENT STEAM LIFE-BOAT LAUNCH.

Built by

JOHN SAMUEL WHITE.

COWES.

*Published in Hunt's Tenthing May.
April, 1866.*



Already the foregoing yachts, steam tenders, and life-boat launches have been made by Mr. White ; and although when first embarking in the steam department, his object was to follow the screw steam yacht building business principally ; yet from the favourable reception the former class of extremely useful boats has met with, we venture to predict prosperous and extensive operations in that particular branch ; not only for pleasure purposes alone, but as material adjuncts to the mercantile service of the country.

We refer our readers to our illustrations, shewing the manner in which the engines and screw propeller are placed in these steam cutters : Mr. White has also applied the same system to small yachts of light draught of water, suitable for navigating inland lakes, ornamental waters, rivers, or our large harbours ; and we have no doubt their simplicity and economy will secure them universal patronage ; we shall give an illustration of one of these yachts in a future number, when we shall further refer to the subject.

REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.*

BY A YACHTSMAN.

I HAD, as well as "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," quite made up my mind, for the reasons already given, that the few remarks which appeared in your January number should be my last on the above subject, but as I am enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. Fife, to whom I beg to offer my best thanks for this as well as other courteous acts, to give that information which your able correspondent seems to think would be acceptable to your readers, I venture once more to take up my pen, and really for the last time re-open the question.

Before however, referring to the remark of "*Red with White Maltese Cross*" I beg to acknowledge the compliment he pays me at the commencement of his last letter ! But is he quite sure that he has in view the real Simon Pure ? Is he not rather mistaken in the identity, and has he not given me credit for more than I deserve ?

And now to return to our old subject which will doubtless be of infinite greater interest than this digression :—

The first thing we find we have to mention is the quantity of ballast carried by our different most celebrated racing craft, with the view, if

*Concluded from page 24.

THE MIDSHIPMAN

...the last form of midship
...of a vessel, with
...mid-
...to the whole
...began our
...they are very
...of their
...on the
...estimated
...Hatch school,
...gross esti-
...carried by
...put
...the con-
...nearly as
...to the
...section,
...to
...ballast to
...fact, and
...of the
...them
...be
...more
...all
...of the
...tons
...that
...rather
...midship
...to

The Torpid has the credit, or discredit we should call it, of carrying five tons more ballast than the Thought, though both are of the same measurement, I however, doubt the fact very much, and predict if such is the case, that her racing career in Irish waters will not be over glorious. I will however, put her aside altogether, and supposing her to be an exception, we come to the conclusion that such vessels as Fiona, Kilmeny, Torch, Volante, &c., are very similar in the form of their midship section, and therefore worthy of imitation. I will not now touch upon the after and fore part of these vessels, as I purpose sending to this *Magazine* the lines of a 30 tonner of these schools, when we shall probably enter more fully into the fore and after body.

I should like now to bring to the notice of your readers another class of craft built by Mr. Woodhouse, in order to show the absurdity of our tonnage laws; I allude to the Surprise, which as a 15 ton boat carried 15 tons of ballast. Now this may do in smooth water, but in a sea way it must be destruction, and I know that the Surprise in any thing of a sea is the most ticklish craft to manage possible, but did I not know it her ballast would tell me. She may thank one of our best yachting men, the Rear-Commodore of the Mersey, for the name she bears as no boat with such a straight midship section, can "*ceteris paribus*," hold her own with better formed craft.

As regards shot bags, in connection with the subject of dead weight carried by different vessels, I do not of course take such ballast into any account whatever, being well aware that any vessel materially requiring such aid is not for a moment to be classed among our best craft, and therefore would not be noticed here.

I may however, remark, even at the risk of wearying your readers with the oft argaed question, that there is much to be said for those who still adhere to the old system of shifting ballast; they no doubt consider that the present restrictions may act prejudicially on the honorable man, and also that so long as *all* shift you can never make the lean, straight section craft, compete for a moment with the vessel dependant upon her form and not upon her ballast for stability; therefore, taking these facts into consideration, it cannot be a matter of surprise that many still say shift, though they would willingly abolish the nuisance if possible, and are as much averse to the practice as I am. At the same time I have a strong conviction that if the owners of some of the craft that have been in the habit of using shot bags were to sell the same and invest the proceeds in lead, to be placed lower down, they would find their vessels carry canvas still better. I do not mean this to apply to a radically bad vessel, as the owner of such a craft can of

course never improve her by any alteration of ballast, and had far better sell her instead of the shot bags.

We will, however, dismiss this subject and proceed to remark on the remainder of the letter of "*Red with White Maltese Cross.*"

I find that he rather criticises my observation with regard to the Alarm ! but notwithstanding I must still stick to my text, and still consider her a more wonderful vessel than the Mosquito, my reason for so thinking is that the Alarm is some sixteen years the senior, and is, in my opinion as fast a vessel in the one class as the Mosquito is in the other. I am quite aware that the Alarm has not won a tithe of the races that the Mosquito has, but this is easily accounted for by the fact that numerous prizes have been, and still are, offered all round our coast, for vessels of the Mosquito class, while very few are offered for such vessels as the Alarm ; and again, the fact of one vessel being less often a victor than another, is by no means a proof of inferiority, as one owner will be perpetually running his craft while another owner will take matters more quietly and only race when a regatta comes in his way. Your correspondent is quite right about the spars of the Alarm which are certainly "a caution," and more adapted for a smooth than a troubled sea, and perhaps it is on this account that her performances are confined to the waters of the Thames and the Solent.

The Alarm may be slightly built, and there may be an absence of bulkheads, tanks, &c., about her, more so than is usual with vessels of her size, but I put very little stress upon either of these points, and more particularly with regard to the latter, considering bulkheads, &c., but a very trifling impediment to a swift vessel, and I may refer to the Mosquito as an illustration ; as she always sailed with her fittings in their place, at a period when more than ordinary care was bestowed upon her. I put much more stress upon the height of a vessel above the water line in comparison to her depth below, and I question if our large yacht builders, while endeavouring to build a swift vessel, pay sufficient attention to these proportions. It should be borne in mind that if you build a lofty vessel above the water line you are increasing your flotation power immensely, and that you must, to counteract this evil, if I may so call it, increase your power below, and at the same time your driving power aloft, and, I feel quite sure that too much attention cannot be paid to these proportions. I strongly suspect that the Alarm, Circe, and Madcap are not a little indebted for their speed to the attention paid by their designers to this particular point, as I think I could name others that are not so fast from a want of this attention. I do not for a moment say the vessels I have named are fast *because* they are low in

the water, but I *do* say that one cause of their speed may be attributed to the relative proportions they bear above and below the water line.

I am very glad that I provoked your correspondent to recur to the subject of the different schooners that he had omitted to mention before, as all that he now writes will doubtless be of great interest to your readers; but I now come to a point in his letter where I must beg, with all due deference, to differ with him; I allude to his criticism on the Surf! "*Red with White Maltese Cross*" may have sailed many times in her, but I will defy him or any sailor that ever trod a plank to say, in sailing a vessel, that she is either a poor tool or a failure, *unless* there is some radical defect in her construction, which cannot be said of the Surf, as, though her performances have not been brilliant, none of her defects have been by any means disgraceful, or such, in my mind, as would warrant any one pronouncing her a failure. I have never sailed in the Surf myself, and it is now some years since Fife showed me her model, so that one speaks with diffidence, but I must say that I remember well being struck with the beauty of the model, and pointing out to her builder the mistake her *owner was then making*, and which I now believe to be the greatest fault in the Surf, and also to be the cause of her frequent defeat. Her present owner is, I believe, in no ways dispirited, and is fully determined to bring her out this year in her best form, and I wish him every success. If he does *not* succeed he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has given his vessel a fair trial, and he will then have nothing to do but turn her into a yawl, and have the handsomest pleasure yacht afloat.

It may be perfectly true that the Surf has not the same room on deck as the Phryne, though I cannot quite understand it, as they are nearly of the same dimensions, and it may be also true as to her having less accommodation below; but this merely proves that she is rather more cut away under the water line and has less displacement, and therefore requires greater care and attention being bestowed upon her ballast and her driving power. If the Surf is a failure from this latter cause may I ask your correspondent how he accounts for the success of such vessels as the Thought, Crusader, Quiver, Ripple, Vampire, &c., which have all indifferent accommodation as compared with others of their class?

I am quite sure that many and many a craft has been turned on one side and pronounced a failure, from either a want of knowledge or want of perseverance on the part of the owner; and I might bring to the notice of your readers one particular case which happens to have come under my observation—that of the Ivy,—as the Ethel and Cormorant she was

beaten over and over again, by vessels which in *their turn* had to suffer defeat from the Cinderella, while the latter this year more than once has *had to succumb to the Ivy* ! and yet the Ivy as the Ethel was pronounced a poor tool in Irish waters ; and turned into a schooner in despair, and as such she went into Welsh waters ; she was there turned back into a cutter, and some slight alteration made which has enabled her to turn the tables on a vessel *formerly considered in every way to be far superior to her*. Many of your readers will no doubt also remember that the first appearance of the Aquilla was by no means encouraging to her owner, and yet Mr. Rowan persevered until he fairly established her as one of the fastest yachts of her day—and though of course I may be in error such I predict may yet be the fate of Surf.

And now I will close my remarks on the season of 1865, and treat it as a thing of the past, never more to be mentioned, but often thought of, and hope for a better season this year ; certainly yachting matters look more prosperous than they did this time last year, when the different yacht clubs did not seem to pull together, whereas now the Mersey, Northern, St. George's, and Cork Clubs have acted in concert, and though we fear that this will result in the "Great Northern Cook," sweeping every thing before it, we will hope to witness some fine sport, and to see the result reviewed by "*Red with White Maltese Cross*" next year.—Yours, &c.

A YACHTSMAN.

P.S.—Perhaps you will allow me to correct two slight inaccuracies in "Yachting Biography," which appeared in your last ! The *Fay* and *Ranger* are mentioned as having been designed by Ditchburn and Mare, but in reality they are the same boat, the *Fay* having been *changed* into the *Ranger* about 1850.—The other inaccuracy is about *Volante*, whose alterations are solely attributable to Hatcher,—Payne had nothing to do with them.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EIGHT-OARED MATCH.

THE great rowing event of the year—which excites such universal interest, came off on Saturday March 24th. The following were the crews.—

OXFORD.

	st. lb.
R. T. Bailey (Merton).....	11 1
F. Crowder (Brazenose).....	11 10
W. F. Freeman (Merton).....	12 11
E. Willan (Exeter).....	12 1
E. F. Henley (Oriel).....	12 13
W. W. Wood (University).....	12 3
H. P. Senhouse (Christchurch)...	11 5
M. Brown (Trinity).....	11 5
C. R. W. Tottenham (Christchurch),	
(cox.).....	8 12

CAMBRIDGE.

	st. lb.
J. Still (Caius).....	11 7
J. R. Selwyn (Trinity).....	11 6
J. W. Bourke (Trinity).....	12 4
H. Fortescue (Magdalen).....	12 6
D. F. Stevenson (Trin. Hall).....	12 7
R. A. Kinglake (Trinity).....	12 11
H. Watney (St. John's).....	10 12
W. R. Griffiths (Trinity).....	11 12
A. Forbes (St. John's) (cox.).....	8 0

The early hour of 7h. 30m. a.m., was named for the start. the morning was beautiful, and a numerous assemblage of spectators thronged the banks of the river, the bridges, and every available spot where a view of the start or finish could be obtained. Betting was from 6 to 4 to 2 to 1 on Oxford.

The start took place at 7h. 46m. 16s., both crews got to work simultaneously, and a stem and stem race, splendidly contested, ensued to the Bishop's creek: here the Oxonians drew up, but the Cantabs again put on the pace and passed under Hammersmith Bridge with a clear lead; the Oxonians steered badly and got hampered by a steamer's swell in Chiswick Bay, but off the Church a sailing barge placed the Cantabs in peril. The crews now became level, the Cambridge making a grand effort to resume their lead, but their stroke grew rather quick, and the Oxford long stroke prevailed; off Barnes the dark blue went to the front, and although Cambridge made almost superhuman efforts to turn the tide of victory, Mortlake was reached by the Oxford crew winners by three lengths. Time 21m. 43s.—This makes the sixth victory for Oxford.

YACHTING BIOGRAPHIES.*

THE pair of little vessels (Secret 30 and Glance 35 tons,) whose racing career we now propose to bring under the notice of our readers, both belong to the second class of clipper cutters, and are excellent representatives,—the one,—of those craft which originally built in the old fashion have been altered and enlarged to meet modern ideas, the other (although launched some years) of the newer and improved style, while each has sailed many matches, and even now has few superiors in speed of their own tonnage. The Secret has been so long before the public that it is by no means easy to trace her early history, but we believe she was built at Poole, by Messrs. Wanhill in the year 1846,

* Continued from page 121.

for Mr. J. W. Smith, and at first was only 25 tons. Having been laid down expressly for racing purposes, at a time when the old rule of measurement was in force, she was (like the *Mosquito* and *Volante*) given an excessively raking stern-post, with the object of making her size and displacement as large as possible, without increasing her nominal tonnage, and we at once find her name amongst the clippers of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, where she took rank as about the fastest of her class, and had many encounters with the *Blue Bell*, *Ino*, *Prima Donna*, *Belvidere*, and other celebrities of that day, and generally with profitable results. In 1848 she became the property of Mr. J. Wicks, who afterwards owned the well-known *Cynthia*, and in his hands won many prizes, both on the Metropolitan river and at the regattas round the Southern and Eastern coasts of England. In 1849 and 1850, having again changed hands she did not do much, but towards the spring of 1851 Mr. R. Bell, jun. purchased her, and his father having previously secured the *Heroine* 30 tons, by the same builder, these gentlemen established a confederation and took both vessels to various regattas about the coast, turning the crews over to, and sailing whichever best suited the weather, and with great success. In 1853 however, she got laid on the shelf for some time, and the *Phantom* and *Thought*, became the great rivals of the second class at all the Southern regattas, nothing being at all able to keep pace with them until in 1855, when Dan Hatcher of Southampton, turned out the *Glance*, the second of our heroines, for Mr. T. Bartlett of London, who had previously owned the *War Hawk*, built by Pope of Plymouth, with which he boldly ventured to Cronstadt in 1852, and won the splendid vase given by the Emperor of all the Russias, and having sold her under the name of the *Sokol*, to Count Bobrinski, at once launched a second *War Hawk* of 50 tons by the same builder, a vessel which came to grief at Plymouth when racing against *Mosquito* and *Volante* as mentioned in our last. Mr. Bartlett also had owned the *Sverige* schooner, 280 tons, with which he came in first for the schooner match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club in 1853, but none of his vessels ever did him half the service of the one whose performances we have at present under review.

The *Glance* when launched was the longest cutter in proportion to her beam ever then seen, being nearly in the ratio of five to one, and measured 35 tons. Under the skilful guidance of William Penny, she came out for the first time at Harwich, on 4th July, 1855, and sailed a splendid second to the *Amazon*, then the property of the late lamented Mr. Alfred Young, and one of the fastest cutters of the day, and as she defeated both *Phantom* and *Thought* as well as the *Marina*, it was a good augury of future triumphs. She then at once made for Belfast,

where a regatta had been got up under the patronage of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, none being held that year at Kingstown on account of the Crimean war, and there met the renowned *Cymba* then in her second season, and the acknowledged champion of the Irish and Scotch coasts. On the first day the *Glance* was defeated, but on the second the *Cymba* would not start and she won her maiden cup, and thence sailed for Douglas, where a regatta was also to come off, followed by the *Cymba*, and we remember as if it was yesterday, seeing the two vessels laying near each other alongside the wall at that port, and the crews polishing the copper of each till it shone like a mirror, and doing every thing in their power which could ensure victory. The race was a beautiful one but again power told and the *Cymba* won, but only by a very few minutes, and as she was not allowed to sail on the second day the *Glance* put the "Welcome Cup of Man" to her owner's credit, beating the *Foam*, then fresh from Wanhill's stocks; but this was her last exploit that year, as at Poole she lost her topmast and was defeated by the *Phantom*.

1856.—Saw her for the first time at Kingstown, and some alteration was probably made in her hull during the winter, as she now measured only 33 tons, and at once turned the tables on the *Cymba*, which had meantime changed hands, defeating her on both days, by the aid of her time allowance, in splendid style; on the second her crew being so exhilarated that they forgot *those precious shot bags* when gybing round the flag-vessel in Kingstown harbour whereby the little beauty nearly turned the turtle, showing her whole keel out of water when the boom went over, and pitching three of her crew clean off the deck into the water. After some more races she turned up at Cowes on August 11th, where the R.Y.S. had offered £100 open to all members of Royal and of the New York Yacht Clubs. At that time nothing would go down with the yachtsmen of the Solent but Squire Weld's new sloop the *Lulworth*, then fresh from Iuman's stocks, steered and managed by the renowned Jack Nicholls; and this vessel, in conjunction with the *Arrow*, was freely backed against the field of nine. Many of the provincial yachtsmen however pinned their faith on our little lady to pull them through, and she proved well worthy of their confidence, as in the light wind and smooth water she went as if gliding in oil, coming in a good third to *Arrow* and *Whirlwind*, and well within her time, although by the peculiarity of the measurement then adopted she ranked as 39 tons. After winning many other races Mr. Bartlett, towards the end of the season was tempted, (and how he could have brought himself to it we cannot conceive,) to part with her to Mr. E. G. Bankes, who sailed her the rest

of that year and throughout the next, going as far as Antwerp in search of sport, where however she was beaten by the *Mosquito*.

In 1858, she passed into the possession of Major Longfield, and made her number among the Cork Squadron for two seasons, but somehow or other the Irishers could never get her trim or her humour, and she was not very successful, many of her defeats however being by so much larger vessels, as *Mosquito*, *Cymba*, *Aura*, &c. The year 1860 brought a very different state of things about, as she got into the first-rate hands of A. Duncan, Esq., as owner, and Jack Downes as captain, and with the light blue burgee with its silver fleur-de-lis at her masthead, commenced a series of victories which will bear comparison with the doings of any craft afloat, encountering and beating not merely her own class but the largest and fastest cutters of the day, and going north, south, east, and west, wherever a regatta was to be held, or a cup sailed for, and seeing all the sauciest of the racing burgees go down before her azure banner.

In 1863 she had a season of rest as Mr. Duncan turned out the *Vindex*, and she was not commissioned; but next year Mr. Charlwood, got her, and with John Hutchinson as her skipper she won several prizes on the east coast, one or two of them however being more due to the ill luck or bad management of the *Surf*, than entirely to her own prowess. Last year she passed to Mr. E. Johnson, and had as her kipper George Bartlett, the name alone being an omen of good luck, and right well he handled her, but as a correspondent in our pages, has so lately commented on her doings we need not repeat them, suffice it to say that her seven races with *Kilmeny*, of which she won five, were amongst the most interesting of the season, and as we understand that Mr. Johnson is bringing out a new steel cutter of 60 tons, and has lately sold her to Mr. Albert Wood, of the Royal Mersey and Prince Alfred Yacht Clubs, we hope to record many stout encounters during the ensuing summer between her and the *Kilmeny*, *Torpid*, *Thought*, *Echo*, *Xema*, and *Secret*, who are all in Western waters and we wish her and her new owner every success. The tabular record of her matches will be found below and we hope prove accurate, although it is by no means easy to find out *all* the matches in which a vessel has sailed, and still less the value of her winnings, and here we may remark that two errors occur in that given in our last number of *Volante's* performances, one her winning at Teignmouth, August 2nd, 1851, which should read £15 and a challenge cup, value £100, instead of £150, and the other on same date at Southampton in 1855, where for £190 read £100, also in her summary for 1852 read £393 for £448.

The *Secret* was purchased in 1856 by Mr. H. J. Waring, of Ply-

month, and by him placed in Ratsey's hands for lengthening forward, as her bow was rather blunt and short for modern ideas and she came out 55ft. 3in. long, by 11ft. 10in. beam, and measuring 33 tons. She sailed in 1856-7 several times at the regattas of the Irish Channel, but met more than her match in the *Cymba* and *Glance*, winning however, a few prizes; and in 1857 achieved a great success by beating the *Osprey* and *Wildfire* for a good cup, being then sold to her present owner Mr. Thomas D. Keogh, and going to Ireland, where she has sailed many excellent races, but been dreadfully unlucky, being disqualified at Cork in 1860, for an alleged foul after easily winning the second class cup, and at Carnarvon in same year going ashore when quite certain of the race. She was not fitted out 1862 or 3, but won twice in the following year, and last season her owner determining to give her every fair chance hauled her up, and according to precedent of the *Mosquito* and *Volante*, lengthened her keel and brought her stern-post in some distance on deck, thereby shortening her length for measurement and reducing her to 30 tons, after which she went to Queens-town and easily defeated the *Avoca*. She has since sailed in several matches but found the *Glance* and *Kilmeny* too tough antagonists to win much money.

This year she has been again hauled up for further alteration, which we trust may be successful, as no one deserves to win better than her gallant owner, who hoists in her the Rear-Commodore's flag of the *Prince Alfred Yacht Club*, and both with her and his other vessel, the *Dove*, is always ready to enter and sail any race which is going, and win or lose his craft is certain to go through the match in the most fair and straight forward manner. By his kindness we are enabled to give her present dimensions, and subjoin as accurate a table as we have been able to procure of her performances.

Secret.—Built 1846 by Messrs Wanhill at Poole. Lengthened forward 1856, by Ratsey and Son at Cowes, 55ft. 3in., beam 11ft. 10in. —32½.

Altered aft 1865 by owner at Dublin. Length (fore part of stem to after part of stern-post,) 52ft., beam 11ft. 10in., —29½ tons, ballast 28 tons, mast (deck to hounds) 36ft. 5in., boom 45ft., gaff 29ft. 4½in., bowsprit (outboard) 25ft. 3in., topmast (fid to sheave) 27ft. 4½in., draft aft 10ft., forward 6ft.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel :—1846-7, J. W. Smith, Esq.; 1848 J. Wicks, Esq.; 1849-50 G. Whitehead Esq.; 1857 R. Bell, jun., Esq.; 1856-9 H. J. Waring, Esq.; 1860-6, Thomas D. Keogh, Esq.

Date.	Sailed at	Placed.	Yacht.	Positions of other yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1846.				
May 20	Thames	0		<i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Vixen</i> , <i>Fleur de Marie</i> , <i>Ino</i> , <i>Belvidere</i> , <i>Jilt</i>
June 5	...	1	ch cup	<i>Belvidere</i> , <i>Ino</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Fleur de Marie</i> , <i>Vixen</i>
19	...	0		<i>Heroine</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Ino</i> , <i>Champion</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Belvidere</i> , <i>Vixen</i> , <i>Romulus</i>
July 4	...	1	60 0	<i>Ino</i> , <i>Belvidere</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Vixen</i>
1847.				
May 11	Thames	1	60 0	<i>Ino</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Belvidere</i>
June 8	...	1	ch cup	<i>Ino</i> , <i>Antagonist</i> , <i>Zuleika</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Challenger</i>
July 7	...	2	100 0	<i>Eclipse</i> , <i>Bluebell</i> , <i>Antagonist</i> , <i>Snake</i> , <i>Ino</i> , <i>Lily of Devon</i> , <i>Princess Olga</i> , <i>Little Gauntlet</i>
1848.				
May 29	Thames	1	60 0	<i>Ino</i> , <i>Antagonist</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i>
June 13	...	3		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Heroine</i> , <i>Daring</i> , <i>Arrow</i> , <i>Ino</i>
July 11	...	1	60 0	<i>Ino</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i>
18	Gt. Yarmouth	0		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Bluebell</i> , <i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Gauntlet</i> , <i>Eak</i> , <i>Daring</i>
24	Harwich	1	40 0	<i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Frollo</i>
Aug. 16	Ryde	1	50 0	<i>Prima Donna</i> , <i>Fleur de Marie</i> ,
3	Southampton	1	30 0	<i>Zuleika</i>
Sept. 5	Weymouth	1		<i>Daring</i>
1849.				
June 16	Thames	0		<i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Hilda</i> , <i>Daring</i>
29	...	0		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Cynthia</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Daring</i> , <i>Foam</i>
1850.				
Not in commission				
1851.				
May 26	Thames	0		<i>Whisper</i> , <i>Phantom</i>
June 10	London	1	40 0	<i>Mouse</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Whisper</i> , <i>Gnat</i>
25	Thames	0		<i>Volante</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Heroine</i>
July 8	...	0		<i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Volante</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Heroine</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Whisper</i> , <i>Arrow</i>
18	Margate	1	50 0	<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Whisper</i> , <i>Mouse</i>
30	Weymouth	4	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , <i>Cygnat</i> , <i>Tartar</i>
31	...	3		<i>Heroine</i> , <i>Avalon</i>
Aug. 5	Southampton	0		<i>Heroine</i> , <i>Tartar</i> , <i>Phantom</i>
27	Plymouth	1	30 0	<i>Fawn</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Bluebell</i> , <i>Fleur de Marie</i>
1852.				
June 12	Thames	1		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Zuleika</i> , <i>Whisper</i>
26	London	1	40 0	<i>Zuleika</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Whisper</i> , <i>Vampire</i> , <i>Mouse</i> , <i>Diavolo</i>
July 6	Lowestoft	1	30 0	<i>Zuleika</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Whisper</i> , <i>Ariel</i>
13	Gt Yarmouth	3		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Volante</i>
22	Margate	1		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Zuleika</i>
24	Ramsgate	2	25 0	<i>Marina</i> , <i>Phantom</i>
28	Boulogne	1	30 0	<i>Cruiser</i> , <i>Petrelle</i> , <i>Wanderer</i> , <i>Phantom</i>

Date.	Ton	Sailed at	Placed.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1852.					
Aug. 5	25	Plymouth	1	25 0	Bluebell, Fawn
9		Torbay	1	25 0	<i>Vesper</i> , Sabrina
12		Badfeigh	1	21 0	Heroine, Fairy
25		Plymouth	2		<i>Phantom</i> , Sea Serpent
26		...	1	25 0	Phantom, Sea Serpent, Vampire
1853-5.					Not in commission
1856.					
June 14	35	Thames	2		<i>Thought</i>
24	30	Kingstown	3		Cymba, <i>Glance</i> , Vigilant, Coralie, Cyclone
25		...	3		Cymba, <i>Glance</i> , Foam, Coralie, Mabella
27		...	3		<i>Vigilant</i> , Foam, Atalanta, Mabella*
Aug. 26		Torbay	4		<i>Glance</i> , Phantom, Thought
Sept. 2	30	Plymouth	1	50 0	Fawn, Elfin
1857.					
July 22		Plymouth	1	35 0	Vampire, Annie—(Prince Consort's cup)
1858.					
July 27		Plymouth	1	42 0	Fawn, Curlew
Aug. 20		Torbay	2		<i>Phantom</i> , Emmet, Violet
25		Plymouth	0		<i>Macquid</i> , Surge, Violet—Secret disabled
1859.					
July 26	30	Plymouth	2	80 0	Osprey, Wildfire, Zouave
27		...	0		<i>Wildfire</i> , Osprey, Cymba, Maud—(Secret disabled)
Aug. 26		Torbay			Race abandoned
29		Weymouth	1	30 0	Ladybird, Enchantress
1860.					
July 4	33	Belfast	2		<i>Surge</i> , Vigilant, L'Eclair, Storm, Banba, Vivid
5		...	2		<i>Surge</i> , Vigilant, Storm
11		Kingstown	3		<i>Sibyl</i> , <i>Surge</i> , Aura, Audax, Wildfire, Vigilant, Chance
13		...	5		Audax, <i>Surge</i> , Aura, <i>Sibyl</i> , Vigilant, Storm, Aileen
19		Queenstown	1		Aileen, <i>Wildflower</i> , Lurline, Foam, Storm, (Secret and Aileen disqualified)
20		...	5		<i>Wildfire</i> , <i>Surge</i> , Aura, Audax, Gertrude
Aug. 7		Carlingford	2		<i>Surge</i> , Banba
8		...	0		<i>Surge</i> , Vivid, Banba—(Secret disabled)
23	30	Carnarvon	0		<i>Magnet</i> , Gertrude—(Secret ashore)
1861.					
July 16	33	Kingstown	6		Lurline, <i>Thought</i> , Phasma, Coolin, Storm, Surprise
17		...	8		<i>Osprey</i> , <i>Æolus</i> , Audax, Enid, <i>Sibyl</i> , Lurline
23		Queenstown	4		Avalanche, <i>Glance</i> , Lurline, Thought, <i>Sibyl</i> , Stella
24		...	4		<i>Osprey</i> , Audax, <i>Glance</i> , Avalanche, <i>Æolus</i> , <i>Sibyl</i>
29		Kinsale	0		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Sibyl</i> , Lurline
1862-3.					Not in commission

* Amateur Crews.

Date.	G F	Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1864.					
June 4		Prince Alfred	3		<i>Echo</i> , <i>Luna</i> (Amateur crews.)
25		Bray	2	25 0	<i>Echo</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i>
July 2		Liverpool	1		<i>Thought</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Queen</i> , <i>Stanley</i> , (Secret lost bowsprit)
5		To Kingstown	2		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i> , <i>Queen</i> , <i>Thought</i>
7		Kingstown	1	30 0	<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Avoca</i> , <i>Luna</i>
19		Queenstown	3		<i>Avoca</i> , <i>Thought</i> , <i>Minna</i>
20		...	5		<i>Astoria</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Alerte</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Thought</i> <i>Vindex</i>
1865.					
May 22		Prince Alfred	3		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Echo</i> , <i>Luna</i> } (Amateur crews.)
June 21		...	0		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Dawn</i>
July 6		Liverpool	3		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Queen</i>
25	30	Queenstown	1	40 0	<i>Avoca</i>
31		Bray	3		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i>
Aug. 2		Kingstown	2		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Xema</i>
3		...	0		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Luna</i>
4		...	0		<i>Glance</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i>

Glance.—Built 1855 by Dan Hatcher. Length (fore part of stem to after part of stern-post) 58ft. 8in., beam 11ft. 10in.,—34½ tons, draft 9ft. aft, forward 7ft., mast (deck to hounds) 36ft., boom 46ft., gaff 31ft., bowsprit (outboard) 30ft., topmast (fid to sheave) 30ft.

The following gentlemen have been owners of this vessel :—1855-6 Thomas Bartlett, Esq.; 1857 E. G. Bankes, Esq.; 1858-59 Major Longfield; 1860-3 A. Duncan, Esq.; 1864 G. W. Charlwood, Esq.; 1865 E. Johnston, Esq.; 1866 Albert Wood, Esq.

Date.	G F	Sailed at	Pla- ced.	Value.	Positions of other yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1855.					
July 4	35	Harwich	2		<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Marina</i> , <i>Thought</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Water- lily</i>
24		Belfast	2		<i>Cymba</i> , <i>Coralie</i> , <i>Surprise</i> , <i>Foam</i> , <i>Onda</i> , <i>Tana</i>
26		...	1	50 0	<i>Coralie</i> , <i>Foam</i>
31		Holyhead	1	30 0	<i>Champion</i> , <i>Zillah</i>
Aug. 3		Carnarvon	1	50 0	<i>Surprise</i> , <i>Zillah</i>
14		Douglas	2		<i>Cymba</i> , <i>Coralie</i> , <i>Foam</i>
15		...	1	21 0	<i>Foam</i> , <i>Diamond</i> , <i>Zillah</i>
29		Poole	2		<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Triton</i> —(<i>Glance</i> lost topmast)
1856.					
June 24	33	Kingstown	2	100 0	<i>Cymba</i> , <i>Foam</i> , <i>Mabella</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Coralie</i> , <i>Cyclone</i>
25		...	2	60 0	<i>Cymba</i> , <i>Foam</i> , <i>Mabella</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Coralie</i> <i>Cyclone</i>
July 4		Queenstown	1	40 0	<i>Vigilant</i> , <i>Foam</i>
22	35	Lowestoft	1	15 0	<i>Phantom</i> —Protest as to tonnage & division
29		Gt. Grimsby	1	80 0	<i>Maud</i> , <i>Rapid</i>
Aug. 11	39	Cowes	3	100 0	<i>Arrow</i> , <i>Whirlwind</i> , <i>Lulworth</i> , <i>Extravagan- za</i> , <i>Amazon</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Vestal</i> , <i>Wild- fire</i> , <i>Cyclone</i>
12	34	Southampton	2	40 0	<i>Amazon</i> , <i>Phantom</i> , <i>Extravaganza</i> , <i>Cyclone</i>
26		Torquay	1	35 0	<i>Phantom</i> , <i>Thought</i> , <i>Secret</i>

Date.	Placed.	Sailed at	Valme.	Positions of other yachts. — Those in <i>ITALICS</i> received the prize.
1856.				
Aug. 28	2	Teignmouth	30 0	Mosquito
Sept. 10	1	Poole	35 0	Extravaganza
23	3	Antwerp		<i>Mosquito</i> , Amazon
1857.				
June 2	4	Thames		<i>Thought</i> , Phantom, Emmet, Silver Star
July 22	2	Plymouth		<i>Wildfire</i> , Vision, Vesper
Aug. 26	1	...	80 0	Thought, Phantom, Lulworth
28	3	Torbay		<i>Phantom</i> , Thought, Emmet, Firecloud
1858.				
June 28	0	Pembroke		Extravaganza, <i>Vigilant</i> ,
July 2	1	Tenby	40 0	Vigilant, Flirt, Bluebell
6	3	Swansea	25 0	Amazon, <i>Vigilant</i> , Wildfire, Vesper
7	2	...		<i>Vigilant</i> , Vesper
16	0	Queenstown		<i>Mosquito</i> , Amazon, Dream, Vigilant, Foam,
				Extravaganza
Sept. 16	5	...		<i>Dream</i> , Vigilant, Foam, Flirt, Siren, Meteor
1859.				
July 19	6	Queenstown		Cymba, <i>Sibyl</i> , Dream, Pauline, Vigilant,
				Foam, Fairy
20	5	...		Surge, <i>Aura</i> , Osprey, Dream, Cymba,
				Sibyl, Pauline
21	4	...		Dream, <i>Flirt</i> , Foam
30	1	Youghal	30 0	
1860.				
June 13	3	London		Audax, <i>Thought</i>
14	3	Thames	100 0	Audax, Osprey
Aug. 7	2	Ryde		<i>Cymba</i> , Thought*
13	3	Weymouth		<i>Audax</i> , Wildfire, Thought
16	3	Plymouth		Arrow, <i>Audax</i>
17	2	...	50 0	Audax
24	3	Torbay		<i>Audax</i> , Violet, Thought
1861.				
June 3	6	Thames		<i>Thought</i> , Christabel, Osprey, Audax, Ama-
				zon, Marina
July 4	0	Liverpool		<i>Osprey</i> , Audax, <i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, Thought,
10	1	Clyde	50 0	<i>Æolus</i> , Atalanta (disabled)
16	2	Kingstown		<i>Audax</i> , Osprey, Enid, <i>Æolus</i> , Sibyl, Ava-
				lanche
17	0	Kingstown		<i>Osprey</i> , Audax, Enid, <i>Æolus</i> , Sibyl, Ava-
				lanche [Stella
23	2	Queenstown	45 0	<i>Avalanche</i> , Lurline, Secret, Thought, Sibyl,
24	8	...	100 0	<i>Osprey</i> , Audax, Secret, <i>Avalanche</i> , <i>Æolus</i> ,
29	1	Kinsale	70 0	Sibyl, Secret, Lurline [Sibyl
Aug. 5	1	Swansea	25 0	Lurline, Ianthe, Bluebell
6	1	...	40 0	Lurline
27	0	Dover		<i>Audax</i> , Thought
1862.				
May 23	5	Thames	40 0	<i>Christabel</i> , Audax, Phosphorus, Marina
June 24	5	Liverpool		<i>Æolus</i> , Phosphorus, Osprey, Enid, Lurline
25	5	...	105 0	<i>Osprey</i> , <i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, Enid, Phosphorus
July 1	3	Clyde		<i>Osprey</i> , <i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, Storm, Phosphorus
2	3	...		<i>Æolus</i> , Osprey, Lurline
8	4	Kingstown		Phosphorus, (disqualified) <i>Enid</i> , Christabel,
				<i>Æolus</i> , Osprey, Lurline
9	3	...		Phosphorus, <i>Æolus</i> , Lurline, Christabel,
				Avalanche

*A new mode of measurement by length only tried, by which *Glance* 35 tons, gave *Cymba* 54 tons, 38s.

Date.	Log	Sailed at.	Placed.	Value	Positions of other Yachts.—Those in <i>ITALICS</i> receive the prize.
1863.					
July 15		Queenstown	3		<i>Phosphorus</i> , <i>Lurline</i> , <i>Avalanche</i> , <i>Coolin</i>
16		...	0		<i>Æolus</i> , <i>Phosphorus</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Enid</i> , <i>Christabel</i>
23		Kinsale	2		<i>Lurline</i> , <i>Sybil</i> , <i>Coolin</i>
Aug. 19		Plymouth	2	10 0	<i>Audax</i> , <i>Christabel</i> , <i>Osprey</i> , <i>Crusader</i>
20		...	2	25 0	<i>Echo</i> (disqualified)
22		Torquay	4	40 0	<i>Osprey</i> , <i>Audax</i> , <i>Christabel</i>
23		Dover	1	25 0	<i>Orion</i> , <i>Night-Thought</i>
1863.					Not in commission.
1864.					
June 4	36	Thames	2		<i>Volante</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Surge</i> , <i>Waterlily</i>
9	35	To Harwich	2	42 0	<i>Surf</i> , <i>Phosphorus</i> , <i>Marina</i> , <i>Avalon</i> , <i>Mars</i>
13		Harwich	2	52 0	<i>Surf</i> , (disqualified), <i>Siren</i>
Aug. 22		Walton	2	26 0	<i>Surf</i> , (do.)
25		Folkestone	1	25 0	<i>Dudu</i> , <i>Lady-bird</i> , <i>Satanella</i> , <i>Octoroon</i>
		Dover	1	40 0	<i>Torpid</i> , <i>Dudu</i>
1865.					
June 3	36	Thames	3	100 0	<i>Vindex</i> , <i>Christabel</i> , <i>Volante</i> , <i>Audax</i>
5	35	London	4		Race abandoned.
17		To Harwich	0		<i>Niobe</i> , <i>Christabel</i> , <i>Alarm</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Xantha</i>
19	36	Thames	3	50 0	<i>Volante</i> , <i>Christabel</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Audax</i>
20	35	London	0		<i>Niobe</i> , <i>Volante</i> , <i>Vindex</i>
27	35	Queenstown	2	75 0	<i>Enid</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Avalanche</i> , <i>Mosquito</i>
28		...	0		Race unfinished.
29		...	0		<i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> [shee, <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i>
July 5		Liverpool	0		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Speranza</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Ban-</i>
6		...	1		<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Queen</i>
12		Dunoon	0		<i>Fiona</i> , <i>Mosquito</i> , <i>Astarte</i> , <i>Vindex</i> , <i>Enid</i>
14		Helensburgh	2		<i>Mosquito</i>
31		Bray	1	30 0	<i>Xema</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>L'Eclair</i>
Aug. 2		Kingstown	1	40 0	<i>Secret</i> , <i>Xema</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i>
4		...	1	40 0	<i>Xema</i> , <i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Secret</i>
14		Carnarvon	1	50 0	<i>Kilmeny</i> , <i>Secret</i> , <i>Banba</i>
29		Falmouth	2	42 0	<i>Volante</i>

Summary.

SECRET.							GLANCE.						
Date.	Start	Lost.	Gave up.	Won. 1st.	Won. 2nd.	Value. s	Date.	Start	Lost.	Gave up.	Won. 1st.	Won. 2nd.	Value. s
1846	4	2		2		60*	1855	8	4		4		151
1847	3	0		3		160*	1856	11	1		10		535
1848	8	3		5		240	1857	4	3		1		80
1849	2	2					1858	6	4		1	1	65
1851	9	5		4		170	1859	4	3		1		30
1852	12	4		8		221	1860	7	5		2		150
1856	6	5		1		50	1861	11	5		6		330
1857	1	0		1		35	1862	14	8		4	2	245
1858	3	2		1		42	1864	6	1		5		185
1859	4	1	1	2	1	110	1865	17	7	2	8		427
1860	9	9		0									
1861	5	5		0									
1864	7	5		2		55	Total	88	41	2	42	3	2,198
1865	8	7		1		40							
Total	81	50	1	30	1	1,183							

*And a challenge cup.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

PART V.

WE must now follow the swift heeled schooner, so quaintly named by Philip Considine in remembrance of the strange effect the little golden eyed forget-me-not had upon him, at the conclusion of his never to-be-forgotten visit to Tom Radley's smithy.

Sebastian Almonté—Spanish in name and appearance tho' he was,—appeared to smack strangely of a mariner that had seen more service under the "stars and stripes," than under the gorgeous banner of the Don; and his crew too savoured much of the banks of the Hudson, or the fishing bays of Long Island,—a suspicion which their conversation rather confirmed; but to a nautical eye there could be no mistake—for the style in which the Golden Glory was handled showed an acquaintance with the rig and peculiarities of a fore and aft rigged vessel, that American fishermen and coasters seem in a manner born to.

As the vessel left the land the restraint and gravity of manner which had characterized the crew whilst at W— were also cast aside, and jokes, songs, and merry laughter, resounded along her deck, showing that whatever might have been their motives whilst at anchor in the Irish sea-port, they were men that once out of soundings knew how to make a voyage pass pleasantly.

Nor did the transformation stop here,—the slouching gait—and down-cast appearance of Sebastian Almonté gave way to the bold and free bearing of a gallant sailor; his unkempt and unshorn locks were trimmed up neatly, the dusky squalor of his complexion was re-placed by the naturally surburnt hue long exposure to the elements had effected, an unseemly scar that disfigured his left cheek and eye had disappeared altogether; and instead of the forlorn looking wretch that had excited the compassion of not only the hostess, but the frequenters of the Wreckers' Roost,—a smartly attired,—downright handsome,—middle aged seaman—now paced the quarter deck of the Golden Glory. But if the captain's disenchantment was striking—that of the chief officer was not less so, for out of the roughest of pea-jackets,—out of the hugest of sea boots, and from under the reddest of rough red wigs, appeared the active form—merry face—and rich brown curls of no less a personage than Harry Considine.

"She is a merry lass, Cap!"—exclaimed the light hearted sailor as the schooner rose buoyantly to the swell.

* Continued from page 130.

"Aye—aye—lad!" returned Sebastian, "she is a rare wave flyer and will suit our commission well. If I know what wood and canvas can do, it will take a smart ship to make us tell where we got our ballast!"

"Get it first, Captain Seb—get it first," say I, "but hallo eight bells!"

"Make it noon to all hands, steward, and we'll drink a full hold and a fair voyage!" exclaimed the captain. "How I long Harry to get alongside some smart craft and try what our little Glory can do!"

Whilst the steward was serving out the grog—there was a sudden commotion amongst the men, and the hoarse voice of the look-outs proclaimed "A large cutter on the weather beam!"

The thick haze of the spring which had hung in the offing all the morning, notwithstanding the strong breeze, suddenly lifted, and discovered a powerful and armed cutter almost within gunshot of them; her decks, were crowded with men, and the long and tapering pendant which flew from her mast-head, sufficiently indicated the nature of her calling.

"It is the Caroline!" exclaimed Considine, springing from the main rigging to the quarter deck: "the fastest cruiser on the coast, Captain Seb, and commanded by a man that can make her do anything but speak—she carries heavy metal too for her size—and if needs he can speak like a sucking man-o'-war with her popguns."

Sebastian surveyed the royal cruiser with the keen look of a man calculating his chances; his resolution was quickly taken, and in a few seconds every man was at his station; the shroud lanyards, halyards, sheets, and tack-tackles were carefully overhauled—for everything being new was stretching, the canvas was trimmed to a nicety, and no precaution spared in preparing the schooner for a trial of speed. Sebastian had a numerous crew composed of fine muscular active seamen, but when every detail had been attended to he ordered all below, save a few to attend the sheets, and these the picked men of the crew, who almost anticipated every glance of the eye and motion of the hand of their skipper, were as chary of shewing themselves as snakes in a cane break, —and active and stealthy in their movements as mountain cats. It must not be supposed however that the wary skipper meant to deprive himself of the help of his crew altogether, on the contrary,—snatch-blocks were hooked on to convenient eye-bolts, and sheet and halyard falls were cunningly led down through hatchways and skylights,—so that should occasion require it, sails could be sheeted home, and hoisted from the deck or clewed down as if by magic; so rapidly had these preparations been effected on the deck of the Glory, that the cruiser's people had no opportunity of estimating the strength of her crew, from the

brief time that elapsed between their first sighting her through the misty haze and the latter clearing off, so that when they were enabled to obtain a more distinct view, not a human being, save Sebastian at the helm, Harry Considine in the waist, and the occasional glimpse of a solitary sou'-wester moving on the fore-castle were to be seen : in fact the graceful looking craft appeared to be short handed, and her helm being put gently up, she fell off easily before the wind, and laid a course to the southward, without paying the least attention to the demand for colours made by the cruiser.

For some seasons previously the revenue service on the western coast had been kept continually on the alert from the adventurous daring displayed in smuggling cargoes of tobacco ; it was placed beyond a doubt that some exceedingly swift American schooners, that had been chased on the coast, were the successful free traders ; with the coolest audacity these splendidly handled and fleet rovers of the ocean would beard the royal pennants day or night, and hitherto had escaped scatheless : irritated beyond measure at the jokes and censures passed upon them, the commanders of the cruisers had arranged with their inspecting officers, a complete blockade of the coast, and additional vessels, amongst which were two sloops of war, had been told off by the Admiralty for the capture or destruction of these dauntless smugglers. Captain Burton of the *Caroline* had long been considered the scourge of the free-traders upon the coast, and burning with the desire to revenge the slur that had been cast upon his vigilance and seamanship, here was an opportunity at last that promised the fulfilment of his desires. Little did Sebastian think of the direful resolves that sturdy commander made, for sink or swim,—fight or sail, the capture of that Yankee looking marauder he resolved upon though he chased her to the capes of the Delaware.

Finding no attention paid to their captain's first demand, the crew of the cutter were soon bustling about her deck, and the hoarse voice of command, alternating with the shrill whistle of the boatswain, denoted active preparations for a chase.

"It might be as well, Captain Seb, to satisfy you 'basking shark,'* and try a tack or two with him afterwards ; altho' we get clear of him now—yet hereafter he might fall foul of us when our papers may not be so satisfactory."

"I neither like the buntine, nor the service, well enough to make closer acquaintance than I can help, Harry !" answered the skipper as he still watched closely the movements of the *Caroline*, "and there is nothing like knowing what your ship and crew can do when you have the

*Anglic—'Revenue Cruiser.'

least to risk and the most to learn. I think our lads too will be all the better of a bark and a bite to freshen 'em up,—the 'Glory' is bound to walk round yon box of brass playthings, and trust me lad, might they as well try to hit a gull upon the wing, as draw a 'bee line' upon this little lady with such nice lively water to keep her heels lifting."

"As you will" rejoined the mate, "I like these broad arrowed swaggers little as yourself, and as to powder—why I guess most of us have smelt it when a long thirty-two was at one end of the streak, and weightier dead-men's ballast than nine-pounders can throw, travelling at the other."

Whatever else Harry might have said was cut short by the loud report of a gun, and the Caroline with her sheets eased off seemed to fly through the water at a rate that promised soon to place her alongside the Glory. Another and another gun followed in rapid succession, as if the commander was determined to show the utmost courtesy in his power to the apparently short handed craft ; but the fourth report came sharper upon the ear, and a shot ploughed up the water ahead of the saucy schooner, after a fashion that showed that Capt. Burton was at last in a temper not to be trifled with.

"Ha !—there comes one of his timber rippers at last !" exclaimed Sebastian, "and we must see what the weight of canvas will do to take the lassie clear of the next,—ease away the sheets lads ! ease away handsomely !"

Hitherto the Glory had just been kept moving through the water with her sheets pinned aft, but at this order her canvas seemed to swell out as though she were a living, breathing bird of the sea—a giant albatross pluming itself for a mighty flight, and lifting airily as a froth bubble on the top of a long Atlantic wave, her knife like fore foot cleft the water with a hissing sound, and she sped away before the wind like some phantom craft luring its pursuer to destruction.

Again the warning gun boomed across the waters, but this time its deadly messenger fell far short, raising pillars of foam as it "pith—pith'd" across the snowy—bubbling—streak that marked the flight of the fairy-like schooner through the deep green of the sea.

The people of the cruiser looked all astonishment at the chase and at each other ; there had been no visible effort aboard the schooner—she appeared to move as of her own will. Capt. Burton's voice soon recalled them to fresh exertion, the great square yard of the cutter went aloft like lightning, and a squaresail that loomed like a huge cloud was quickly added to the mountain of canvas already piled aloft on the Caroline ; every yard of cloth she could spread was now set until she seemed fairly to stagger under the pressure.

"Aft sheets again lads,—aft steadily—along sea drag!" cried Sebastian, satisfied he could out-run the cruiser—even with the advantage of her squaresail, "any tub can run, but let us try her up to windward."

The Caroline now overhauled her hand over hand, the captain rubbing his hands gleefully at what he supposed to be the success of his determined carrying on, when suddenly the schooner's helm was put down, and with the same absence of effort upon her deck, she was close hauled on the starboard tack and standing boldly over to meet the cutter.

This manoeuvre of the schooner caused no little confusion on board the Caroline; to take in the immense squaresail was no easy matter even to her powerful crew, and by the time this was accomplished the Glory was close aboard of them; in vain Capt. Burton shouted to the latter to keep away and heave-to to leeward; on went the fleet craft as if her helmsman meant to run the cutter aboard on her lee quarter; the latter instantly luffed up in the headway of the schooner, and her crew rushed to quarters ready to give her a broadside, should she attempt to pass to windward or run through their lee; when the Caroline came by the wind her port rail was buried in the sea, she careened so to the pressure of the wind on her great spread of canvas; the schooner's head fell off—as if she was about to make a dash to leeward, and the commander of the cruiser clewed up his gaff-topsail, lowered his foresail, and triced up his main-tack, in order to relieve his ship and bring some of the lee guns to bear; but Sebastian had no idea of running the gauntlet of his battery; the moment he witnessed the effect of his ruses, down went the schooner's helm and she was round and away on the port tack, whilst the cutters crew were all excitement in anticipation of being enabled to cripple or board her as she ranged alongside.

"Confound your Yankee impudence," roared the infuriated commander, "heave to and be—— or I'll sink you!" a jeering laugh and the words—"Short handed!"—"Not able!"—came floating down wind.

"Short handed—indeed—why I see no one on her decks now save the fellow at the helm, and his face appears mopping and mowing at us over his taffrail like a jabbering ape,—why the long jawed—straight haired limb of lucifer, he's as big as we are on deck, and he's not going to gammon Jack Barton that one or two clam eating, tobacco squirting—Jersey or Long Island loafers can handle that craft after such a fashion. Ay—ay—there she goes now clawing away to windward like a witch on a broomstick, they do say one of these thorough going Yankee squeeze breezers can shove a craft a point t'other side of the wind's eye; but I'll be hanged if he shall escape me for all his tricks!"

By the time however, that the Caroline had her canvas re-set and was

in pursuit of the *Glory*, the schooner was far to windward in her headway, and Sebastian eagerly noted that notwithstanding all the efforts of the cutter's crew she could not look within a point or two as high as the *Glory*.

"It may be canvas—or it may be handling, or it may be the fashion of the hull, but if that be the fastest and most weatherly thing on your coast Harry, either they have little to brag of, or your uncle has the gift of pleasing the water after a rare fashion indeed—we go out on her weather two feet to her one—if I were under that squash headed old skipper's brass bound cap—I'd strike my pop guns into the hold, if I wanted to catch such an ocean spider as this. Well—well—they say when a sailor keeps too much of the land haze on his log slate, it sadly fouls his brain—we have tried him off the wind and ou, now for a reach out to sea and we'll shake the fall of the main-sheet,"

"Hard up and away, Captain Seb,—hard up and away!"—shouted Harry Considine, "for here comes a row of metal that will take the haze off our log slate!"

A whistling rushing noise overhead caused Sebastian to jump like a man electrified, and the report of a thirty-two pounder rang out like a clap of thunder, so close as to seem almost alongside. So engaged had the crew of the *Caroline* been in masting their vessel and with the proceedings of her strange chase, and so wrapt up were Sebastian, Considine, and the few men on the deck of the *Glory*, in admiration of her wonderful speed, that neither party observed the approach of a third vessel which threatened to change the rather hazardous fun the schooner had been engaged in, into perilous earnest. Down before the wind came sweeping along in all the grandeur and stern dignity of warlike array, the *Nautilus* sloop-of-war; studding sails set alow and aloft, and her chequered sides bristling with guns. To risk a brush with a mere coast cruiser was one thing, but the captain of a man-of-war was not to be trifled with, the more especially when engaged in a service that was eminently distasteful, not only to officers but men.

"Softly, softly, Harry, softly lad, stir not a hand from below until I give the word; we must get in the headway of yonder ship-of-war and brave the *Caroline's* broadside as best we may, carry on we must—for rough handling wont exactly suit our bonnie little ship or her children either; keep below lads—keep below—we shall have work enough in a few moments!"

Sebastian spoke in the calm determined tones of a man who quite understood the danger he had placed himself in, and his ability to meet the emergency, and Considine could not help admiring the consum-

mate coolness and self-possession displayed by this dauntless mariner at such a moment, and which seemed to be shared by the crew with a confidence that former association could alone have inspired ; yielding himself therefore implicitly to the strange influence exercised by this mysterious seaman, he attempted neither suggestion or remonstrance, but awaited the result of the approaching crisis.

The Golden Glory was hove about on the starboard tack and apparently steered to intercept the man-of-war ; the Caroline immediately under her lee, so that the schooner seemed fairly entrapped between both ; but right artfully did Sebastian keep edging her away off the wind, and it was only when she got well ahead of Caroline, and beyond the line of fire of the sloop-of-war's bow guns that his purpose was divined.

"Now my lads!" he shouted in a voice that seemed to thrill like the blast of a trumpet, up on deck every man—give her the main-topsail and staysail, and then away aloft with your squaresail!"

Loud were Captain Burton's expressions of astonishment and rage when he beheld the deck of the Glory covered with men, and the magical celerity with which she shewed a spread of canvas that completely put his in the shade, made him dance about the quarter deck like a man possessed.

"I knew it, Mr. Driftbolt!" he roared at his first officer, "I told you so sir,—I knew it,—this is another confounded Yankee trick put upon us ;—short handed indeed!—ay—this will be another fine joke against Jack Burton. I wish I had crippled the fellow with the very first gun,—short handed indeed!—why if he has one he has forty hands there—stowed below they were as Yankees only, know how to stow niggers,—short handed indeed!—because he knows an Englishman likes to fight fair. I'll be smashed, sir, if I don't think he was only trying the length of our heels ;—there he goes now with a show of muslin enough to shame a line of battle-ship ; why he's fairly driving her up on top of the sea—she seems to skim along it like a wild duck taking flight,—and see—the sloop can't touch him without yawing, and then ten to one away go her pipe stopper weather stunsail booms. No use Mr. Driftbolt in hanging on a wind—he'll weather us miles away: starboard your helm you luff headed squeezers, keep her off—give your guns good elevation and give him every ounce of metal, it is but a chance,—even a chance shot let him have ;—such things ere now have stopped many a roving Jackanapes. Look out now my hearts of oak—there's the sloop luffing to get him in range, let him have it—all together!"

The cutter's broadside and the sloop's chase guns belched forth their

sheets of flame, and a whistling volley of balls hurtled over the sea; but the Golden Glory seemed to move in a charmed circle, for although they fell over and around her, yet not a shred of rope yarn gave way: and something very like an ironical cheer came floating fitfully on the wind, as if in mockery of the want of skill display by the gunners; this was more than man-o'-war patience could brook—in came the Nautilus's studding sails as a gull would fold its wings; majestically she came round until her broadside bore full upon the flying schooner, then there was a mighty roar—a concussion as if sea and sky had met in one rude shock—a sudden burst of withering flame, and the eye could distinctly trace the flight of deadly missiles as they hissed through the air, a dusky cloud of death and ruin hurled lightning-like right upon the track of the apparently devoted Glory; but just as the flash issued from the muzzles of her guns the schooner whirled round to starboard, and seemed fairly to jump half a dozen lengths to windward of the track she had been pursuing; onwards sped the terrible storm of metal, and at the end of the milk white wake that marked the path she so suddenly and almost miraculously had luffed from, it struck the sea with the resistless shock and appalling force of a tornado, hurling aloft a pillar of foaming water as though a volcano had burst from the depths of the ocean. Had the poor little Glory been there the skill of the gunners would have been fatally verified.

A shout of admiration burst almost simultaneously from the crews of both sloop and cutter, the tribute that brave men could not resist paying to the almost unparalleled act of skill and daring that had saved the chase from the very jaws of destruction.

"'Tis a brave and skilful sailor that cons yonder craft!" exclaimed the stately commander of the Nautilus to the group of wondering officers that surrounded him on the quarter deck, "and worthy of a better calling!"

"'Tis just the trick of a born limb of Satan!" growled Captain Burton as he shut his glass together with a vindictive crash, "and will lead that chap to the yard arm, or Jack Burton is no prophet!"

Again the guardians of the coast swept along before the breeze in the vain hope of catching the coveted prize, but 'ere the shades of evening descended, the Golden Glory's sails looked like a spray of thistle down floating on the horizon.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON.

THE match for the Vice-Commodore's cup, open to all yachts belonging to the R.S.Y.S., came off on the 30th of December last. Time half-a-minute per ton, course from Farm Cove, round light-ship, and Sow and Figs, back round Fort Deniston, thence round a boat off Long Reef and back to Fort Macquarie; distance about 30 miles.

It was expected that this race would bring together all the large yachts, but from some cause or other only two entered, viz:—*Alerte*, 56 tons, and *Xarifa*, 81 tons; the race was therefore between the two largest yachts in the Squadron. The *Alerte* was built in England, and sailed out to the Colonies; she is a very handsome vessel, apparently possessing all the necessary attributes for speed.

The *Xarifa* was built here in Woolloomooloo Bay by Dan Shea, on a model peculiarly his own, and has won every race for which she has started, including an Ocean Race to Newcastle and back, against the schooner *Chance*, of Scotch celebrity, which vessel she beat by several hours, very great interest was therefore displayed in the meeting of this crack English vessel with our Colonial clipper.

The steamers *Vesta* and *Fairy* freighted with members of the club were in attendance to accompany the race.

At 11h. 30m., a.m., both boats were at their moorings, with main-sails and square-headed topsails set, and at 11h. 59m., a start was effected by the Vice-Commodore, of the *Alerte*, W. Walker, Esq., and *Xarifa*, C. Parbury, Esq.

The breeze was a steady whole-sail breeze from S.b.E., tide ebbing. *Xarifa* got first away, closely followed by *Alerte*, who soon overhauled her, and Bradley's Head was passed thus:—*Alerte* 12h. 11m., *Xarifa*, 12h. 12m.

Between Bradley's Head and the light-ship, as the wind became freer, and the *Xarifa* set a large jib-topsail, the *Alerte* gained nothing, but on the run back she passed Bradley's Head 2m. 45s. ahead of *Xarifa*, and rounded Fort Deniston 2m. 35s. before her.

In the second stretch down the harbour to the Heads, the *Alerte* gained about 3 minutes, but when she got into the seaway outside the Heads the *Xarifa* gradually decreased the distance between herself and her rival, and the flag-boat moored about six to seven miles to the north of the Heads, was rounded by the *Alerte*, only 3m. 30s. before the *Xarifa*.

After rounding, both boats made a short stretch, heading E.N.E., then went about together, heading to the southward, but they could

not fetch North Head, so both tacked again to the eastward for about fifteen minutes and once more stood for the Heads.

In the beat from the flag-boat to the Heads no perceptible change took place in the positions of the boats, neither gaining any advantage. But when they got within the Heads in smooth water, the *Alerte* gradually increased her lead in the run up the harbour, and passed the winning flag 7m. 55s. ahead. The *Xarifa* thus winning the race by 4½m. The time occupied in the race was 4h. 7m.

It was hoped by the admirers of both boats that they would have had another meeting on the 6th of January for the annual R.S.Y.S. cup, over a longer course, but the entrance list for the match closed with that of the *Xarifa* alone.

The *Alerte* has been dismantled, and is returning to England; she will be a sad loss to our fleet.

The *Ella*, a handsome little cutter of 11 tons, has just been launched by D. Shea for Colonel Richardson, and will prove a valuable addition.

Sydney, Jan. 21st, 1866.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

THE LIFE-BOAT WORK.

PEOPLE who live under paternal Governments and who are accustomed to look to the State for protection and guidance in all the emergencies of life, would be strangely perplexed to witness the magnificent manner in which some of our great benevolent Institutions are supported and managed in this country. When the stormy winds rage round our coasts, as they have done of late, thousands of Englishmen are in peril of their lives, and can often only be rescued from death by an organized life-boat system of succour and relief.

We accordingly have pleasure at the conclusion of one of the most stormy seasons on record, in calling public attention to the National Life-boat Institution, and to the great results of its labours during the year that is past—and again its active Committee and officers gratefully acknowledge the blessing which Divine Providence has bestowed on their endeavours to rescue human beings from death by shipwreck.

The Committee naturally feel great need of the continued encouragement and aid of their fellow-countrymen, as they are deeply sensible of the responsibility involved by the important work which they have undertaken to pursue on the coasts of the United Kingdom.

At present the Institution is infinitely more than an office or an agency. By the circulation of facts which it maintains, it interests the whole

public, awakens sympathy, excites to effort, and is continually submitting itself and its work to general supervision. Thus, though it may be possible at the present moment to say that the Institution has not reached this or that place to supply its wants, yet it is chiefly owing to what the Institution has done to interest the public in the subject, that isolated cases of deficiency attract notice ; while the principle of progress at work in it is a guarantee that at no distant date every want will be supplied.

As in late previous years, the most noticeable feature in the history of the Institution during the past twelve months, is the large number of splendid gifts of the entire cost of new life-boats presented by individuals, or by inland towns, that have desired to show their sympathy with the cast-away mariner on our shores, and take some share in the work of affording him help in the hour of his need.

The Committee notice the circumstance of the formation of a society similar to our own on the shores of France—"La Société Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufrages," with the gallant Admiral Gigault de Genouilly acting as its President, and which body already possesses no less than eleven life-boats on the self-righting principle, all of which have been built by Messrs. Forrest and Son, under the direct superintendence of this Institution.

In common with the generality of the British public, the Institution regrets the loss sustained by the community at large by the death of Vice-Admiral Fitzroy, R.N., whose laborious and zealous exertions, in the Meteorological Office of the Board of Trade, so greatly contributed to the benefit of the shipping community by the establishment and practical working of the system of "International Meteorologic Telegraphy ;" by which the approach and direction of storms were foreseen and made known, with considerable accuracy, to all the principal sea-ports of these islands.

The details of the year's proceedings of the Institution may be concisely stated as follows :—

The large number of thirty-seven new life-boats have been built, and most of them already placed on the coasts of the United Kingdom. Of these, nineteen have been provided to new stations, seventeen have replaced worn-out, decayed, or unsuitable boats, and one was sent to the Lizard Station, where the previous boat had been knocked to pieces on the rocks.

The Institution has in addition extensively advertised its readiness to establish and maintain a Life-boat Station on any part of our coasts, where need could be shown, and local agency provided. It must be

•

remembered however, that a boat is nothing without a crew. A life-boat station requires not only a life-boat but seamen to man her, and residents to superintend operations. The Institution, it is obvious, can supply only the first want; the others must be satisfied on the spot; and here lies the real difficulty, for money cannot always purchase what is requisite.

The life-boats of the Institution number one hundred and sixty-two; through their instrumentality, *five hundred and thirty-two* lives have been saved during the past year, nearly all under circumstances when no other description of boat could have been used. They have likewise been the means of saving twenty vessels, and on eighty-five other occasions proceeded to the assistance of vessels showing signals of distress, or being in apparent danger, but which did not ultimately need their aid. For these services, and for the saving of one hundred and eighty-two lives by shore-boats and other means, the Institution has granted rewards amounting to 1,790*l*.

The Committee deeply regret having to report that at the beginning of the year three men were lost from the crew of the small life-boat stationed at the Lizard Point, Cornwall, by the upsetting of their boat, when performing the quarterly practice—a service which has been found indispensable to give the crews of the life-boats a practical knowledge of their properties and requisite management, and to maintain them in a general state of efficiency. This unfortunate accident was, it is feared, caused by the imprudence of the coxswain, who unhappily perished on the occasion; but the Committee feel that accidents must be expected sometimes to occur; and they have been forcibly reminded by this calamity that although they provide those who man the boats with every known means of safety, yet that the work in which they are called on to engage must ever be one of more or less peril, and therefore entitles the brave and hardy men who engage in it to the credit and praise which have ever been awarded to those who have exposed themselves to danger for the benefit of others, or for the public weal. As illustrative of that danger, the Committee cannot refrain from referring to the case of the *St. Ives* life-boat, the crew of which, when endeavouring to save the lives of those on board a French schooner on *Hayle Bar* in October last, although their boat was twice upset and they themselves thrown into the sea, yet twice regained her, and nobly persevered in their efforts until all but one of the French crew were in their boat, that one having perished in attempting to reach her.

As usual, shipwrecks have been during the past year very numerous on the coasts and in the seas of the British Isles. It appears from the

Wreck Register of the Board of Trade that they amounted to 1,731, attended unhappily with the loss of 472 persons,

It is, however, an encouraging fact that the preservation of life from shipwreck continues steadily to make progress, and that the average loss, instead of being as in former years 1,000 per annum, is not now more than 600.

With regard to the operations of the Institution in the very important duty of saving life, the fact that the large number of 532 lives have been saved in 1865, exclusively by its life-boats, bears ample testimony to the activity and success with which these services have been performed.

Again, 182 lives have been saved in the same period by fishing-boats and other means, a result due, in a large measure, to the encouragement the Institution gives to their crews to put forth their utmost efforts to save human life.

GENERAL SUMMARY OF 1865.

	£.	s.	d.
Number of Lives rescued by Life-boats, in addition to 20 vessels saved by them.	532
Amount of Rewards to Life-boat Crews	1,770	1	11
Number of Lives saved by Shore-boats, &c.	182
Amount of Rewards to the Crews of Shore-boats	120	10	0
Honorary Rewards: Silver Medals	9
Votes of thanks on Vellum and Parchment	27
Total	36 714	£1,790	11 11

This large number of 714 lives is entirely independent of the 189 lives saved by the rocket apparatus, which is worked by the Coastguard, and provided by the Board of Trade, who continue to co-operate heartily and zealously with the National Life-boat Institution.

Altogether nearly 4,000 lives were saved last year from various shipwrecks in the seas and on the coasts of the British Isles by life-boats, the rocket apparatus, and various other appliances, such as steamers, ships' boats, fishing and shore boats, &c.

Could a history be written of all the services rendered by the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution, it would contain more golden deeds than Plutarch and his successors ever culled from the annals of war.

The total number of lives saved during the forty-two years from the establishment of the Institution in 1824, to the end of the year 1865, either by its life-boats, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, are 14,980.

Let any one think of the large number of human beings thus rescued, in numerous instances, from the very jaws of death, as in the service so nobly and perseveringly performed by the St. Ives life-boat before referred to ; and let him think, on the other hand, of the fearful calamities that have overtaken the unhappy crews and passengers of the ships *London*, *Royal Charter*, and others, and he will then have some conception of the gratitude which British and Foreign sailors, who are constantly exposed to such calamities, express to the National Life-boat Institution and its supporters, for the magnificent fleet of life-boats provided on our shores for their succour in the hour of their deep distress.

An interesting summary is given by the Institution of the cases in which honorary and other rewards have been voted. It appears that during the past year 9 Silver Medals, 27 Votes of thanks inscribed on vellum and parchment, and 1,790*l.* have been granted for saving the lives of 714 persons by life-boats, shore and fishing-boats, and other means, on the coasts and outlying banks of the United Kingdom.

It is satisfactory to know that our boatmen and fishermen, all over the coast, know now that their exertions in saving life from shipwreck are promptly and liberally rewarded by the National Life-boat Institution, in proportion to the risk and exposure incurred in the zealous service ; and in this way a spirit of emulation and activity is fostered and encouraged on the coasts of the British Isles, productive of the best results to the shipwrecked sailor.

In this important work the Committee have continued to receive the prompt and cordial co-operation of their active colleague, Commodore A. P. Ryder, R.N., Controller-General ; also of Capt. J. W. Tarleton, R.N., C.B., Deputy-Controller-General, and of the Officers and men of the Coastguard Service, to whom the best thanks of the Institution are hereby tendered.

Since the formation of the Institution it has expended on life-boat establishments 136,881*l.*, and has voted 82 Gold and 759 Silver Medals for saving life, and pecuniary rewards to the amount of 22,140*l.*

The cordial co-operation of Local branch Committees, which constitute so important a portion of the machinery for the supervision of the several life-boat establishments of the Institution, is readily rendered.

The total amount of receipts of the Institution during the year was 28,989*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* ; and of this noble sum no less than 9,254*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* were special gifts to defray the cost of 23 life-boats. We append the list as it is probably one of the most magnificent ever published, and apparently the liberality of the public in this life-boat work knows no bounds.

Holy Island—Lady W. 600*l.*; *North Sunderland*—Mrs. Austice, 400*l.*; *Baxley*—Eleanor Duchess of Northumberland, 450*l.*; *Newbiggin*—Miss Hopkinson, 400*l.*; *Cullercoats*—P. Reid, Esq., 400*l.*; *Tynemouth*—Collected in Pontefract and Goole, by A. Hale, Esq., and W. Porter, Esq., 300*l.*; *Sunderland*—Collected in Derby by W. Peat, Esq., and others, 480*l.*; *Boston*—A Lady, per T. Jones Gibb, Esq., 300*l.*; *Ramsgate*—Collected in Bradford by Charles Semon, Esq., ex-Mayor 400*l.*; *Kingsdown*—William Ferguson, Esq., 300*l.*; *Shorsham*—Miss Robertson, 300*l.*; *Hayling*—Messrs. Leaf, Sons, and Co. 550*l.*; *Worthing*—Miss M. Wasey, 582*l.*; *Ilfracombe*—George Jeremy, Esq., and Mrs. Jeremy, 400*l.*; *Aberdovey*—Collected in Berkshire, by Capt. Stephens and others 489*l.*; *Cemlyn*—Mrs. Vernon, 200*l.*; *Whitehaven*—Miss Leicester, 300*l.*; *Maryport*—Henry Nixon, Esq.; 550*l.*, *Castletown*—Commercial Travellers' No. 2, per Messrs. Bishop, Affleck, and others 252*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.*; *Peterhead*—Dundee People's Journal No. 1.; *Arbroath*—Ditto No. 2—Collected by J. Leng, Esq., and W. D. Latto, Esq., 800*l.*; *Anstruther*—A Lady (H. H.) 600*l.*; *Courtown*—Collected in Manchester, by Robert Whitworth, Esq., and others 300*l.*

Amongst the many gratifying donations to the Institution since the last Report, occur the following, the receipt of which the Committee gratefully acknowledge :—

Miss Mary Ann Sandford, per Henry Wittey, Esq., Colchester. 500*l.*; Joseph Pease, Esq., Darlington, 100*l.*; Lady Maxwell's Contribution Box is the hall of her house, 3rd donation, 2*l.* 15*s.*; the *Quiver Magazine Life-boat Fund*, per Messrs. Petter and Galpin, and the Rev. Teignmouth Shore (on account), 800*l.*; X. Y. Z., 100*l.*; Offertory at St. James's Church, Ratcliffe, including 240 farthings, the savings of a Sailor's Widow, per Rev. J. Malcolmson, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Lady Martin, in memory of her Brother, the late Admiral Sir H. Byam Martin, K.C.B., 100*l.*; collected by Master Henry Hall, of Clevedon, and one or two of his Schoolfellows, 8*s.*; a Sailor's Daughter, per Messrs. Drummonds, 3rd donation, 100*l.*; F. Blockey, Esq., for finding the body of a gentleman drowned off Bagdad, 5*l.*; proceeds of the Devon and Cornwall Life-boat Bazaar, per Mr. G. P. Rowell, 464*l.* 5*s.*; W. Gore Langton, Esq. 100*l.*; Idemnity Mutual Marine Insurance Company, 5th donation, 105*l.*; collected by Miss Harton, Highbury, 11*l.* 11*s.*; collected by an invalid Boy, per Rev. E. S. Currie, Maplestead, 2*l.* 16*s.*; proceeds of a Penny Reading-room, per Rev. W. T. Rooke, 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; the Dowager Lady Carew, 100*l.*; collected at Bristol by Mr. John Parsons, bookbinder, amongst his fellow-workmen, 1*l.*; collected by a little Girl at St. Ives, per Mr. James Young. 10*s.*; Penny Readings' Committee at Blockley, per R. B. Belcher, Esq., 5*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; Annie, for those in peril on the sea, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Officers and Ship's Company of H.M.S. *Peterel*, per J. Richards, Esq., R.N., 6*l.* 10*s.*; Miss Florence Nightingale, 20*l.*, with her prayer "that God would continue to bless as he had so manifestly blessed the humane work of the Life-boat Institution;" a Widow's mite, 2*s.* 6*d.*; the Ancient Order of Foresters, additional donation, 90*l.* 1*s.*; a "Middle-

class Man," 100*l*. ; contributions in coppers by Pupils at Surrey House, Littlehampton, per G. Neame, Esq., 2*l*. ; Osgood Hanbury, Esq., a small token of his respect to the memory of his son who was drowned in H.M.S. *Nerbudda*, wrecked off Cape Aguillas, 10*l*. 10*s*. ; Children at the Worsley National School near Manchester, per Mr. J. Raldwin, 12*s*. ; from the Officers of the 7th Rifle Depot Battalion, Winchester, per Rev. R. Norton Cartwright, Esq., 15*l*. 3*s*. 6*d*. ; City of Exeter Life-boat Fund, per Mr. T. B. Gibbs (first instalment), 400*l*. ; the Sheffield Life-boat Fund, per T. Jessop, Esq., 300*l*. ; Scholars of Wesleyan Day School, Bristol, per Mr. Mawbey, 10*l*. 13*s*. ; from Hamburgh, by "One Saved, with God's help, by a British life-boat from a wrecked steamer," 5*l*. ; Proceeds of a Concert given by some of the crew of H.M.S. *Lizard*, Oban, N.B., per Lieut. J. B. Telfer, R.N., 8*l*. 9*s*. 6*d*. ; A Sailor's Widow, 10*l*. ; the Oxford University Life-boat Fund, collected per Rev. G. S. Ward (first instalment), 400*l*. ; and the Cheltenham Life-boat Fund (first instalment), collected per Rev. W. Hodgson, and Captain Young, R.N., 400*l*.

Legacies have been bequeathed to the Institution during the past twelve months by—

Captain Hugh Brown, Kilmarnock, N.B., 100*l*. ; John Thomas Roper, Esq., Woolwich, 500*l*. ; Mrs. Anne Warner, Widcombe, 250*l*. ; Miss Anne Frances Smith, Greenwich, 50*l*. 15*s*. ; Miss Mary Frances Woodburn, Kensington Park Gardens, 300*l*. ; William Hollins, Esq., Over Wallop, Southampton (Stock) 500*l*. ; Richard Thornton, Esq., Old Swan Wharf, London Bridge, 2,000*l*. ; Mrs. Frances Gates, Leamington Priors, 5*l*. ; Samuel Horton, Esq., Priors Lee, 100*l*. ; Mrs. Mary Ruston, Kingeton-upon-Hull, 100*l*. ; Miss Jemima Bennett, Sloane Street, Chelsea, 90*l*. ; John Jacobson, Esq., Glasston Dock, Lancaster, 19*l*. 19*s*. ; Capt. John Sykes, R.N., Bolsover Street, Portland Place, 100*l*. ; Mrs. Betty Coles, Tunbridge Wells, 50*l*. ; Thos. Travers Taylor, Esq. Southport, 500*l*. ; James Davidson Shaw, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, 400*l*. ; William Chafyn Grove, Esq., Mere, 100*l*.

During the past year 16,259*l*. 2*s*. 11*d*. were expended on additional life-boats, transporting-carriages, boat-houses, and necessary gear ; 5,478*l*. 9*s*. 11*d*. on the expenses of repairs, painting, refitting, &c. ; and 4,986*l*. 1*s*. 7*d*. in rewards for services to shipwrecked crews, coxswains' salaries, and quarterly practice of the boats' crews ; making altogether, including liabilities amounting to 8,249*l*. 2*s*. 10*d*. for Life-boat Stations now in course of formation, and other expenses, a total of 36,725*l*. 17*s*. 4*d*.

For a considerable saving in the item of transport to their stations, of new life-boats and carriages, the Committee again express their thanks to the several Railway and Steam Packet Companies, who have most liberally conveyed them to all parts of the United Kingdom, free of charge.

The items of receipt and expenditure are fully detailed in the financial statement, audited as usual by a public accountant.

It is a great satisfaction to find, that year by year, the sphere of the operations of the Institution has continued to extend, and that the public support has fully corresponded with the extension of those labours.

We would, however, strongly urge on all who recognize the sacredness of human life, the duty, and even the privilege to help forward the life-boat work—a work which has hitherto been manifestly blessed by Providence, and which has brought relief to many thousands of men who, instead of being on this very day valuable members of the community, would have been long ago engulfed in the raging waves of the tempest, leaving in many cases widows and orphans to suffer not only the misery of bereavement, but the pangs of destitution.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—A special general meeting of this Club was held at the Club-house, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday, March 21st; the Commodore (Lord A. Paget) in the chair. The minutes of the quarterly general meeting (Jan. 24th) were read and confirmed, and the resolution passed for holding in future only one general meeting (in the month of March). The report of the committee was also read and approved, and after some discussion as to the latest time for the entry of vessels, the following sailing programme for the ensuing season was agreed to, viz :—

May 19th.—Yachts to assemble off the Union Yacht Club House, Gravesend, at 1h. 30m. p.m., to sail thence in company, under the orders of the Commodore. The Commodore will hoist his flag on board the *Xantha*.

May 21st.—For schooners (luggers to class with schooners), yawls, and cutters; three prizes of £100, £50, and £50 value respectively, one for each rig; the first vessel to receive the £100 prize; open to vessels of any Royal Yacht Club; to sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim, to the satisfaction of the committee, vessels to carry their usual boats, anchors, and cables; a pilot but no extra hands allowed; no time allowance; no restriction as to canvas; and no limitation as to the number of friends on board; from off the Nore Light to Dover Harbour, viz., to start from a line marked from the Nore Lightship to a buoy moored on the Cant Sand.

May 24th.—For cutters of the first and second classes,—First class, any tonnage exceeding 35 tons, prize value £100; second class, exceeding 20 and not exceeding 35 tons, prize value £50; course, from Gravesend round the Mause and return; half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage in each class; entries to close at ten p.m. May 22nd.

June 9th.—For schooners belonging to the R.T.Y.C.,—First class, exceed-

ing 100 tons, prize value £100 ; second class, not exceeding 100 tons, prize value £80 ; and yawls belonging to the R.T.Y.C. exceeding 50 tons, prize value £80 ; quarter of a minute time allowance for difference of tonnage, course, from Gravesend round the Mouse Light vessel and return to Gravesend ; entries to close Wednesday, June 6th, at ten p.m.

June 23rd.—For cutters of the third and fourth classes ; third class exceeding 20 tons, prize value £30 ; fourth class, 7 and not exceeding 12 tons, prize value £30 ; half-minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Course : from Erith round the Nore and return. Entries to close at ten p.m. on Wednesday, June 20th

Entrance 1s. per ton (o.m.) to be returned on the vessel competing for the prize. Vessels entered for the second (cutter) match must be off Gravesend to be measured at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, May 23rd ; those entered for the schooner and yawl match on Friday, June 8th ; and those for the fourth (cutter) match, on Friday, June 22nd. Yachts possessing R.T.Y. Club certificates of measurement and which have not undergone any subsequent alteration, will not be required to attend. The rig, tonnage, port, and distinguishing flag must be declared to the secretary, at the club-house, Albemarle-street, on or before the last night of entry. Dinner at the Union Yacht Club House at six o'clock precisely.

Clyde Yacht Club.—At the first monthly meeting of this Club, held in the Globe Hotel on Wednesday evening, March 7th, the following gentlemen were unanimously appointed office-bearers for the current year, viz. :—Commodore, the Hon. George Frederick Boyle, Garrison, Millport ; Vice-Commodore, Francis Powell, Esq., Torr Aluinn, Dunoon ; Rear-Commodore, John M. Rowan, Esq., Atlas Works, Glasgow ; Members of Committee—Messrs. John Eaton Reid, Adam Morrison, James M. Forrester, Richard Ferguson, Thomas Falconer, Charles Henderson, and A. McClellan ; Measuring Officers—Messrs. James Miller, James Grant, jun., and Robert Hart ; Auditors—Messrs. D. Buchannan and Robert M'Intosh ; Hon. Treasurer—Mr. Wm. York, jun., 156 West George Street ; and Hon. Secretary—Mr. B. Barton Bell, 108, West George Street. The annual report was read and adopted, and a statement was handed in by the Treasurer of the Funds at the disposal of the Club, which shows a very satisfactory balance. It is expected that the prizes to be offered at the Annual Regatta will considerably exceed in number and value those presented by this enterprising Club on any former occasion. The opening cruise usually takes place on the first Saturday of June, and starts from Gourrock Bay ; the Regatta about the middle of July ; and the closing cruise on the last Saturday of August, the muster of yachts on all former occasions has been numerous, thus apparently proving that sport had been appreciated. The Club has always been very fortunate in securing the services of office-bearers who have at all times taken a deep interest in its success, and the thanks of the Committee are especially due to the Hon. George F. Boyle, the Commodore, who has neither spared time nor exertion when the welfare of the Club was concerned.

It is gratifying also to observe the steady progress of the Club is making in its sphere of usefulness. It originally started with the intention of supplying a want felt on the Clyde, namely, of affording yacht owners of eight tons and under, an opportunity of not only testing the merits of their respective crafts, but also of acquiring a practical knowledge of seamanship ; now however, it is found necessary to deviate from this plan, and adopt an extended classification. A motion was accordingly laid on the table to the following effect, "that the yachts of the Club shall be divided into the following classes, viz :—

1st class yachts	not exceeding	35 tons	
2nd "	do.	do.	15 "
3rd "	do.	do.	8 "
4th "	do.	do.	4 "

And after some few remarks had been made on the subject by some of the members present, it was resolved to discuss the matter at greater length at the next meeting.

The following gentlemen were then proposed as Members:—John C. Boyd, Esq., Belfast Foundry, Belfast ; James Eadie, Jun. Esq., Dalmarnock House, Glasgow ; Thomas Downes, Jun., Esq., St. Vincent Crescent, Glasgow ; James Glen, Esq., Irongate, Glasgow ; John Dempster, Esq., Glasgow ; Donald Fletcher, Esq., Alt-na Mohr, Tigh-na-craich.

Royal Eastern Yacht Club.—A meeting of this Club was held in the Club-room, No 8, Princes Street, Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 1st of March, the Hon. Bouverie Primrose in the chair. It appeared from a statement given in by the Treasurer that, after spending £235 upon the regatta held at Granton on the 8th of June last, paying the rent of the Club-rooms and all other expenses connected with the club, there was a balance of £16 in hand. It was stated that the Committee appointed to provide for the accommodation of the Club, had succeeded in acquiring more central and commodious premises at No. 102, Princes Street, which would be ready for the reception of the club in May next. It was afterwards resolved that the annual regatta of the club should be held at Granton on Thursday the 29th June.

Royal Victoria Yacht Club.—The annual dinner of this Club was held on Wednesday, the 7th ult., in London, at the Albion ; Commodore Thelsson presided, supported by Vice-Commodore the Right Hon. Lord Burghley. There was a numerous attendance of members ; the regatta fixtures for 1866 were much approved of, and the announcement that the Commodore, Mr. J. Richardson, and Mr. T. Broadwood, had presented cups of the values respectively of £100, £130, and £60 for Ocean Matches from Ryde to Cherbourg and back elicited considerable enthusiasm.

Prince of Wales's Yacht Club.—The March general meeting of this Club was held on Monday the 12th ultimo, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Vice-Commodore Long in the chair, when the following officers and committee

were elected for the ensuing year. Commodore, Mr. G. Harrison; Vice-Commodore, Mr. C. Long; Rear-Commodore, Mr. Sadlier; Treasurer, Mr. P. Turner; Cup Bearer, Mr. Webster; Secretary, Mr. G. Legg; Auditors, Messrs. A. Turner, Webber, and Knibbs. Measurers of Yachts, Messrs. Cecil Long, R. Sadlier, E. Knibbs, and F. H. Lemann. General Committee, Messrs. Benson, W. Bain, J. Burton, F. O. Buss, R. Hewitt, F. H. Lemann, Logie, W. Massingham, F. Rosoman, Smith, Low, G. Powell, and Hounsell.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The general meeting was held on the 19th ult, at the Club-house, over which the worthy Commodore presided. After the usual preliminary business had been transacted, fifteen gentlemen were added to the club registry. The Sailing Committee submitted their programme to the meeting which was approved, and the following fixtures appointed.

June 5th.—An Ocean race to Harwich. 8th, match for first class cutters for prizes of 70gs, and 20gs, Erith to Nore and back, and on July 7th, matches with second and third class cutters for prizes of 30gs., 20gs., and 5gs. over the usual course.

The opening trip is fixed for May 12th.

Ranelagh Yacht Club.—At the last monthly meeting the worthy Treasurer, Mr. Lenthall, stated he had received a letter from Col. Evelyn complaining of a paragraph which appeared in this *Magazine*, wherein it is stated that Col. Evelyn had only attended once during the last year of office—this was most certainly a misstatement on our part, and we can only say we regret exceedingly that an unintentional error should have for one moment disturbed the harmony of a Club for which we have the greatest respect.

Editor's Locker.

A YACHT SWEEPSTAKES.

13, *Pembroke-road, Dublin, March, 1866.*

SIR.—As the scheme I put forward through your *Magazine* for November 1864, and May 1865, for establishing a Champion prize amongst racing yachts, has never been taken up by my brother yachtsmen, I am tempted to lay before them another plan for getting up a *big race*, and thus improving the system under which regattas are conducted, which has been suggested to me by reading the conditions of the Waterloo Cup, and may perhaps find favour in the eyes of those gentlemen who are fond of match sailing. I propose to establish a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each amongst the owners, builders, &c., &c., of the fastest yachts either already afloat or preparing to be launched, to close on 19th May next,—a period when few, if

any of the principal matches will have been sailed. Each subscriber to nominate a vessel on the afternoon of the 2nd July, or pay 5 sovs. forfeit; the race to be sailed in July, say the day before that fixed for the regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, and to be over their first-class course. A committee of management and a set of rules, which may be those of the Royal Thames or Royal St. George's Yacht Club, to be agreed upon at a meeting of the subscribers, held in London on the 19th, May, when a treasurer or banker to receive subscriptions can also be appointed; and the amounts of the first, second, and even third prizes settled. If the owners of the Alarm, Albertine, Aline, Arrow, Astarte, Audax, Banshee, Christabel, Circe, Creusa, Dione (new), Egeria, Enid, Fiona, Gertrude, Gloriana, Hirondelle, Intrigue, Madcap, Marina, Menai, Mosquito, Niobe, Phryne, Pantomime, Phosphorus, Speranza, Viking, Vindex, Osprey, Volante, Wildfire, Witchcraft, and Xantha, with those of the new vessels building by Fife, Ratsey, and Wanhill, as well as on the Thames, Solent, or Mersey, sometimes on more open waters, and which would be looked forward to as the Derby or Waterloo Cup are at present.

Every sportsman knows how eagerly nominations to the above great stakes are sought for by owners; and I cannot see why yacht racing should be the only sport depending on *public* money for its prizes. Where would racing be, with its £280,767 run for last year; or coursing, if sweepstakes had not been set on foot? Besides their good effect has not been merely confined to increasing tenfold the amount of sport, but by inducing owners, &c., to pull together has brought all racing and coursing meetings under a uniform code of rules and system of management—to say nothing of the establishment of a central tribunal to which appeals on disputed points may be made, an arrangement which *yacht racing wants*, and which, would prevent the absurd rules and decisions which every year brings forth.

Oh! for such a man as the Admiral to tell sailing committees, as he did the stewards of Limerick races the other day, "that they must not, by absurd local regulations, set aside the established laws of racing!" Nothing would tend more to bring about such a code of laws than the setting on foot of such an annual prize as I describe, where owners and persons who understood the subject would be contending for their own money and not for that of other people. If any gentleman willing to assist in getting up a race on the above plan will communicate with me, I will try what can be done; and if a sufficient number join, a second-class race for cutters under 40 and schooners under 60 tons, might also take place at the same time, when we might expect to see the Aquiline, Avoca, Coolin, Echo, Emmet, Fiery Cross, Glance, Kilmeny, Mars, Phantom, Secret, Torpid, Thought, Xema, and Wildflower, represented.

RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

TABLE OF AMOUNTS WON, 1865.

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Times Startd	Times Won.	Amount £	Builder.
Ænone.....	J. Corbet, Esq.....	2	1	10 0	Henesey
Ærolite.....	J. P. Dormay, Esq.....	2	2	22 0	Aikenhead
Alarm.....	G. Duppa Esq.....	3	2	150 0	Inman
Alarm.....	A. Spoor, Esq.....	4	2	11 0	
Alexandra.....	St. Clair Byrne, Esq....	5	4	71 0	Millwall Iron Co.
Algerine.....	F. Rosoman, Esq.....	5	3	41 0	Payne
Aline.....	O. Thellusson, Esq.....	4	2	200 0	Camper & Nicol's
Amber Witch....	Sir H. H. Bacon, Bart.	1	1	10 10	Wanhill
Ariel.....	T. M. Read, Esq.....	1	1	20 0	Halliday
Arrow.....	T. Chamberlayne, Esq...	2	1	157 10	Owner
Astarte.....	W. Battersby, Esq.....	10	1	21 0	Day & Co.
Amulet.....	T. Tippinge, Esq.....	1	1	25 0	Wanhill
Avoca.....(sch)	H. Godwin, Esq.....	1	1	25 0	Inman
Banshee.....	J. Jones, Esq.....	7	1	50 0	Owner
Blanche.....	R. Morris, Esq.....	5	4	40 10	N. & S. Club
Chlora.....	G. N. Duck, Esq.....	4	4	51 18	Fife
Christabel.....	A. C. Kennard, Esq....	15	4	115 0	Aldous
Cinderella.....	T. H. Head, Esq.....	7	4	41 10	Fife
Circe.....	G. Harrison, Esq.....	2	1	50 0	Steele
Clara.....	J. Pim, Esq.....	1	1	8 0	Ranelagh
Clytie.....	S. Harwood, Esq.....	2	1	5 0	Marshall
Coral.....	Captain Bailey.....	6	5	14 3	Balley
Dagmar.....	R. Jacques, Esq.....	2	1	4 0	Duck
Daphne.....	W. Thompson, Esq....	1	1	20 0	Edwards
Deva.....	J. Grindrod, Esq.....	1	1	20 0	At Chester
Don Juan.....	W. Cooper, Esq.....	2	2	40 0	Hatcher
Dudu.....	Baldock & Rudge Esq...	9	4	36 0	Hatcher
Edith.....	W. Clarke, Esq.....	2	1	5 0	Fife
Ellen.....	R. Rose, Esq.....	3	1	6 0	Temple Y. C.
Efflu.....	J. Stainton, Esq.....	1	1	5 0	Dover
Egeria.....	J. Mulholland, Esq ...	2	1	100 0	Wanhill
Excelator.....	D. Bryce, Esq.....	1	1	10 0	Clyde
Fairy Queen.....	G. Grant, junr. Esq....	1	1	15 0	Clyde
Fiona.....	H. Lafone, Esq.....	9	6	440 0	Fife
Folly.....	W. L. Parry, Esq.....	4	1	12 0	Hatcher
Ganymede.....	L. J. Crossley, Esq....	3	2	56 14	Barrow
Gertrude.....	M. & T. Hayes, Esq....	5	4	160 10	Wanhill
Gipsy.....	T. Fuller, Esq.....	3	1	5 0	Stow & Son
Glance.....	E. Johnson, Esq.....	16	8	427 10	Hatchef
Glide.....	D. Fulton, Esq.....	6	1	20 0	Owner
Gloriana.....	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq...	1	1	100 0	Ratsey
Hirondelle.....	Lord H. Lennox.....	4	2	60 0	Wanhill
Ianthe.....	F. Moore, Esq.....	3	2	12 0	Balley
Ida.....	R. Hocking, Esq.....	4	2	22 15	
Intrigue.....	F. Edwards, Esq.....	4	3	110 0	Ratsey
Iris.....	H. Harrison, Esq.....	1	1	12 0	N. & S. Y. C.
Ivy.....	Captain Cator, R.N....	5	3	92 0	Marshall
Jessie.....	J. Adams, Esq.....	1	1	2 0	
Kilmeny.....	A. Finlay, Esq.....	14	6	195 0	Fife
Kitten.....	W. H. Clabburn, Esq....	5	1	12 0	Harvey
Kittiwake.....	Capt. P. Iremonger.....	4	3	87 10	Owen
Lancet.....	Captain Earle, R. N....	1	1	2 0	
Laura.....	D. D. Abbot, Esq.....	1	1	20 0	Cork

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Times Startd	Times Won.	Amount £ s.	Builder.
Laura	W. J. Kerr, Esq	2	2	26 0	Hatcher
Leobia	D. J. Penney, Esq	2	1	30 0	Wanhill
L'Hirondelle	Ste. Croix, F. de, Esq..	7	7	70 0	Clarke
Little Vixen	B. Hatchman, Esq ...	1	1	6 0	Temple
Luna	J. McCurdy, Esq	5	2	33 0	Fife
Marina	J. O. Morice, Esq	9	1	50 0	Ratsey
Mayflower	R. F. Hawke, Esq	3	2	63 0	Design'd by White
Mermaid	J. Gardner, Esq	1	1	4 0	Temple Y. C.
Metra	J. Douglas, Esq	3	2	17 0	Sunderland
Meteor	J. R. Bridson, Esq	1	1	6 6	Morrison
Mist	Major Longfield	1	1	5 0	
Mosquito	T. Houldsworth, Esq	11	6	428 0	Mare
Mystery	T. Griffiths, Esq	1	1	15 0	Aberdovey
Myth	R. J. H. Harvey, Esq	1	1	20 0	N. & S. Club
Nelly	T. B. Restrick, Esq...	1	1	15 0	Plymouth
Niobe	W. Gordon, Esq	10	9	487 10	Hatcher
Octeroon	F. H. Lemann, Esq...	8	4	76 10	Hatcher
Pearl	J. S. A. Dunbar, Esq	1	1	50 0	Sainty
Phantom	R. Huxtable Esq	1	1	10 0	Swansea
Pilot	Capt. Mackwood	1	1	10 10	Scarborough
Pixie	R. Boyle, Esq	1	1	5 0	Waterman
Queen	Capt. Whitbread ...	4	4	116 0	Hatcher
Quiver	Capt. Chamberlayne...	1	1	15 0	Owner
Red Rover	S. Nightingale, Esq...	7	5	27 15	N. & S. Y. C.
Reindeer	B. Reynolds, Esq	2	1	3 0	Beccles
Reverie	J. Courtauld, Esq ...	1	1	5 0	Steele
Rifeman	W. Antill, Esq	2	2	10 0	Temple Y. C.
Ripple	H. Power, Esq	1	1	4 0	
Ripple	G. A. Aufrere, Esq ...	1	1	12 12	Hatcher
Rosalind	J. Hogg, Esq	3	3	4 0	Oulton
Satanella	Capt. Bennett, Esq ...	8	3	70 0	Aldous
Scud	J. Morgan, Esq	7	3	24 0	N. & S. Y. C.
Secret	T. D. Keogh, Esq	9	1	40 0	Wanhill
Sneezes	F. W. Hammond, Esq	3	1	5 0	Bray
Speranza	B. H. Jones, Esq	3	1	75 0	Wanhill
Stella	G. Farrow, Esq	1	1	8 0	
Stella	W. Lean, Esq	1	1	5 0	Cornwall
Surge	W. W. F. Hay, Esq ...	1	1	70 0	Fife
Surf	J. Tempest, Esq jun...	3	2	94 10	Fife
Syren	R. J. H. Harvey, Esq	3	1	15 0	Mollett
Thyra	F. Thompson, Esq	1	1	10 10	
Torch	D. W. Finlay, M.D	9	8	156 0	Fife
Torment	J. Todhunter, Esq	4	3	7 0	
Vampire	T. Cuthbert, Esq	7	5	143 15	Hatcher
Vespa	A. Adams, Esq	2	2	15 0	Plymouth
Vesper	G. Bevan, Esq	1	1	20 0	Rubie
Vindex	A. Duncan, Esq	14	2	71 0	Millwall Iron Co.
Volante	H. C. Maudslay, Esq	14	5	205 0	Aldous & Hatcher
Virago	J. Kyre, Esq	1	1	15 0	Dyrne
Vixen	Col. Wilson & Millard	6	1	10 0	N. & S. Y. C.
Waterhily	H. P. Green, Esq	4	3	45 15	N. & S. Y. C.
Wave-Crest	J.G.M. Ridehalgh Esq	2	1	12 12	Windermere
Witchcraft	T. Broadwood, Esq ...	4	2	150 0	J. S. White
Xantha	Lord A. Paget, M. P. ...	2	2	60 0	Harvey

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

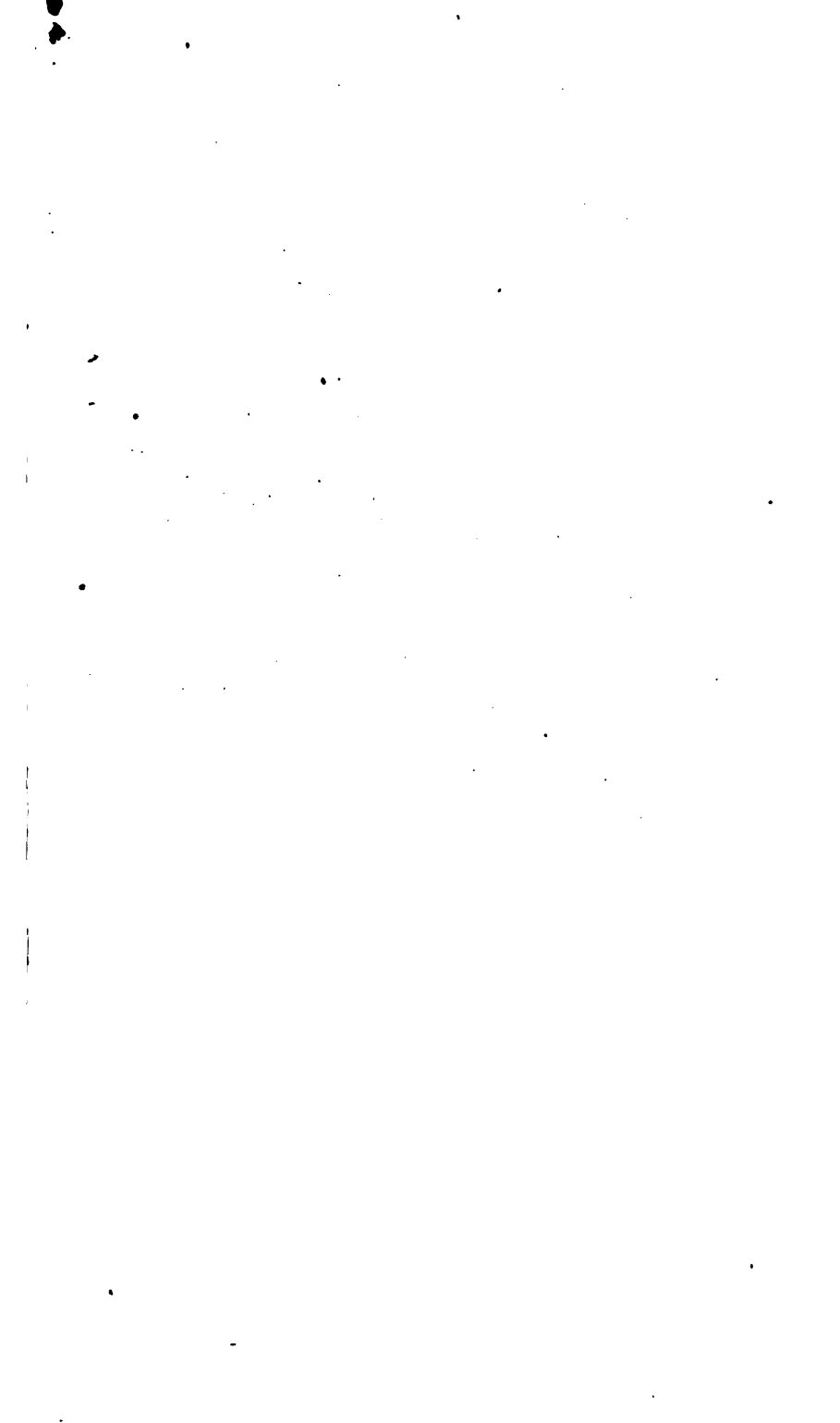
- May 21.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel Match, Nore Light to Dover.
 24.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—1st and 2nd class, Gravesend round the Mouse and return.
- June 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 5.—Royal London Yacht Club—Ocean Race, Thames to Harwich.
 8.—Royal London Yacht Club—First Class Match, Erith to Nore Light and back.
 9.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooners and yawls, Gravesend round the Mouse and return.
 14.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 14.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.
 19.—Royal Western Yacht Club, Ireland—Regatta at Queenstown.
 22.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Regatta.
 23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club.—3rd and 4th classes, Erith to the Nore and return.
 28.—Royal Eastern Yacht Club—Regatta at Granton.
 30.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
- July 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 3.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta on the Clyde.
 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd Classes, Erith to Nore Light and back.
 10.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.
 11.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Regatta.
 12.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.
 17.—Royal Cork Yacht Club—Regatta at Queenstown.
 20.—Kinsale Harbour Regatta.
- Aug. 9.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Oulton.
 13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta Week.
 18.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Ryde to Cherbourg.
 21.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Cherbourg to Ryde.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WELL WISHER.—We shall if possible comply with your request, but the compilation of the tables will take some time.

R.V.Y.C.—The double skirted gaff-topsail alluded to by "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," is nothing more than the ordinary gaff-topsail, with a second foot piece in the sail, so that a foot piece hangs on either side of the tritatic stay, and double sheets and tacks can be worked in beating to windward, without the difficult and uncertain manœuvre of hauling the foot of the sail over the stay each time that the vessel goes about. We are not aware whether this plan has yet been tried, but should recommend it to the notice of yachtsmen; it appears to us an excellent plan and very feasible.

R., Lowestoft.—Pitch pine is the heaviest; we should recommend red or white in preference, taking into consideration the size of your vessel.





HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1866.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It is my intention, "should it suit your book," to inflict upon the readers of the Yachting Magazine under the above title, a few occasional papers compiled from notes made upon a certain cruise, with certain companions, *quorum pars parva fui*.

Now as every cruise must have a *There*, though some are unlucky enough to have no *Back again*, it may be as well to declare at once the *There* to which those are bound who will give us the pleasure of their company. That is easily told—no great novelty, merely a sail down the Western Coast of Spain and Portugal in a crack schooner, with a raid every now and then into the interior of those Countries as occasion offers. Only a yachtsman's yarn, reeled off with the sole purpose of amusing himself, and if possible, his brother yachtsmen. One word more, as the yachtsman's time is quite his own, and as one great element in his pleasures is his total immunity from all those obligations to be punctual which so annoy the landsman, so do I stipulate for the precious right of irregularity: I protest at starting to any smutty-faced printer's Diabolus besetting my door with the stereotyped whine, "Please sir, master wants more copy." I am proof against a legion of such demons, and against them is my oak perennially sported: the local color would be quite destroyed, did these papers lack that uncertainty which

attends all cruises, they shall not be so found wanting; sometimes when the afflatus is on, my pen will fly along with a free sheet, at other times be prepared for the dead winds and calms of business or pleasure creating a temporary hiatus in the series.

And now, Sir, as the preacher says, "Seventeenthly and to conclude," as soon as you and your readers are tired of the way "There," give but the slightest hint, and I will straightway land you at the nearest port from which you can find your way "Back Again."

THE CHRONICLER.

CHAPTER I.

*“χαῖρε δε νυν φιλη Μαρναν
χαῖρε εἰς τον νυν χρονον
Ἐ ναυς γαρ παρεστι καὶ ὁ ανεμος πνει
Απειμί δε πρὸς τον ποντον Μαρναν.”*

ΑΝΘΝ.

AT LAST we were ready for sea; what between our own dilatoriness, custom-house formalities, and foul weather, we had been detained in Kingstown Harbour until the good ship Guendolen ran some danger of "grounding on her beef bones," while her officers were brought to the confines of frenzy by the cheerful remarks and criticisms of of such few club loungers as still smoked their cigars and consumed their brandy and soda on the balcony of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

"What! not gone yet?" said No. 1.

"You ought to have been inside the Straits a fortnight ago," said No. 2.

"Very late in the season for crossing the Bay," croaked No. 3.

"I hope you are all insured," harked in No. 4, and so on in a chorus of chaff and gloomy prognostication, rather trying to short tempers.

One morning however things wore a brighter aspect; the "watched pot," had boiled over at last, the final portmanteau had come on board: we had our last wrangle with the tide waiters, and the clerk of the weather ashamed no doubt of his inconsiderate conduct had chained up obstreperous Euroclydon and let out a quiet well-behaved northern, who happened to be going our way, blue-peter therefore shimmered at the truck, the "doch an' dhurrus" was quaffed, the anchor crawled up, the head sails flew up, the band on the pier

struck up, and the handsome schooner bending gracefully to her work, glided out of the harbour to the air of "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

The wind, though favorable, was light, and we slipped across the Bay of Dublin in a very *rallentando* fashion, as though taking a lingering farewell of old Ireland, so slowly indeed that evening succeeded to afternoon, and we were still but a few miles to the southward of the harbour's mouth. A gorgeous sunset gave hopeful promise of the morrow, and as daylight passed away into the west it cast its glories with lavish hand over the lovely panorama before us. There was Kingstown, a busy foreground with its harbour and shipping; grey-green hills in the middle distance, ultra-marine mountains rising behind in abrupt contrast with the golden sky beyond. In the north and south Howth and Bray Head, calm and grand sentinels, kept their endless watch and ward, and for the whole distance between their outstretched arms, a thick sprinkling of villas and suburban hamlets gave life and gladness to the scene.

Most travellers have found a likeness between the bays of Dublin and Naples, but every one must miss from the Irish Bay the grand feature in the Italian landscape, the mighty Vesuvius. On this night however even this parallel was not altogether wanting, for from the conical summit of Sugar Loaf, a dark fantastic cloud tipped with the fire of the setting sun, mounted majestically to heaven, and for the nonce Ireland was possessed of a volcano nearly as grand, if not so dangerous, as the terrible beauty which is at once the boast and terror of "*La bella Napoli.*"

As we are now fairly underweigh, the present may perhaps be a good opportunity, to introduce reader and read about, to each other. Allow me then to do so with all due formality, but in as few words as possible, leaving it to the future pages of this narrative to perfect the acquaintance. Living in those parts of the Guendolen which lie abaft the foremast were the following quartette.—Mr. William Binnacle, Skipper elect; Benjamin Bolt, first Lieutenant and Photographer to the expedition; Richard Marlinspike, Ship's Artist; and Thomas Bowling, principal Medical Officer and Band. One of these four is also chronicler and historian to the party, unfortunately he is afflicted with the national complaint, modesty, therefore though he usually writes in the first person, he wishes it to be understood

that he intends to slide into the third whenever he can thereby better conceal his personal identity.

To the above add the crew, consisting of steward, cook, valet, first and second mates and six seamen, fifteen souls.

————— and all agog
To go through thick and thin."

Lastly the live stock, intended to play a great part in the Albanian cock covers, two Irish retrievers, Jack and Barney; two clumber spaniels, Rattle and Scamp, and one pointer, Don.

I am sorry to add that the peace, love, and harmony which reigned amongst the other members of the community did not extend to the inhabitants of the kennel, who delighted "to bark and bite as 'twas their nature to."

But let us leave the dogs and return to our "*moutons*." Twilight gave place to night, and a cheery light streaming upon deck through the cabin skylights tempted us below. Snug enough it was in all conscience, polished walnut as to the fittings, whitest of white paint with neatest of gold beading for the ceiling, green Utrecht velvet, that most comfortable and adhesive of materials in a rolling sea, for upholstery, a swinging moderateur for light giver, in the fore bulk-head of the cabin a small bright fire for warmth, a snowy cloth and symptoms of dinner in the centre, and a piano abaft, at which Tom Bowling the melo-maniac immediately sat down, and went near to raise the hatches with his great basso-profundo, and a finger that the instrument obeyed with trembling.

As for the rest of the party, Messrs. Dick Marlinspike and Ben Bolt, coiled themselves up on a sofa, leaving space between them for a mild game of shilling *àcartè* pending dinner hour, and that ancient mariner Bill Binnacle got out his parallel ruler and "dividers," and set to work to lay down the course for the night upon an intractable chart that would curl up.

We had to call in at Lymington before we "went foreign," in order to get rid of racing gear, and be put into cruising trim, a proceeding which though a dreadful bore was inevitable: had we known that it would be a good fortnight before our keel would divide the muddy waters of Lymington Reach, I doubt if we would that evening have drank success to the cruise with such gusto.

CHAPTER II.

THE ISLES OF SCILLY.

"(Master).—Speak to the mariners, fall t't it yarely,
 "or we run ourselves aground,—bestir, bestir,"
 * * * * *

"(Gonzalo).—Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The Wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death."—TEMPER.

Early next morning hastening on deck to sluice away sleep with half a dozen buckets of salt water, we discovered that the wind had freshened and veered away to the north-east, Guendolen was bowling along in good style and everything bid fair for a quick run to the Land's-end; at the same time there was a breezy look in the sky and a glare out of the east and south-east that betokened plenty of wind and to spare, and in good sooth "The trot became a gallop soon."

As the day wore on, the wind increased, and topsails had to be taken in; later still "Shorten sail" was the word, and by bed time, the Irish Channel provoked by its natural enemy the English east wind, became decidedly Fenian and turbulent, and that yeasty fizzing so pleasant to listen to, and which is only to be heard when a sharp vessel is cleaving smooth water, gave place to the loud effervescence of shattered waves as the schooner tore through them at the rate of eleven knots. As we lay in our berths that night, we found sleep a very difficult point to weather. Certain sounds on board ship are magnified in a most alarming way, until you get used to them. If a coil of rope is thrown carelessly on deck, or a spar gets loose from its lashing and rolls away to leeward, it is hard to believe that the mast hasn't gone! If the table is not on the swing and a few plates or tumblers get capsized, it sounds like a whole china shop gone to wrack and ruin, and as things had not as yet found their proper places, and were lying anywhere "just for the present" there were plenty such sounds to keep us awake.

On such occasions, well is it for him whose berth is on the lee side, since by no possibility can he fall out of bed, while the probabilities are all the other way with him who occupies a weather berth; your thoroughly seasoned old Salt somehow seems exempt from the laws of gravity in this matter, or else there may be in his case a provision of nature, by which he is enabled to develope

tentacles, or suckers, or whatever it is that enables a fly to walk on the ceiling; it is a question for a naturalist,—but no such provision existed on this occasion for Tom Bowling, whose whole attention was diverted from the search after sleep to the attempt to keep himself “cabinned, cribbed, confined,” within the limits of his bed—Ben on the contrary, who was lying opposite to him snugly to leeward had no such difficulty to contend with, he—happy man, was in a position to bid his shipmate good night, with a selfish chuckle over his own happier fate, all too ignorant or oblivious of the fact that the lee berth hath perils of its own, which must be guarded against, or with all its comforts it is likely to become a “Fools’ Paradise.”

So was it with Ben, he soon fell asleep but his slumber was not peaceful. He dreamt, and no matter how his dreams began, they all ended in shipwreck and disaster—Was it the reproachful Welsh rabbit of last night’s supper, or could it have been a foreboding of coming misfortune? Certain it is, that just as Tom was beginning to cheat himself into the belief that he was at last off, he was roused again into perfect wakefulness by an appalling shriek.

“Help! help! for God’s sake heave us a rope”! And the next instant Ben had bounced out of his berth, and staggering with the pitch of the vessel clutched at Tom to save himself, thereby nearly bringing that gentleman out of his bed with a run—Tom felt grossly aggrieved, and I am afraid his language was the reverse of complimentary, but when he had rubbed his eyes a little and saw how things really were, he fairly roared with laughter.

Poor Ben’s dreams had not been altogether imaginary, for there he stood miserable and shivering, drenched from head to foot with real salt water, not a whit less wet than if he had been actually overboard. The fact was that he had neglected to fasten the cabin skylight before turning in, and a huge wave having discovered the weak point in his defences, cleared the weather quarter with a bound, floated open the heavy skylight, and thence fairly plunged into bed with him, not forgetting to deluge every stitch of his clothes which lay on the bunk below.

It was weary work at that un-aired time of the morning, to be sitting on a soppy sofa, vainly endeavouring to light a spluttering candle, whose wick had been saturated with salt water, and Ben soon gave up the attempt in disgust, and shouted for the steward.

Stewards are wonderful men, and never taken aback by any marine catastrophe, so almost before our friend had removed the traces of his ducking, lo! a hammock was swinging in the main cabin and ready for him to take possession of.

"Take possession of—aye, there was the rub"—this being Ben's first essay he didn't find it quite so easy to take possession; not anticipating any great difficulty, he stood upon the sofa and drawing the edge of the hammock towards him, made his spring, the next instant he and his bed clothes were lying in a confused heap on the floor: he had miscalculated the centre of gravity, and the whole thing flew round and spilt him out—nothing daunted he tried again; once more he mounted the sofa and drew his hammock towards him, but having gained experience in the school of adversity, he waited this time until a roll of the ship brought the unhandy affair close to him, then laying his body right across it, he launched himself forth into mid air—but it wouldn't do; the least attempt upon his part to get either legs or body inside the hammock, threatened him with a repetition of his previous misfortune, and there he hung helplessly, like the *effigies* of the Golden Fleece over a draper's door, till his cries once more summoned the steward by whose help he managed ignominiously to scramble in. The art of getting unassisted into a hammock is not to be acquired in one lesson.

On awaking next morning we found the vessel hove to, and a whole gale blowing, what was worse no one had the slightest idea of our whereabouts! The fault was the first mate's,—he had duly received the course from Bill Binnacle, but had neglected to heave the log all night, trusting to the Longships Light which we had sighted before going to bed; but a fog arose and he got confused between the Lighthouse and the Ships' lights, of which there are always plenty in that part of the channel: then he became alarmed, and instead of reporting the matter bore away to leeward from fear of collisions, and when finally quite bewildered, hove to and "wished for the day."

In this dilemma we were not sorry when the fog lifted a little and we saw at no great distance from us a pilot boat lying—to like ourselves. In answer to our signal she bore down to us, and ranged alongside, and by mighty shouting and telegraphing we learnt that we had sailed and drifted some five and twenty miles to the

southward of the Scilly Isles, to which the pilot belonged. Under the adverse circumstances of a storm, a mountainous sea, and a dead beat to windward, there was but one course open to us, which was to follow our leader to the port of Hugh Town, the capital city of Scilly, which is situated on the Island of St. Mary's, the largest and most important of the group—so signalling the pilot to go ahead we eased off the staysail sheet, and were soon following in her wake.

It certainly was a grand spectacle that angry sea as we plunged into its shadowy caverns, or rose labouring over its brilliant green and foam flecked wave-crests. Sea birds with curious eye poised themselves aloft and screamed their welcome to us, and at a short distance ahead of us sailed the snug little pilot, squatting like a duck upon the troubled waters, and with her stump of a mast and scraps of sails defying the storm. On we sped—with difficulty restraining the aristocratic Guendolen from taking the lead from her lowly sister, and thus more than an hour passed and still no sight of land; but the morning was thick and it could not be far off. Presently a man “shinned” up the rigging of the pilot boat, and seated on the cross-trees peered forward into the haze; he remained there but a short time before we heard his hoarse cry of “Land Ho!” penetrating the storm din; in about ten minutes the grey loom of land was seen faintly through the fog, and in half-an-hour it focussed itself definitely into islands. Presently the water became smooth, and land on three sides surrounded us, we had entered the British Archipelago, and were gliding through a host of large ships, who like ourselves were thankful for the shelter afforded by the fine roadstead of Scilly.

The harbour of Hugh Town is dry at low water, consequently we could not enter therein: wishing however, to anchor as near as possible, we held on till just abreast of the pier head, here our course was, for the present run; down came foresail, staysail and jib, out rattled the chains through the hawse-pipes, and in a few minutes Guendolen was riding at her two anchors, with spars and rigging all ship-shape and a-taunto.

First impressions of a new place depend far less upon its intrinsic merits, than upon the state of mind and temper of those visiting it, and therefore ours were of a mixed character. It was certainly most vexatious at the very outset of our journey, to be driven so far to

leeward for want of keeping our reckoning properly, and this would incline us to look on Scilly with an evil eye, but on the other hand, though not included in our programme, Scilly was worth a visit, if for no better reason than that it lies so far from all beaten tracks, as to be comparatively virgin soil to the tourist. On comparing notes we found we had all to confess to much ignorance on the subject of these out-of-the-way islands. We knew nothing of their history—(if they had any); of their politics—(if politics had reached so far); of their commerce—(if indeed the nation had attained to the comprehension of more than the first principles of barter). We speculated as to whether Woad was still the fashion, and if the religion should prove to be Druidical; in short it was somewhat in the spirit of a Columbus or Speke, that we stepped into the gig and were rowed ashore.

We found Hugh Town a clean well built little sea port, but bleak withal, the almost total absence of trees giving it a cold unfurnished appearance. There was however, no lack of activity or industry, several fine sloops, schooners, and brigantines were lying on their bilges in the harbour, from which the tide was rapidly receding, and on stocks on the beach was building a fine vessel of some 800 tons, in an advanced condition.

The day was most unpropitious for a country walk, the morning fog having determined itself into a down pour of rain, nevertheless clad in waterproof, we pushed on for a mile or two into the interior, and were rewarded by a succession of the dreariest landscapes possible, and by an enhanced appreciation of the comforts of our floating home when we got back there. * * * * *

For six days after our arrival the east wind continued to blow dead on end, and our patience became exhausted. We determined at last that from whatever point the wind might blow on the morrow we would be off, and that nothing short of a tempest should stop us. The seventh day came and still the east wind blew, but we kept our word and went at it manfully. Six days was rather more than enough for us to form our impressions of Scilly and its inhabitants and these are they.

In the first place, it may be well to warn possible tourists against addressing any of the three thousand islanders by the rather natural nomenclature of "Scilly People"—perhaps they may have got tired

of hearing bad punsters ring the changes on so tempting a theme, but at all events they don't like it and they won't have it. Two or three times we were rebuked for this inadvertence by a grave—"Scillonians if you please gentlemen;"—certainly, oh most friendly islanders!

The produce of these regions, as far as our limited opportunities of observation went, seems to consist of whiting-pollock, potatoes, pumpkins, and pretty girls;—the last two items attesting that we were creeping southward. Not that I wish to infer that the South has any monopoly of pretty girls, but that the type differs, and instead of the fair complexions, the golden hair, and the soft blue eyes which as a national characteristic of British maidens, mark the chaste kisses of the Saxon Thor, the long black sweeping eyelash masking the battery of the dark dangerous orb behind it, and the rich coloring of the skin betokening a warmer blood than that which glides sedately through the veins of your northern beauty, here gives a tropical character to human nature, and invests it at once with

"The shadowy livery of the burnished sun."

The Scillonians are an amphibious race, ploughing land and sea with equal industry for a living. Unlike their congeners—the fish, however, they are by no means cold blooded, but exhibit among their yeoman population a hearty, honest hospitality which is not always to be met with under the cold shade of aristocracy—and an account of one of our days will exemplify this.

One of the principal things to be seen at St. Mary's is a curious group of granite boulders, known by the name of "The Pulpit Rock." It is the lion of the place, not only on account of its interest as a natural curiosity, but because it is possessed of a sinister historic association, overlooking as it does the spot where some hundred and sixty years ago, a considerable part of the British fleet was wrecked, and hundreds of brave men found seamen's graves among the breakers, which roar hungrily around the Gilstone rock below. As for their leader Sir Cloudesley Shovel, his body was recovered, and now occupies an honored grave in Westminster Abbey. I doubt if it be so fit a sepulchre for him as down there in the depths of the sea, side by side with his brave companions.

This was clearly the spot to pick up a photographic reminiscence of the Scilly Isles, but as the way was long and devious, and

the apparatus heavy, we made enquiries at the clean little inn as to whether we could engage a gig or trap of any sort to convey us thither, and having received a reply in the affirmative, gave orders that it should be in readiness by a certain hour. We were punctual, but the vehicle was not, and after a lapse of perhaps a quarter of an hour, fearing that the sun might be overclouded we determined to shoulder our packs and go a-foot. Scarcely however had we buckled them on, when the door opened, and a stout jolly looking yeoman burst into the room in a profuse state of perspiration and apology, he had been detained by the proprietor of the Islands, who had required a horse and gig, and who, being the great man of the place, the monarch of all he surveyed, was of course entitled to be served first, so horse and gig No. 1, had gone to do honor to the potentate, and all he could offer us was a broken down "Shandrydan," and a steed which must have been a lineal descendant of "*D'Artagnan's* famous," "*Cheval jaune*" immortalised in "*Les trois mousquetaires*."

As the Isles of Scilly are not "Longchamps" our personal appearance gave us very little concern, on the contrary it afforded us a fine opportunity for airing our wit, and accordingly we were very funny at the expense of our turn out, and its driver, who nevertheless took our facetiæ in the best part, laughing as loudly as any of us.

In due time we reached the site of operations, Pennennis Head, where stands this primeval pulpit. The sea was roaring at the base of the Cyclopean boulders of which it is built, tearing its way among them, and dashing jets of foam high and silvery into the air,—it was indeed well worth a visit. What resistless force, what a war of elements must have raged when these huge blocks of granite were wrenched from the rocky womb of the mountain, and tossed about in the fantastic ruin in which they now repose!

Here the "Shandrydan" pulled up, and in a minute Ben Bolt was up to his eyes in collodion, dark tents, cameras and lenses, and the business of the day commenced. Tom Bowling ascended to the top of the sounding board, and there (no doubt from a sense of insecurity) assumed an attitude strongly suggestive of a gigantic frog,—our Jehu's son, who had followed us up on horseback, *posed* himself below in the most approved cavalry style—heels down, toes in; and from the pulpit itself a Scillonian Demosthenes in the comfortable person of his father, harangued the tumultuous ocean! Ben

seized the propitious moment, and in a few minutes Demosthenes had finished his oration, and was peering with astonishment through the negative at the microscopic portrait of himself therein delineated.

The principal object of our trip being successfully accomplished, we proposed to return, but Demosthenes was not the man to do things by halves. The honor of the Isles was in his hands, and he insisted on driving us through the length and breadth of St. Mary's, and driven through it we were in its (may I say dull) totality, beguiling the way as we went with song and jest, our charioteer still affording us a target for the shafts of our wit, and as before apparently enjoying the joke hugely.

I do not know what chance word escaped him, but something he *did* say caused the horrible suspicion to flash across each of our minds, that instead of a mere hireling who might be expected to stand any amount of "chaff" in prospect of a little extra "*back-sheesh*," we had been grossly outraging the feelings of a courteous host! and this suspicion became certainty, when the yellow horse was pulled up short before the gate of a luxuriant little garden, and our conductor descended and invited us to walk in, and partake of a little refreshment.

I shall not attempt to describe with what confusion of face we began with one accord to make excuse,—in the mere memory of the affair I feel humiliated! but our entertainer did not seem to see it in the same light. He had been all along perfectly unaware of the *equivogue*, and with difficulty seized the idea, but when he did, he roared louder than ever—so genial, genuine a laughter I never met. Of course we walked in, indeed he would take no denial—and then in a snug little summer house we found that with hospitable forethought he had prepared a veritable feast of fruit, wine, spirits, &c., while a sheaf of long English pipes and an open box of "Birds' Eye," invited us to smoke the calumet of peace. All honor and kindly feeling from the Guendolenians to their warm hearted friend. We may never meet again, but none of us are likely to forget the "Shandrydan," the "*cheval jaune*," or their hospitable owner.

The chart of the Scilly Islands is a piece of hydrography, calculated to scare the boldest navigator, so endless and intricate are the shoals, rocks, ledges and banks, which lie in wait to bring him to grief. Woe to the rash wight who should attempt pilotless to cruise

among the treacherous channels, such a one could scarcely fail to change his ship for that black craft, of which old Charon is skipper. On the other hand, with a good pilot there are several anchorages in the group, varying in depth of water and possessing good shelter. Like the inhabitants, though somewhat rugged, the Scilly Isles are not inhospitable if approached with a proper introduction.

It is not very easy to say of how many islands the group is composed. There is a tradition among the inhabitants that there is one for every day in the year, but there is of course a large spice of *cicerone* exaggeration about this as the most partial enumerator could not put down more than twenty worthy of the name of island, and even that number would include some that would be more truthfully defined as rocks above water. Out of these twenty, seven only are inhabited, and out of the three thousand souls which form the population, about one half reside in Hugh Town.

The whole of these islands, which belong to the Duchy of Cornwall, are (if our informant was correct) held under lease by one gentleman, who from his Castle at Trescow, rules the Scillonians with patriarchal if not feudal sway, the solicitude of this Lord of the Isles for his subjects extending (so we were told) to the limitation of the annual number of marriages. Possibly among a primitive and contented population like that of Scilly, the judicious exercise of such a prerogative is acquiesced in as a paternal measure for the general good, and it must be acknowledged that the general well-to-do thriving look which is every where apparent speaks well for the code, whatever may be its peculiarities. However, it is neither to praise or censure that I mention the matter, but simply because I am struck with the contrast these islands afford, when compared with another more nor'-westerly portion of the realm, where it is the fashion to look upon landlords as tyrants and exterminators, and where the notions prevail, that the owner is only trustee for the tenant, and that the payment of rent is a grievously oppressive anomaly. Goodness gracious! what an uproar would arise in that very green land, should any theoretical landlord therein attempt to introduce the Scillonian system upon his estate!

On the top of the hill overlooking the town stands the fort, and therein dwelt the garrison, some six or seven artillery men whose lives are an idyl. Once however, martial ardour and activity prevailed in the island, and considerable fortifications, and (for their

time) heavy ordnance, attest that in a strategic point of view, St. Mary's was regarded during the last French war as a position of importance. Now, however, the thirty-two pounders lie stretched along the sward, the grass grows out of their touch holes, the rabbit securely nibbles at their muzzles,—the stern bastions too have a softened aspect, and have adapted themselves to the gentle necessities of peace. They now form the "Alameda" of St. Mary's, whereunto resort, (so we were told) the bright eyed Scillonian damsels to listen to that tale, which though it is such an "old, old story," has never since furze began to blossom abated one jot of its interest.

But I must allow Scilly and the Scillonians to fade away from the readers mind, as next morning its outline faded away from our eyes in the blue mist of the coast line. For England ho! was our cry, and on a heaving sea with all sheets close-hauled, we thrashed our way towards the Land's End.

(To be continued.)

THE LINES OF A 30 TON YACHT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY A YACHTSMAN.

THE accompanying lines of a 30 ton yacht have been sketched for this *Magazine*, more with the intention of giving its numerous readers some idea of the mysteries of yacht planning, and of the form of a fast yacht of the present day, such as either the Kilmeny or the Glance, or one of that school, than of submitting them as perfect specimens of naval architecture, or lines from which to build a vessel. The curves are by no means so gradual as we could have wished, owing to the drawing materials at our disposal being ill-adapted to so small a scale, at the same time we trust to a certain extent they may stand the test of professional criticism, and also that of our amateur yachtsmen, and we freely invite any friendly comments that they may be inclined to make, feeling sure that they will tend as much to the interest of your readers as they will of instruction to the writer. All that we ask is, that commentators will remember that criticism is at all times easier than composition, and we also hope that they will make allowance for an indifferent draughtsman, as well as for unprofessional failings.

It would have been possible here to have gone into the subject of

yacht building, from the keel to the topmast truck, as well as of the rigging, ballast, &c., were it not that that a series of most interesting papers, called "Practical Notes on Yachts and Yachting," have already appeared in this *Magazine*, so that any attempt on our part to go fully into the question of construction, rig, ballast, &c., would be considered a vain repetition, and render the writer liable to the imputation of being a copyist. It is true that these papers were written some little time ago, and experience has since proved that some alteration in the proportion then given may be advantageously made, still they contain information most valuable for the requirements of the present time, and therefore do not require recital. We must not forget to mention also some admirably written chapters on the above subject, which your readers must have noticed quite lately, and which would still further render superfluous any similar observations.

Our remarks will therefore be confined to a description of the lines we have endeavoured to draw, and in doing so we hope to be able to make our amateur friends, to a certain extent, conversant with the theory of yacht building, which after all is not such a very mysterious science as they may possibly think.

After having made up his mind to build a yacht, the designer would naturally consider the purpose for which his vessel was required, and upon the result of such consideration would depend the form to be adopted. One man will require a vessel for some particular purpose, while another will require it for quite an opposite use. Again, one may be restricted to a certain draught of water, while another may be unrestricted, so that, putting aside the wild fancies of the amateur, whoever builds will of course have to consider his own particular requirements.

For our purpose a racing craft has been taken, which would have to contend as often on the comparatively quiet waters of the Thames, as on the more turbulent seas of Cork, Kingstown, and the Mersey, and these lines have been drawn with an endeavour as much as possible to combine the different qualifications that would be required from such a vessel.

Now if left entirely to his own resources, without the experience of the past or any models or books to refer to, the designer would doubtless plan out a very indifferent craft, but by careful study of the few books we have, as well as of the dimensions and performances of the most celebrated yachts of the day, conclusions may be drawn, which, with a little practical knowledge, will probably enable him to draught out such a vessel as shall be by no means a discredit to the amateur, and possibly

of credit even to the professional. No doubt many will say "why trouble yourself about dimensions, performances, or anything else?" "Go to one of our best professionals and give him an unlimited order." Excellent advice no doubt to those who have unlimited means,—for our best professionals are very expensive, and must of course be well paid for their well-known talent ;—or good advice to those who merely want a vessel to win them sundry cups, and a name, and have no other idea. But to the man whose means are not so unlimited and who really loves yachting as a sport, and who is as fond of a good race, as he is of a good cruise, it is a vast pleasure to sit down and draught out his own vessel, day by day improving the drawing, by taking in a little here, and making it a little fuller there, until he has got it to his liking, and a still greater pleasure week after week to see the picture gradually turn into a reality, and to watch her step by step from the stocks to the winning post.

Some will say "I don't want my yacht at the winning post, I want a cruising craft," so much the more reason for building your own craft, unless you know well the antecedents of the vessel you would buy, as though sometimes second hand vessels are to be had worth the money, it is a chance rarely to be met with, and it is something like satisfaction when caught in bad weather, to know what work and what timbers are under you. We once bought a second hand boat with a great flourish about, "oak framing, red pine planks, roughed copper belts, &c. &c.," but notwithstanding this glowing description she very nearly went down under us in the Channel, and we still have such a vivid remembrance of two schooners in the distance, the calculation as to the powers of the pump, the probable endurance of self and crew, and the feelings thereby created, that we should enter into the second hand market again; with very considerable distrust.

We will, therefore, suppose that we have made up our minds to build our own vessel, and for that purpose sit down with our drawing paper before us. The first thing to be decided upon, after fixing upon our scale, which is here a quarter of an inch to the foot, is the draught of water, the length and breadth of our intended vessel, and to get at these all important points we must ascertain the dimensions of the various craft, of the same class as our own proposed ship, which we consider the most worthy of imitation.

Now with regard to these proportions we find that such vessels as Fiona, Glance, Secret, Kilmeny, Phryne, and Torpid, have a length of very nearly five times, with a depth of a trifle over four-fifths their beam, while the Mosquito and Volante are little more than four times

with a somewhat lighter draught of water in proportion, and the *Phosphorus*, *Vindex* and *Thought*, are four and a-half times their beam, with a depth of four-fifths. All of these vessels are so well known, as having earned for themselves the highest reputation, that we shall not be far wrong in imitating any of the above proportions. We select for our model a length of five times, and a depth a little over four-fifths of our beam; the young amateur always bearing in mind that as you increase your beam so you may decrease your depth, while on the other hand you cannot increase your length without adding to your depth.

We have chosen these proportions not because we altogether consider them the best, but because they are those of the *Glance* and the *Kilmany*, which have been so often before your readers last year, and will be again this year. For our part we rather prefer the proportions of the *Vindex* and *Thought*, which we consider would make better weather of it in a tumbling sea, than those of longer proportions—though such opinion will doubtless be disputed—and they would be as swift in lighter weather.

It is very much to be regretted that the match between the *Thought* and *Torpid*, was not contested on the second day outside the Island, as was originally intended, as there was sea enough outside, and not I think excessive, to have fairly tested the merits of the different craft; and there could not be better examples of the very lengthy and deep, and the more moderately long and more moderately deep vessel. Such a match in such a sea would have been fraught with the greatest interest to the amateur, and I feel sure of no little advantage to our yacht builders. The great difficulty to be contended with is that of having to build a racing yacht for smooth as well as rough water, as for the former you may have almost any amount of length and depth, while on the other hand for the latter contingency, such proportion would be destruction, where buoyancy is the great desideratum. In fact it is difficult to imagine two more opposite requirements, and by no means an easy task to hit the happy medium.

Having now discussed in a slight degree the merits of the different proportions, we will return to our drawing paper, through which we must draw a perpendicular line, A.B. upon which we have to frame our depth, our breadth and our midship section. Having drawn this line we must pencil out our water line at right angles to A.B. and then from a given point, marking the rabbet of the keel, we must draw our depth. Now to get at our depth we shall have to calculate what length and breadth will give us a vessel measuring 30 tons, and having ascertained the beam—in this instance—to be 11ft. 3in. we take 9 ft., being its four-

fifths, as our depth, and allowing 2ft. 8in., for the height of the vessel above the water line, we mark out the rabbet of our keel and the water line—which are our first important points—without much difficulty.

(To be continued.)

ON SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

SIR.—A correspondent in January 1864, p. 13, offers suggestions on the above subject well deserving of attention, and several of them of adoption. The first of these is that a code should be adopted, not more extensive than can be contained in a book of the size of *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*. He has it seems composed a code containing some 8,000 separate signals, now I confess that I do not see how so great a number can be condensed into so small a space, the remedy however, is an easy one, reduce the number of signals to 4,000, which my own experience tells me is amply sufficient for all yachting purposes, in fact the code of the Royal Yacht Club, now Squadron, in use before the present one, and which I am bold to say was much more used than it has been, consisted of only 2,676 signals.

The next suggestion is that no flag should have more than one meaning—this also I approve of, as well as the plan of having as few flags in a hoist as possible, and never by any accident to exceed four.

The Commercial Codes though well fitted for commercial purposes, and where upwards of 70,000 combinations of four flags are wanted, so as to include every registered vessel, is but ill fitted for yachting intercourse, and the difficulty of reading the flags would of itself be an insuperable objection, but a still greater objection would be the number of flags requisite to work the proposed code—not less than 21, assuming that most yacht clubs have at least the ten numeral flags, I would limit the number to ten, and the universal pendant of *Hunt's Universal List*. Hoisted above the numeral flags it gives the number of the yacht, hoisted below the flags or in any other part of the rigging, it means a point of interrogation, thus in the Northern Yacht code 64 means “dine or dinner;” with the pendant, “will you dine with me?”—820 “seven o'clock,” all of which could be hoisted at the same time.

What I would propose therefore, that a code similar to the Northern should be printed with the flags of each club wishing to use it, figured in it too. Now I know from experience that there is not the slightest difficulty in signalling with another yacht working the Royal Northern Code, with other numerals, such as Ackers', provided she has the same book.

Your correspondent liberally offers it to any club or publisher, who will bring it out. Now, as author of the R.N.Y.C. code, I make you the same offer, without any condition of publication, and hereby beg you to accept of the accompanying copy, which may be of use in helping to attain the desirable object of a general code, each club to work it with its own flags.

5,860 signals can be made without exceeding four flags in a hoist, it will be seen what a great addition might be made under these conditions, especially as the names of yachts or owners might be dispensed with, as constantly changing, and the object provided for in *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAS. SMITH, *Commodore R.N.Y.C.*

Jordankill, April 1866.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

We have been favoured with the Annual Book of the New York Yacht Club, by which we are delighted to perceive that yachting interests are in the most flourishing condition in the Bay of New York, and the members of this distinguished club are as ever anxious to cultivate friendly relations with their British brethern. We perceive that the veteran Commodore Edwin A. Stevens, having declined re-election this year, William H. McVickar's Esq. has been selected by the club to fill that important office; it is with much regret that the resignation of Commodore Stevens has been accepted, but the selection of such a distinguished yachtsman to succeed him promises well for aquatic sport, and betokens the determination of the members that the *prestige* gained by the club under the commodoreship of Mr. Stevens, shall not be suffered to deteriorate.

Commodore McVickars is well known as being one of the most spirited and enthusiastic yachtsmen in American waters; he is the owner of the celebrated clipper schooner yacht the *Magic* of 112' tons; this vessel has proved victorious in every match she has sailed in, and not only from her great speed, but the symmetry and beauty of her model, is considered the champion schooner yacht of the New York Club; he has also been the owner of the *Mystery* schooner 97 tons, in which he made a cruise to Bermuda, and the *Haze* schooner in which vessel Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the Hon. Evelyn Ashley enjoyed some cruising with him during their visit to America in

1858. Such confidence is placed in the power and speed of Commodore McVickars' present vessel the *Magic*, that she is open to a match with any craft in the world of her tonnage and rig for 5,000 dollars.

The officers of the club for 1866 are as follows :—Commodore, William H. McVickars; Vice-Commodore, Alexander Major; Rear Commodore, Anson Livingston; Secretary, Hamilton Morton; Treasurer, Robert S. Hone; Measurer, Alfred W. Craven. Regatta Committee for June 1866 William W. Shippen, N. P. Hosack, and Fletcher Westray.

The Yacht list gives the names of 28 schooners, 11 sloops and 2 steamers, showing an aggregate tonnage of 3,500 tons, and number of hands employed on board 700. We understand there are several new vessels likely to increase the fleet during the approaching season; and the preparations for the regatta to be held in June next, lead to the anticipation that it will be one of the most brilliant aquatic festivals that has ever yet been held in New York Bay; it is understood that no efforts will be spared by himself and yachtsmen of similar enthusiasm, to render the inauguration of Commodore McVickars an epoch in the annals of the club: we have heard it rumoured that some of our English clipper schooners intend to put in an appearance upon this occasion; they have been long and anxiously looked for on the other side of the Atlantic; and they may depend upon a most courteous and cordial welcome, and plenty of sport. The prizes to be offered will be numerous and very valuable; amongst these we must remind our English readers, that the memorable cup won by the renowned *America*, at Cowes in 1851, still remains open to a challenge from the English Yacht Fleet, and will be defended by the entire American squadron.

THE CIGAR YACHTS.

A much smaller Cigar Yacht than that which we reviewed in our March number, has been built in France by Mr. Ross Winans, and recently arrived in the Thames. She now lies in the Docks alongside of her larger sister; we understand she displayed average speed in crossing the Channel, and though she did not encounter any weight of sea or wind to test severely her sea-going capabilities; sufficient evidence was given to the party of gentlemen who accompanied her enterprising owner, that considerable buoyancy is possessed by this style of hull. In the short sea she met with on the passage, she rose lightly to the waves, and clef through their crests in a remarkable manner; owing to the newness of her engines, and their probably not having yet begun to rum as smoothly as somewhat more work will cause them, no exact trial of speed was attempted, but we are informed that the average number of knots per hour, and accomplished with ease, was 10·2.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

PART VI.

On the morning of the third day after the adventure of the Golden Glory with the Royal Cruisers, that now notable little ship might be seen moving slowly along the coast of Cornwall, and in such proximity to the land as would lead to the inference that her destination was some of the ports which stud that rock bound shore ; a light breeze off the land just fanned her sails to sleep, the sea was like a sheet of glass, rippled here and there with occasional catpaws of air; the crew were grouped forward eagerly surveying the scenery as the vessel glided gently yet swiftly along, and evidently expecting their harbour was at hand, for the anchors were bent to the cables and ready for letting go ; on the quarter-deck by the companion hatch were Sebastian and Considine intently studying the torn scrap of an old and much worn chart, whilst the former frequently consulted an almost illegible manuscript, that from its well thumbed and ragged appearance seemed to have been a constant companion to the fragment of the chart and its students; ever and anon, both would gaze inquiringly at the shore as if they expected to recognize some particular headland or bay; but rocky promontory, out-lying rock, and rugged bordered estuary alternated in rapid succession—yet the particular land marks they evidently sought were no where visible.

“Tis like chasing Cape Fly-away, Captain Almonté !” at length exclaimed Considine, “and its just unlaying the tow line we paid out so handsomely to yonder Caroline and her consort ; what if all this yarn be but the effects of some feverish dream ?”

“No—no—no dream !” ejaculated Sebastian who appeared to suffer under painful agitation ; his dark eyes exhibited intense and feverish anxiety, he breathed short and hurriedly, and the nervous twitchings of his fingers, betrayed so much mental distress that Harry Considine regarded him with the utmost astonishment. “No—no—no dream—no dream Harry lad—do not say a dream !” he still kept muttering.

Harry relieved the seaman at the helm, unwilling that Sebastian’s unwonted agitation should be observed ; was this the man—could it be the same ?—that but two short days should change from the lion-hearted—iron-nerved sailor, that could look at a storm of iron hail whistling around him without even the quivering of an eye-lid !

Padstow and Trevoze Head were quickly left astern, and as noon approached they were crossing Watgate Bay.

"Well Captain Seb!" suggested Harry soothingly, "perhaps we have over run the land-marks during the early morning; it was but grey dawn when we picked up the land,—what say you for St. Ives Bay this evening, and run the coast again at day-light?"

But Sebastian heeded him not,—his features had become radiant with triumph; shading his eyes with his left hand he was pointing shorewards with the right, as if he dreaded some object would fade from his sight; quitting the tiller Harry sprang to his side, and there sure enough were those long wished for land-marks, that from chart, sketch, and description, and Sebastian's hourly and daily converse, had been imprinted upon his memory as though he had seen them from his very childhood: there was that high land of St. Agnes far away in the back ground, like a huge blue cloud floating in the air; and the lofty wedge shaped rocky promontory standing boldly out into the sea, with the two semi-circular bays looking so fair and peaceful—such secure resting places, save that a tiny streak of creamy looking froth made by the low water tide playing amongst the blackened heads of the spear shaped rocks, betrayed the fatal trap that at the height of flood lay concealed at their entrances; but where was the deep land-locked creek on the north of these two treacherous bays?—the schooner coming up by the wind, and the sharp stern tones of Sebastian's voice aroused him, and he perceived Almonté at the helm steering boldly in for the northern end of the reef, directly in the face of the promontory; it was now Harry's turn to experience those nervous sensations, the display of which by Sebastian all that morning had so astonished him; the latter was all himself again as if a mighty load had been removed from his mind, he was the cool—stern—strong nerved seaman once more, and the schooner even seemed to partake of his confidence, and cleft the water at her stern into spirting jets of froth, as she raced across the tide in for that appalling precipice of rock, as if it would rend asunder and allow her to pass scatheless into some enchanted haven; there was a half suppressed murmur forward—and Considine glanced furtively at Almonté, but was met by a cheerful smile, and a wave of the hand towards where a dark patch of water broke the ridge of white breakers that dashed against the precipice; a warning shout now burst from the crew and there was a rush aft as if they expected the bowsprit to be driven in fragments along the deck, but with a hoarse stern "Silence there forward and stand by your anchors!" Sebastian put the helm down and the schooner shot into a narrow entrance scarce twice the width of her beam—there was an audible respiration, as though of a long drawn breath of relief, resounded along the deck, and in a few

moments all hands were busy mooring the Golden Glory in a rock sheltered basin of water that a fleet of ships might have securely ridden in ; but the entrance to which would have defied the hawk-eyed vigilance of the wariest cruiser that ever flew pendant in pursuit of a daring smuggler.

Some hours afterwards Sebastian Almonté and Considine, left the schooner as if to explore the harbour thus strangely found ; urged by the light wind and her lug-sail the whale-boat sped merrily along towards the top of the creek ; from the entrance, for some three parts round, the same bold character of rock distinguished it, but at the upper part on the starboard hand this solid rampart had been rent by the action of the sea from without—and several arches naturally formed, afforded passages leading into the adjacent reef locked bay ; towards the largest of these picturesquely wild portals Sebastian steered the boat, with as fearless a confidence as he had previously exhibited in bringing the schooner through the dangerous passage of the creek, but as they dashed through the rugged opening into the expanse of water beyond, the careless *abandon*, that had given the character of mere recreation or curiosity to their boat expedition upon leaving the schooner's side, gave place to an earnest gravity, that indicated some event at hand ; upon the successful issue of which, like the reckless gambler's last hope—a mighty stake, or life itself depended.

"Bear a hand, Harry !" exclaimed Almonté, his usually firm voice trembling with extreme excitement, whilst large drops of perspiration rolled from his brow, "the moment is at last come that we have so often hoped for and yet dreaded, so far everything has turned out true, and—if *this*—but prove equally so !"

"Why then, captain, we shall have accomplished in a day, what has cost many a brave man's life, and if we fail?"

"Hold—we shall not fail !" shouted Sebastian as he sprang to his feet ; Considine had thrown overboard two light grappling irons at the first warning from Almonté ; himself amidships and the latter in the stern sheets had been feeling the bottom of the bay, as the boat proceeded slowly before the wind, but they had scarcely got two cables' lengths from the passage through the rocks, when Sebastian felt an object with his iron, which caused his excited exclamation ; to lower the sail and let go the boat grapnel was Harry's instant act, and then with a pair of lead lines they sounded long and carefully ;—suddenly they ceased their efforts—both had struck strange soundings—soundings that made the blood course wildly through their veins,—soundings that made them laugh and shout, and sing like a pair of roistering ne'er-do-weels ; that made them spring from thwart to thwart

of that whale-boat, and dance along the gunnel as if they meant to capsize her in the sudden exuberance of their joy ; and sundry otherwise so to demean themselves, as but ill became the staid respectability that should characterize the commander and chief-officer of such a respectable schooner as the Golden Glory :—Considine at length seized the lead line as if to assure himself that it was no illusion of the senses ; but Sebastian hastily divesting himself of his superfluous garments, made one end of a light chain fast to the thwart, and with the other, to which were attached slings and hooks, plunged overboard.

Two days were the crew of the Golden Glory taking in ballast,—ballast composed of the extraordinary soundings struck by Sebastian and Considine ; two whole days where those two whale-boats of hers incessantly employed ; it was really wonderful how the crew did raise that ballast ; how cheerily it came to the surface, and how those boats were made to fly backwards and forwards, between the schooner and that ballast bed ; indeed the best part of three days was thus consumed, for numerous were the sub-marine visits paid by the resolute and daring Sebastian to the bottom of that bay ; no Indian pearl diver ever displayed more powers of endurance beneath the sea, than did this hardy sailor ; not a likely spot in the vicinity of those wonderful ballast pits did he leave un-searched, until all doubts as to their being thoroughly exhausted, were at length set at rest.

At the expiration of a week the schooner's anchor was again weighed and with a fine fair wind she ran out through the narrow Channel of the creek ; if wood and iron could have given expression to feeling, she would plainly have said " Is it not joyous to get out of yon tame little bay, and feel the open sea again beneath me ! " But if she was denied speech—her appearance supplied the deficiency ; her crew had exhausted every secret of their handiwork with unsparing skill ; every sail and rope and spar denoted the jealous care they had bestowed upon her overhaul, everything new had settled down to its work, and as she gracefully swept along before the breeze of that sun-bright glorious May morning, her snowy wings seeming to wanton with the perfume laden air that fanned them, she looked like some peerless ocean Queen, casting foam pearls from her path, as she daintily tripped over her emerald empire.

Whether it was the inspiring influence of that clear bracing atmosphere, or the perfect order and neatness of their ship, or their successful quest for that wondrous ballast, or all three causes combined,—but both officers and crew exhibited a buoyancy of spirit that it seemed impossible to suppress, for three hearty—triumphant cheers burst forth fore and aft—three such cheers as only are heard when men's

hearts run riot in the hour of greatest success ; but scarcely had the echo resounded from the cliff, than there blew a terrific squall off that grim looking pile of rock—as if the evil genius of the place made a last great effort to wrest the secret from the spoilers ; the brave little ship yielded to the fierce wind, as though she meant to restore that secret to the depths that had so long concealed it ; her sails threatened to leave the bolt ropes, her spars bent like osier wands, every shroud and rope tauten'd like bars of iron, her blocks creaked and groaned as if in torture at the strain ; her crew leaped to sheets and halyards as men startled from a dream, but like a powerful athlete spurning a treacherous foe, and disdaining all aid in the mortal strife, with a mighty effort she rose, and shaking herself free—bounded forward on her course stately and defiant, throwing clouds of spoon-drift high in air, as though mocking the baffled rage of the rock fiend's blast.

"Thou art fit to carry an Emperor and his bride my bonny bark !" exclaimed Almonté, tapping the tiller exultingly as tho' he spoke to a sentient being, "hemp and wood and flax, and man's skill at the back of all, might well yield to another such storm-clap as that !"

"Ay—ay—Captain Seb ! laughed Harry Considine," it was a regular tiger's claw wrapped up in a velvet mitten !"

"We shall have her gilt from stem to stern Harry lad !" rejoined Almonté, "until she shines as befits her, for the elements and man's wrath have stood sponsors to her naming !"

"Let us make the heights of Neversink first !" returned Considine, "she has many a knot of troubled ocean to carry us over yet, ere we let go our mud-hook in the waters of new Amsterdam, and as for gilding Capt. Seb—why I incline much to uncle Phil's way of thinking ;—gold to the purse, and tar to the plank, is the old man's motto, it freights a ship and floats her, and gives curious eyes fewer marks to find by !"

"And the old man is right perhaps after all—so hey for the broad Atlantic !"

Before the middle watch was set, the Golden Glory had shortened by many a mile her path to the American land.

PART VII.

After the departure of the Golden Glory things resumed their ordinary course at W——; but the gossips of the town found it very hard lines indeed, to settle down to quiet hum-drum subjects, after such stirring topics as the wreck, and Rose Cassidy's departure, the mysterious span-

iard, and the widow's new line of business, had been thoroughly talked over and worn as threadbare as Terence Murphy's Sunday coat.

As curious people however will watch the embers of a great fire, or the swelling and heaving of the sea after a storm, or the settling down of a mob after a riot, with the expectation that their patience will be duly rewarded by some special renewal of the excitement, so the proceedings of the hostess of the Wreckers' Roost, and of Philip Considine, had some few attentive eyes and ears, always open and fixed upon them ; whilst the cunning operator that pulled the wires held on his secret quiet way, without attracting even a passing notice.

But the Wreckers' Roost underwent no change, there were the same frequenters, and the same bustling good humoured hostess—with just a shade more self importance as if she was better to do than formerly ; and Philip Considine plodded on as of old—in his blunt straight-forward way, but people were utterly at fault about him, for his transactions in W—— were now all cash, he seemed to have an inexhaustible bank at his back ; his business appeared more thriving than ever, new craft were laid down and growing rapidly upon his stocks, and the appearance in the bay of a large ship from Quebec, freighted with timber for the house of Considine, caused people to wonder how the credit or stability of honest old Phil came ever to be doubted ; there was but one man knew how near had been the danger—how narrow the escape ; that knowledge cost Tom Radley sleepless nights and restless days, for every demand he had against the old man, and he had managed to possess himself of not a few of his liabilities on paper had been met promptly and to the hour.

In vain did the proprietor of the renowned smithy set his emissaries upon the track, and rack his brain to discover the sources from whence Phil. Considine drew his help ; a hazy suspicion did haunt him occasionally, that Biddy Cassidy was in some way concerned in it, but that he dismissed as preposterous, for there was not a balance in either of the banks at W—— that Tom did not know to a farthing, the widow's exhibited the ordinary fluctuations of her trade, but the sums that had latterly appeared to Philip Considine's credit perfectly astounded him : Tom felt he was almost foiled upon his own ground, he had gone too far to take the back track—and nothing but a desperate course lay before him.

The usual events of business caused Radley and Considine not unfrequently to meet ; in former times the latter treated Tom with quiet but hearty contempt, that manner was totally changed, and business men of W——, wondered at the punctilious courtesy now displayed by

Philip, for his sentiments towards Tom were no secret. Any man but Tom would have set down this change of manner to an anxiety that the little passage relative to money accommodation between them, should be glossed over and forgotten, but he had read the chapter of the human mind too closely, and he felt that Philip Considine had discovered him,—knew him to be his deadly enemy,—knew that war to the knife existed between them ; the hatchet had been dug up, they were both on the war path, and if he did not destroy the last of the Considines, that staunch old Sagamore's hand would assuredly hurl him to destruction ; there were some rather tender reminiscences about old Peter Cassidy's affairs that disturbed Mr. Radley's memory, reminiscences that no one knew better how to bring to light than one Philip Considine were he so inclined ; and the pointed civility of the latter struck a terror into Tom's evil heart.

Thus matters went on, the summer passed into autumn, and winter was at hand, when rumours of a grave nature convulsed the little business circle in W——, to its very centre : a great monetary crisis had occurred in Dublin, and panic was legibly written in every man's face, who had the misfortune at that time to be, even to a small extent, engaged in trade : nay worse, for the small than the large trader, for the latter might hope by some arrangement to escape, but the former was swept ruthlessly away : every mail that arrived was watched with feverish anxiety, and sure enough the rumour was but too soon and fatally confirmed ; some of the first houses in the metropolis had gone crash, carrying with them many dependent firms, and marking their disappearance from the commercial firmament by a broad and meteor-like path of provincial ruin.

Few towns suffered more than W——: now it was Morrison the woollen draper, then Smith the grocer, and anon Leahy the tobacconist, that flickered and disappeared,—the premonitory flakes of the approaching financial snow storm that was about to paralyze capital, enterprise, and energy in its blighting and icy embrace : these and such like were but small fry at first, and with that utter heartlessness which distinguishes the worshippers of the mighty dollar, business men breathed a moment, and even chuckled,—after all it was only a few single name retailers, and the ocean of trouble would be but a puddle—W—— would escape : when it became known that combinations of names—such as Morrison and Leahy ; and Smith and Morrison ; and Leahy, Morrison, and Smith, had hauled down their flag, then the dollar worshippers turned pale and gasped, for the wholesale trade was struck,—a trade that did big orders,—and had large credit—no matter what it

gave, and did big bills into the bargain ; but the climax was at hand when Leahy, Smith, Morrison, Sons and Co.;—Smith, Morrison, Leahy, Morrison and Co.; and Morrison, Leahy, Smith, Sons and Smith, hung out their ensigns with the union down, then the dollar itself disappeared and its worshippers grovelled in the mire, for were not these the veritable merchants that owned ships and chartered steamers, and imported the produce and the goods and the wares that were the begin-all and the end-all of trading operations ; then the bolt was shot home,—the stream of supply was damed at the fountain head, and an avalanche of ruin seemed impending over devoted W——.

In the face of this threatening tempest, Tom Radley appeared quite in his element ; and never before had the ‘smithy’ witnessed such a sudden rush of business ; the place absolutely began to wear a lively—even a gay aspect, and the rickety stairs leading to the office threatened, to give up the ghost, from the number of vigorous assaults made upon its dilapidated constitution : when I say the place assumed a gay aspect, I must qualify it by stating it was only in the appearance of human life it presented, contrasted with its customary solitude—unbroken save by some hurried visitor who seemed afraid to be seen entering, and ashamed to depart ; it was one thing to be seen in conference with Tom in the open and recognized haunts of business, but quite another affair when the “smithy” was the scene of action ; to possess the reputation of being a customer there, invested a man with a shadowy suspicion,—an indefinite something—not even to be hinted at above a whisper, but when that whisper did go forth—‘twas like the blight of the Upas tree,—deadly—very very deadly. On the present occasion men seemed to ignore this fatality, or to brave it with a kind of reckless desperation ; at first they came singly, and could one be unfeeling enough to laugh where the care worn brow, the agonized look, and the quivering lip told their tales but too plainly, there was ample fund for amusement, in noting the different tactics displayed in accomplishing an unobserved visit to the “smithy”. The sudden rush—the alarm—the hesitation—the precipitate retreat—the pause to regain courage, the fresh attack—and finally the meeting face to face, with the very man to pacify whose clamorous demands, perhaps, the dreaded visit had been undertaken : but the danger which threatened from afar was now at the the town gates, knocking vigorously ;—so this barrier of conventional delicacy was rent asunder by an ingenious anomaly, and in two’s and three’s the retail, and the wholesale, and the import interests put on bold faces, and proceeded boldly too,—not to Tom Radley’s “smithy”—oh, no ! expediency hung a business like silk curtain over that title—but to the private counting house of the Chairman of the bank of——.

Why could not the Chairman of the bank of—— : receive these gentlemen in the snug bank parlour, or at his equally snug mansion of Radley Lodge ? Why ?—when a man respectable in position is driven to an act of hypothecation, let the scene of his humiliation have suitable accessories ; and no one knew better than Tom, that crimson cloth curtains, morocco leather chairs, and Brussels carpets ; or silken ottomans, buhl cabinets, and an adjacent conservatory, are anything but conducive to a sacrifice of forty per cent, to say nothing of a certain log of mahogany by way of a bonus ; oh no !—the grimy squalor of that “smithy” counting house,—the chill of misery that its bare walls struck to the heart, the absolute look of want conveyed by its dusty tables—solitary chair—tenantless desk, and cobwebbed ceiling ; and the simplicity of mind displayed by its innocent proprietor, as with a broken penknife, he dug up the three square inches of earth in which flourished that blue flower, or damped its leaves with a few drops of water sparingly trickled out of a cracked egg cup, whilst in whining tones he bewailed the hard struggle to “keep sir this wretched roof over my head !”—This devilishly concocted little play,—this skilfully administered pill of highly concentrated,—double distilled woe—worked with such wondrous effect, that his paralysed victims grasped, like drowning wretches, at any straw of help, and Tom dictated his own terms with such an air of self-sacrifice, as left them powerless in his hands, ashamed to combat the rate of supply from such a source, and but too glad to escape from the depressing influence of the smithy dungeon.

It may also be wondered at why the two banks at W——, were not the legitimate sources of supplying advances on such securities as no doubt Mr. Radley himself demanded ; but here too his genius had scope that was unsparingly taken advantage of ; my readers have doubtless observed, that amongst the circle that govern the operations of such institutions, particularly in provincial towns, to the really clever—sharp men of business, there are a preponderance of wisecracs, not inaptly designated “old women” by the go-ahead few ;—for such as these Mr. Radley had a mysterious nod, a friendly whisper, and the thing was done ; not an application would be considered without time to “see about it”—“no man is safe sir at the present time !” and that very time,—as good as part of the gold,—Mr. Radley was taking rapid advantage of by trapping the flies this side wind blew into his web.

“Bank sir—bank ?—no use—wont advance under a week !—(then in an undertone) take my advice—go down to Tom Radley—you may pay a little more, but there will be no enquiry and your money down on the nail !”

And well Mr. Radley knew the frequency of such hurried conversations, he offered no obstacle to immediate arrangement, he was deeply versed in the science of "private enquiry," and when he could tell before-hand, almost the day and hour that a "client" would honour him with a visit, it may be supposed he was equally informed on the more important topic.

A very busy time of it, and to him—a very pleasant time, had Tom Radley, so much so that even his visits to the Roost were discontinued; so absorbed had he become in calculations so vast,—as almost to dazzle his by no means limited visions of wealth; he saw the ambition of his life about to be realised, that disastrous winter had placed W——, almost in his possession; his advances on property of all descriptions had been so artfully made, that it would require years to enable the Smiths, and the Morrisons, and the Leahys to get out of his clutches, to say nothing of the O'Donovans and the Tooles, of the Mc Governs and Mc Ilroys, of the Lonergans, Walshes, Quins, and Donegans, and many another well-known name; and the question was debateable whether they ever would get clear of the "smithy" influence, at least so Tom thought—and in fact resolved, unless upon such conditions as suited him.

Thus Mr. Radley raised a stately fabric to his deity mammon; a very gorgeous temple too, and one that very far exceeded anything he had ever dreamed of; what matter if its foundations were built up of broken hearts, and crushed hopes, and sad sad memories of scattered firesides, such vulgar sentiments never found a place in his refined bosom, they were commonplace, and to say the least—un-business-like, and he stalked about W—— a very monarch in his way, for did not W——'s merchants exist, as such, but at his will and pleasure; and the usually quiet and crafty Mr. Radley drank so deeply of the intoxicating draught of power, that some what of his native cunning forsook him just at the moment he required it most, he had played a desperate game during the crisis, and like a brave little man—won—won—had he?—

(*To be continued.*)

LOG OF THE DERWENT SCHOONER, R.Y.S.

[The Royal Yacht Squadron schooner Derwent, 157 tons, Col. Talbot Clifton, sailed from Falmouth, on the 14th of October, on a cruise to the Island of Madeira. We have been favoured with a summary of her log—which we feel assured will interest our readers.]

We sailed, then, from Falmouth on Oct. 14th, and in four days got into Ferrol just in time to escape being caught in ugly weather. Here we spent five days, and visited the dock-yard, which is in good order, although there was not much work going on whilst we were there, beyond armour-plating one iron clad. The foremen of the works were English. The harbour is a lovely land-locked basin, which communicates with the ocean by a natural canal, its sole drawback being that it requires a leading wind to enter or leave it in an ordinary sailing vessel.

On the 23rd we got under weigh, and in less than two hours brought up in the harbour of Corunna, and were immediately admitted to free pratique, but found that if we had come here first, instead of to Ferrol, we should have had three days' quarantine to have undergone. We remained eleven days here, being detained a little by the gales which occurred just then. However we did not tire of the place, as the country was good for scampering across on horse back, especially in the neighbourhood of the battle field. Your readers will be pleased to hear that the monument to Sir John Moore, is in excellent preservation. The old bastion in the centre of which it stands has been converted into a garden and public promenade, and is kept in admirable order.

On Nov. 3rd, the weather having moderated and the wind chopped round to the eastward, we got away soon after daylight, and gradually lost sight of the Tower of Hercules, that noble old Phœnician Pharos, which was repaired some eighteen centuries ago by the Emperor Trajan, and again during this century (as I saw by an inscription in the interior), at the request, and principally at the expense of the English Government. The light is French, and excellent, whilst the lofty and massive tower forms an admirable landmark for making the coast by daylight. At 5 p.m. of the same day we had rounded Finisterre, and on Nov. 5, we moored in the Tagus, off Lisbon. The yacht lay here ten days, three of which we spent at Cintra, a village situated on the northern slope of the mountain mass which forms the Rock of Lisbon, and distant some fifteen miles from the city. We were very comfortable at Mrs. Laurence's hotel here, but on this visit the bad weather

hindered us from enjoying the beautiful scenery. We visited the Convent of the Peak "in thunder, lightning, and in rain," and in precisely the same weather we lounged through the beautiful gardens of Montserrat, a fairy place, which formerly belonged to the author of *Patheek*, and now belongs to Mr. Cook, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, who has expended many thousands of pounds upon it. Lisbon is such a well-known place that I will only add that visitors should on no account omit to see the interior of the Church of the Convent at Belem, which is very beautiful. I mention this, as on my former visit to Lisbon I had not seen it, having been told by guides that there was nothing to see inside !

On Nov. 15th, we left Lisbon, and had light, baffling weather, but came to an anchor in Funchal Roads on the 21st, and on the same day took up our quarters at Holloway's Pier Hotel. We found this hotel so good and the island so pleasant that we staid there three weeks, during which the yacht had once only to get under weigh and stand out to sea in consequence of weather.

There are a great many pleasant excursions to be made from Funchal, and the hacks are fair. Antonio Freitas is the best guide over the Island, and he has two very good horses. The horses need to be surefooted, as the roads are excessively steep. One, which is called the rocket road, has an inclination of 1 in $2\frac{1}{2}$. Visitors generally descend this road on hand-sleighs, which is great fun. Of course on such steep inclines wheel carriages cannot be used, and sleighs drawn by a pair of oxen, locally called bull-carts, are substituted. But as descriptions of Madeira abound, it may suffice to say that the scenery is striking, the vegetation beautiful, the people civil, provisions good, charges moderate, the bay free from sharks, and although the climate is temperate, most tropical fruits are to be procured.

On December 11th, we finally quitted Funchal. Off the Desertas we saw a very fine waterspout. We then had light N.E. winds, and on the morning of the 15th we brought up under the island which forms the unsafe harbour of Mogador. Here we lay three days, and fortunately the weather was fine all the time, for in westerly gales vessels are very liable to be driven ashore. When we came in there was not a vessel of any description lying there ; there was not even a boat in the water, but one was shortly launched, which brought the Moorish health officer, and Mr. Cohen, an English Jew, acting as interpreter alongside, and we were admitted to free pratique. Mogador is the port for the city of Morocco. Here the desert comes down to the sea beach, and there is scarcely any land fit for cultivation within several miles of the town ;

consequently provisions are scarce and indifferent. However, it was a quaint place, the European element being nearly wanting. We had two pleasant rides into the desert on good horses, kindly lent us by the two or three English merchants resident there. and bought some barbaric ornaments in the Moorish and Jewish bazaars, I may mention that the climate of Mogador is very good, and that although there is no large game, there is very good shooting within reach. There is no hotel or café, or restaurant at Mogador at all, but Mr. Cohen will take in an Englishman, and, as far as I could see make him fairly comfortable. He acted as provedor for us, and we have every reason to speak well of him.

On Dec. 18th, we left Mogador, taking with us a mail bag for Tangiers, as the ordinary overland mail between the two places takes twelve days. We had light head winds, but did the distance in four days, anchoring in Tangiers Bay on the 22nd, soon after day break. The same day we took up our quarters at the Victoria Hotel, recently opened by a black man named Martin, who was till lately steward on on board H.M.S. *Raccoon*. He understands what Englishmen require, especially in the feeding department, and does his best to make his guests comfortable. The opening of this hotel is a great thing for officers garrisoned in Gibraltar, as they can now get good accommodation when they come across for a day or two's shooting. Tangiers Bay is very good holding ground, but frequently there is too much surf to admit of communication with the shore. As, moreover, the town gates are closed at sundown, it would be inconvenient to live aboard. Here again we were well mounted by private individuals, the ordinary hacks being wretched. We ate our Christmas dinner with his Excellency the British Minister to the Court of Morocco, meeting at his hospitable board the few English residents in the place, and on the 26th we beat through the Straits in seven hours to Gibraltar.

During the week we spent in this well-known place the yacht had her masts scraped, her rigging set up, and a touch of paint and varnish, as it would be long before the weather in England would admit of the last being done well. On the 2nd January we sailed for Cadiz, and arrived there the next morning, and on the 10th we sailed for England. As this was during the fierce gales in the Bay of Biscay in which the *London* was lost, I will copy exactly what I recorded of the weather in my private log :—

Jan. 10th.—7h. 45m. a.m., wind N. weather fine, bar. 30·10, therm. 57, deg.; noon, wind shifty; 4 p.m., bar. falling fast all day, wind N.W. to W.; 8 p.m., wind S.W., blowing hard in the squalls, sea lumpy.

Jan. 11th.—8 a.m., bar. 29.50.; noon, off Cape St. Mary, bar. 29.63, therm. ' 3 deg., wind N.; night, wind shift, with heavy squalls—reached out past Cape St. Vincent, but found so much wind and sea that we stood back under the lee of the land.

Jan. 12th.—At daybreak were dodging under the land between Lagos and Sagres; 11 a.m., anchored in Sagres bay; 1h. 30m. p.m., landed and walked to the lighthouse on Cape St. Vincent, some four miles—found a very strong N.N.W., wind blowing and the sea running very high.

Jan. 13th.—Took our guns ashore with us at noon—saw plenty of curlew and a few red-legged partridges and rabbits and one hare, but hardly got a shot, all so wild; at 5 p.m. re-embarked, and at 6 p.m. got under weigh, wind N.E. and light, sea gone down greatly, bar. 30.30.

We had a dead beat up the Portuguese coast, but as we neared the Spanish boundary we gradually got a fair wind, passed Finisterre at 2 a.m. on the 19th; sighted a boat bottom upwards, and any quantity of cask staves on about the middle of the bay, and finally anchored at Falmouth Harbour at 8 a.m. of the 21st, after an absence of 14 weeks, during nearly the whole of which, by care, we managed to make fine weather of it at sea. Trusting that I have not obtruded too long on your valuable space.—Yours, &c,

M. D.

ON SOME INSTRUMENTS USEFUL TO YACHTSMEN.

BY RED WITH WHITE MALTESE CROSS.

ALTHOUGH I have failed so far in drawing from Mr. Glaisher, an opinion as to the relative merits of the Aneroid Barometer, and the ordinary mercurial instrument described by him last January, I still hope to have a paper from him on a subject about which he could give yachtsmen so much valuable information, but meantime will venture to bring under the notice of those readers of *Hunt's Magazine*, (and I trust they are many,) who navigate their own yachts, or at least take an interest in finding on the chart the course they are steering, two or three instruments which I have found of great practical convenience, as although they are probably not new to many, I have seldom seen them made use of on board.

The first is intended to do away with the necessity for using parallel rulers in laying off a course or finding a bearing, as these, even, the im-

proved kind, are constant torments, especially when the chart has been kept rolled up or is a little blistered, and are a much more common cause of mistakes and accidents than is commonly supposed. It may be described as a method of bringing the compass engraved on every chart to the place where it is wanted, and consists of a brass plate about three inches square, each side marked by a notch with one of the cardinal points; on this an ordinary compass card, which may be made of cardboard, brass, or ivory, revolves, and can be turned round or fixed at pleasure by means of a thumb screw in the centre, to which is attached a piece of silk line about two feet long turning freely round the screw. When it is desired to take a course or bearing, the compass card is set to the proper variation of the latitude, and the brass plate is then laid on the chart with its northern face to the true north; being kept square to one of the meridians or the edge, it is then slid up or down, until the line from its centre passes through the place to and the place from, which the course is to be taken, when the compass gives the correct magnetic bearing, capable of being read off at once and requiring no further correction for its variation when calculating a vessel's work.* The string may be knotted according to the scale of the chart, so as to measure distances, but these are better ascertained by the Opisometer, a little instrument much used by Civil Engineers, to get the length of curved lines, and which answers admirably for courses. It consists of a small toothed wheel running as its axis on a fine screw fixed between two brass points at the end of an ivory handle, in such a way that when the wheel is run along a curved or irregular line, it runs out on its axis for a certain distance, which is given in a straight line by running it *backwards* along the scale of the chart. Both these instruments are cheap and simple, can be procured at any opticians, and will save much trouble. The third is more difficult to describe, but may be termed a mechanical method of making a complex calculation, and is the invention of the Rev. Joseph Galbraith, Fellow of Trinity College Dublin, and called a Tidal Clock. It consists of a pair of cards on one of which is engraved a circle, having printed round the circumference the twelve hours of the day, each hour being divided into intervals of five minutes. On the other is drawn a square, whose side is equal to the diameter of the circle; this square is divided by a diagonal into two scales, with one of which A, is measured the tidal drift, with the other B, the rise and fall of the tide.

* Our correspondent will find an instrument very similar, if not quite the same, described in *The Yacht Sailor*, published in 1862, called "Bridson's Chart Disc," the one now under notice seems a combination of Toynbee's Parallel Rulers and Mr. Bridson's Disc.—Ed. H.Y.M.

The book which details the principles on which these cards are constructed is entitled a "*Manual of the Tides and Tidal Currents*," by the Rev. Samuel Haughton, also a fellow of Trinity College Dublin, and forms one of the valuable series of scientific Manuals published by him and Mr. Galbraith, for the use of students. In this interesting little work the author who has been himself much at sea, explains very clearly the whole theory of the tides and tidal currents, especially of the Irish Sea and the English Channel, illustrating his views by carefully chosen examples, and by references to the losses of particular and well-known ships, and also gives rules and directions for finding the rate, direction, and force of the tidal streams in these seas, which are well worth careful perusal. The rules can be easily worked out by educated men, but the cards I have mentioned, are designed to afford an easy and quick way of mechanically arriving at the result of these calculations, and when I state that the answer to such a question as this. "Given a yacht hove to or becalmed off Wicklow Head on the 5th May, from one to five a.m., what distance will the drift or set of the tide take her; or should she unfortunately get aground for the same time, to what height will the tide rise or fall?" may be found in a minute or two. I do not think I am overrating the practical use of the invention. It would be difficult for me to describe here the method in which the cards are used, but clear directions are given at pages 58 and 74 of the book, and are also printed on the cards themselves, which can be easily understood, or once seeing any person use them will at once explain show the *modus operandi*. The book and cards may be had of Longman in London, Philips in Liverpool, or Ponsonby in Dublin, at the cost of a few shillings, which will be well re-paid by the information afforded as to the tidal wave and its approach and decrease. The rate and depth of the tide may also be found by the same means, but the drift, and rise and fall are of the most practical importance to yachtsmen, and I can safely recommend these cards to their attention.

THE APPROACHING YACHTING SEASON.

ANOTHER yachting season is at hand, and during this month skippers and crews will have their hands full of work, preparing for the approaching season; already many of our clippers are afloat, and we have to congratulate our yachtsmen on the promise of a brilliant season, which the reports we have received from the different stations warrant us in anticipating. Each succeeding year we have had the pleasureable duty heretofore to notice the steady progress of yachting around our

Coasts, and in our Colonies, and that of 1866, so far as we are able to judge, will show an increase of new yachts to the lists, and members to the clubs, that will fully bear out the expectations we have always entertained, that yachting would eventually dispute the palm as our great national pastime with the Turf. We have no hesitation in saying that that period has arrived, and to the race of young yachtsmen that are now taking their stand amongst the grey haired veterans, that through fair weather and foul have stood by the ship, and carried yachting to its present high position, we would say that much depends on them to maintain its prestige, and to carry it to even a greater degree of perfection. It is with no slight degree of satisfaction, that we have recently received communications from distinguished yachtsmen, conveying to us their appreciation of the part we have taken in producing these results ; and reminding us that as the only recognised organ solely devoted to yachting interests, they look at our pages monthly as the index of opinion in yachting circles, and as the legitimate means by which those interests can be efficiently guarded and promoted : our readers we trust will not charge us with egotism, but we feel it a duty we owe to the yachtsmen who have thus honoured us, publicly to acknowledge the high compliment they have paid to us, and at the same time to assure them, and all our readers, that the same devotion to the interests of yachting, which a retrospection of our volumes for the last fifteen years will we think afford the best practical evidence of showing, shall, so long as we have it in our possession, be unceasingly exercised.

We take the same opportunity of offering to the numerous correspondents, who from time to time have so materially aided us in our object, their full share of the praise elicited ; as by their co-operation we have been enabled to achieve a reputation for the *Magazine*, that is rarely enjoyed by any work devoted to one particular subject. We have likewise to express our thanks to many of our supporters for valuable suggestions, not only on the subjects that have appeared in the *Magazine*, but also with respect to our *Annual Yacht List* ; in every instance that was possible we have acted upon these suggestions, feeling assured that they were prompted by a desire to increase the usefulness of our publications ; any that we have not been able to follow up, mature consideration has shewn, either to involve complications that were desirable to be avoided, or tended to an expense utterly beyond our control ; sincerely indeed have we wished to give effect to many excellent ideas conveyed to us, but when we came to calculate the cost, we were reluctantly compelled to postpone them until a more extensive circulation would enable us to do so ; we are induced to be thus expla-

natory in a general sense, lest any of our Correspondents should consider the trouble they have taken has been lightly regarded, but it is not always agreeable to offer the tightness of the treasury as our reason.

We shall therefore pursue our course as heretofore, gratified sincerely that so far we have secured the confidence and patronage of the general body of the yachting public: and we shall ever be alive to all communications or suggestions affecting the interests of yachting, to which we shall endeavour to give the fullest effect.

We would again draw the earnest attention of Yachtsmen to a very important subject that upon many previous occasions we have written about; we now renew it thus early hoping that during the approaching season it may receive the attention it demands, and that a final decision may be come to with respect to it. We allude to the necessity for a "Universal Code of Sailing Regulations"; we inserted the Sailing Code of the Royal Thames Yacht Club in our pages, as a model for the consideration of yachtsmen, and we shall this season insert in our *Annual Yacht List*, with the hope of inducing action: this is a very admirable code, and can scarcely be rendered more complete, save and except where local circumstances may demand some exceptional legislation.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday, March 1st, a meeting of this Institution was held at John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. There were also present—Sir Edward Perrott Bart.; Admiral M'Hardy; John Griffith, Esq.; Captain Egerton, R.N.; Alexander Boetseur, Esq.; Colonel Fitzroy Clayton; Stephen Cave, Esq., M.P.; Admiral Bullock; W. H. Harton, Esq.; Captain Ward, R.N., Inspector of Life-boats to the Institution; and Richard Lewis Esq., the Secretary.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to 134*l.* were granted to the crews of the life-boats of the Institution and those of shore boats, for their gallant services in saving the crews of the following vessels during the recent gales:—Brig Pero, of Whitby, 7 men boat in Lough Swilly, 1; schooner Sarah Ann, of Jersey, saved vessel and crew of 6 men; barque Lidia, of Genoa, 13; barque Reliance, of Whitby, 9; barque Otter, of Halifax, N.S. 8; ship Iron Crown, of Liverpool, assistance rendered: brigantine Isabella, of Waterford, assisted to save vessel and crew of 5 men; Cullercoats life-boat assisted several fishing smacks over the bar; ship Hannah Moore, of Liverpool, 6; brig Margaret, of Torquay, 11; smack Lily, of Wexford, 6; smack Royal Highlander, of Campbelltown, 5; ketch Emma, of Glasgow, 2; a yawl of Pill, 8; brig Medina, of North Shields, 4; schooner Morning Star, of Carnarvon, 8; ship Ken-

sington of London, 21; brig *Altivo*, of Lisbon, 10; total, 120 lives saved during the late storms.

Rewards amounting to 222*l.* were also granted to the crews of different life-boats of the Institution, for putting off in reply to signals of distress; but the vessels had in the meantime either got out of danger, or their crews had been saved by other means. On some of these occasions the life-boat crews had incurred much exposure and risk of life during heavy gales.

The silver medal of the Institution was ordered to be given to Mr. W. Taylor, chief officer of the coast-guard at Robert's Cove, County Cork, and 2*l.* 10*s.* to his boat's crew, in acknowledgment of their brave services in putting off in a galley, at risk of life, and rescuing the crew of 13 men of the barque *Lidia*, of Genoa, which had stranded near Cork Head, Ireland, during a strong gale and heavy sea. The silver medal of the Institution was also ordered to be given to Captain Moreno, of the Austrian barque *Eva*, and 4*l.* to his boat's crew of four men, in testimony of their prompt and gallant services in going off in their boat and rescuing three men belonging to a Pill yawl which had capsized and sunk in the British Channel.

The silver medal of the Institution was also given to Private Robert Love of the 63rd Regiment, in appreciation of his brave services in assisting, with two others, to save four men, belonging to the brig *Medina*, of North Shields, which had come into collision with the steamship *Arno* off the Yorkshire coast, and had at once foundered. Various honorary and pecuniary rewards were granted to several persons who had laudibly exerted themselves during the late gales to save life on our coasts.

New life boats had been sent by the Institution during the past month to Cullercoats, Bridlington, Ramsgate, Rye, Lizard, and to Cahore, in Ireland. The cost of these life-boats was the gift to the Institution of various benevolent persons. Payments amounting to 2,120*l.* were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. It was reported that the late Thomas Travers Taylor, Esq., of Southport, had left a legacy of 500*l.* to the Institution; the Goldsmiths' Company had forwarded through Alderman Copehead, an additional donation of 100*l.* to its funds; the Merchant Tailors Company had also sent 26*l.* 5*s.*, and a donation of 5*l.* had been forwarded from Hamburg by "One Saved by God's help, by a British life-boat from a wrecked steamer." The proceedings then closed.

A meeting of the National Life-boat Institution was also held on Thursday, 8th April, at its house John-street, Adelphi. Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.R., in the chair. There were also present Sir Edward Perrott, Bart.; W. H. Harton, Esq.; Sir Francis Ontram, Bart.; Admiral Ryder, Controller General of the Coastguard; John Griffith, Esq.; Admiral W. H. Hall, C.B.; Admiral Gordon, Alexander Boetefeur, Esq.; Admiral M'Hardy; and Richard Lewis, Esq., Secretary of the Institution.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards amounting to 193*l.* were granted to the crews of the life-boats of the Institution, and those of shore boats, for their brave services in saving the crews of the following vessels during the recent gales:—Norwegian schooner *Johanna*, 7

men saved; ship *Amsterdam*, of *Sunderland*, 14; brig *Mazurka*, of *Dundee*, 10; brigantine *Pearl*, of *Montrose*, vessel and 8 men saved; smack *Elizabeth*, of *Cardigan*, 6; schooner *Leader*, of *Liverpool*, vessel and 6 men; brig *Claudia*, of *Belfast*, vessel and 7 men; brig *Vesta*, of *Whitby*, 7; smack *Jenny Jones*, of *Barmouth*, 5; schooner *Peerless*, of *Aberystwith* 5; barque *Julia*, of *Liverpool*, 9; billyboy *Gipsy*, of *Wisbeach*, 4; ship *Alarm*, of *Belfast*, 11; brig *Providentia*, of *Svelbig*, 8; schooner *Ann*, of *Torquay*, 3; schooner *William Henry*, of *Yarmouth*, 5; a small boat, of *Peterhead*, 1; smack *Eliza*, of *Wicklow*, 2; two *Arklow* fishing smacks, 13; steamer *Ibia*, of *Cork*, 2; brigantine *Sarah Emma*, of *Miramichi*, 6; ship *Scotland*, of *Glasgow* (part of crew), 7; schooner *Morris*, of *Lancaster*, 2—total, 153 lives and 3 vessels saved during the recent gales. The expressions of gratitude on the part of some of these shipwrecked crews for saving their lives were of a very gratifying and encouraging nature.

Rewards amounting to 155*l.* were also granted to the crews of different life-boats of the Institution for putting off in reply to signals of distress from vessels which had afterwards got out of danger, or their crews had been rescued by other means. Several life-boat crews had also assembled during the stormy weather so as to be ready for any emergency.

Payments amounting to 700*l.* were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments.

The committee expressed their deep condolence with the family of the late *John Clayton, Esq.*, of *Lancaster-place*, who had been the zealous and active honorary solicitor of the Institution for many years past.

The Admiralty, had, on the recommendation of *Admiral Byder*, Controller-General of the Coastguard, ordered 1,000 copies of the instructions of the Institution for the management of boats in surfs and broken water for circulation amongst the coastguard.

It was reported that *Sir J. Willoughby, Bart.*, had presented to the Institution 420*l.*, to place an additional life-boat on the coast.

It was also stated that the late *Mr. J. D. Shaw*, of *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, had left the Institution a legacy of 400*l.*; 100*l.* had also been left it by the late *Mr. Geo. Anstice*, of *Chipping Norton*; and 100*l.* by the late *Mr. Wm. Chafyn Grove*, of *Zeals House, Mers, Wilts.*

The proceedings then terminated.

COMMERCIAL CODE OF NAVAL SIGNALS.

A WORK of the highest interest all maritime nations is announced for simultaneous publication in *Paris* and *London*. It is a universal maritime language by means of which ships at sea, whatever may be the idiom of the nation to which they belong, may communicate intelligence to each other with certainty and despatch. The necessity of an efficient code of naval signals has long been felt, and numerous systems have been successively proposed, tried and abandoned, as unfit for universal use. Among these may be especially mentioned those of *Marryatt* and *Reynold*, which were partially

adopted both in England and France, but afterwards given up from being found inadequate to the object in view, particularly on the score of insufficient simplicity.

A brief sketch of the present Code of Signals will not be without interest. A negotiation was opened in 1863, between France and England, with a view to come to an understanding on the subject, and Earl Russell suggested the "Commercial Code of Signals" as best calculated to attain the proposed end. In February, 1864, a French Commission, under the direction of Admiral de la Ronciere-le-Noury, Chief of the Staff of the Minister of Marine, was instructed to examine the code in question, and suggest the alterations which might render it fit for adoption by all nations. Three months latter two British delegates, Captain Commerell, R.N., and the Hon. W. F. Larkins, of the Board of Trade, were sent to Paris to confer with the commission, and, after mature consideration, came to a perfect understanding with that body.

The new code formed under such auspices has now appeared in both a French and English edition. "The practical advantages of this work," says Lieutenant Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, F.N., late member and secretary of the commission, in a pamphlet which he has published on the subject, "will, there is every reason to hope, be found to possess the theoretical qualities which the members of the commission thought it their duty to point out to the Minister of Marine in proposing the system for his approbation."

The code flags represent the first eighteen consonants of the alphabet, from B to W, which, arranged in groups of two, three, or four, will present 78,642 different combinations. More than four letters are never employed in any one signal. Each intimation is made in one hoist at one place; two flags denote urgent and important matters; three, questions relating to general topics; whilst four flags, are employed for ship's names, and geographical and vocabulary signals. Separate and distinct signs are used for indicating compass bearings, latitude, longitude, time, and numbers. The signals which it is necessary to carry in the mind may be committed to memory in a few hours. When once that is done, and the eighteen signal flags are learned, the use of the code is a mere matter of spelling and reading. When ships are too distant to distinguish the colours of the flags, combinations of balls, squares, and triangles can be used to represent the eighteen letters of the code, and lanterns may serve for the same purpose by night. During fogs the signals may be made by sounds. Of the 78,642 combinations, about 50,000 are exclusively appropriated to represent the names of vessels. That number not being sufficient for all the ships afloat, a decision has been come to that the whole series shall be at the disposal of each maritime nation, which can allot the signals among its own vessels, and afterwards publish the list.

Two vessels of different nations, possessing the same distinctive signals, are easily recognised by the help of the national flag at the poop. Every English, French, and American vessel is already provided with a signal from the new

code—making known her name, tonnage, &c., and the power of her engines, if a steamer. It is, in fact, indispensable that all this information should be embodied in a single indication. The remaining twenty-five thousand signals are adequate for all possible communications. They represent a very extensive vocabulary of single words, as well as members of phrases, names of places, numbers, letters, and syllables, so as to allow proper names to be spelt. Whatever the language may be into which the signals are translated in the dictionaries of the Code, they will have precisely the same meaning. The French one is divided into two parts, and all others will be on the same plan. In the first, the captain finds the meaning of the signal addressed to him; whilst the other gives him the combination of consonants which will convey the idea he wishes to express. Suppose a captain in the Pacific meets a vessel bound for Valparaiso, and which sailed before the declaration of war between Spain and Chili was known at her port of departure, he might make the following communication:—

JN—War between; BGVT—Spain; BNSO—Chili; CLQP—You will be stopped by the blockading vessels; MBQ—You had better sail for; BNRM—Callao; NRQ—Good freight can be procured.

Thus, by seven signs he communicates most important intelligence, and saves a vessel from a great loss of time, as well as from the inconveniences attending a blockade. Such are the principal features of the new universal maritime language. Its adoption involves but trifling cost, and its practice is exceedingly easy. There can be no doubt that its use will be attended with great advantages to navigation and commerce. The French naval authorities are so convinced of the superiority of this new code that they have adopted it for inland and distant signalling by means of the numerous semaphore stations throughout the empire, so that, as soon as a steamer arrives in view of the French coast, it can telegraph the news from America or elsewhere for immediate transmission to Paris. Merchant ships can also, by the same means, announce their arrival and receive instructions from their owners. The interest which France takes in the propagation of this universal language has not been without effect, for several Governments are already preparing translations of the code for their own countries, and there is a reason to hope that its universal adoption will prove a new bond between nations, and powerfully serve the cause of humanity and civilisation.
— *Morning Post*.

MEMORANDA OF YACHT CLUB MEETINGS.

Royal London Yacht Club.—The monthly general meeting of this club was held on Monday evening April 16th, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi; the Commodore in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. A. Crossley brought under the notice of the meeting that the opening cruise of the club would take place on Saturday, May 12th, when a dinner would be provided as usual for members and their

friends, at the Union Yacht Club House, Gravesend, tickets for which could be obtained of the secretary. The yachts will assemble off the Union Yacht Club House, and sail thence on a cruise at noon, under the orders of the Commodore, who will hoist his flag on board the Violet.

The following arrangements for the matches were announced:—First Match, Friday, June 8th: First-class yachts, exceeding 25 tons, c.m., two prizes in plate, value 70 guineas, and 20 guineas second vessel. Time for tonnage, 25 to 50 tons half-a-minute per ton, above that tonnage 20 seconds for each ton. Course—from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith. The entries for the above match close on Friday, June 1st, at ten o'clock, p.m., when the stations of the yachts will be drawn for. Yachts requiring to be measured for this match will have to be at Erith on Thursday, June 7th, at one p.m., for that purpose.

Second Match, Saturday, July 7th: Second-class yachts, exceeding 10 tons and not exceeding 25 tons, c.m., two prizes, value 30 guineas, in plate, and 10 guineas second vessel. Half minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Course—from Erith round the Nore Light and back to Erith.

Third-class yachts, not exceeding 10 tons, c.m., two prizes, 20 guineas, in plate, and 5 guineas second vessel. One minute time per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. Yachts to start from and weigh their own anchors. Course—from Erith round a boat moored off the Chapman Head and back to Erith.

The entries for the above matches close on Monday, July 2nd, at ten p.m., when the stations of the yachts will be drawn for. Yachts requiring to be measured for both classes will have to be at Erith on Friday, July 6th, at one p.m., for that purpose.

Ocean Match, Tuesday, June 5th: Open to yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. The course and other necessary regulations for the match to be settled by the sailing committee. The entrance fee of 1s. per ton will be returned on the vessel competing for the prize.

The Treasurer proposed that he should be authorised to engage the Queen of the Thames for the two matches, which was seconded by Mr. A. Crossley, and carried *nem con*. The Rear-Commodore proposed, seconded by Mr. Tomlinson, that the following gentlemen be appointed to act as stewards at the club matches, viz: Flag officers, treasurer, cupbearer, and Messrs. C. Dorras, E. S. Bulmer, H. P. Cotton, E. Crossley, T. N. Gladstone, Foster Newton, S. F. Oriel, O. D. Osborne, and G. Powell.

Royal Thames Yacht Club.—The Channel Match will take place on Monday, the 21st May, for schooners (luggers to class with schooners); yawls; and cutters. Three prizes of £100, £50, and £50 value respectively—one for each rig: the first vessel to receive the £100 prize; open to vessels of any Royal Yacht Club. To sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim, to the satisfaction of the Committee, vessels to carry their usual boats, anchors, and cables; a pilot but no extra hands allowed; no

time allowance ; no restriction as to canvas, and no limitation as to the number of friends on board. From off the Nore Light to Dover harbour, viz :—To start from a line marked from the Nore Light Ship to a buoy moored off the Cant Sand. Course as follows :—To leave the west buoy of the Oaze on the port hand, the east buoy of the Shivering on the starboard hand, and outside the Goodwins to Dover, passing between the winning flag-boat and the Admiralty Pier, Dover, leaving the pier on the starboard hand. Further instructions to be obtained of the Secretary, at the Club-house, Albemarle Street, at the time of Entry. Entries to close at 10 p.m. on Thursday, the 17th of May.

Royal Albert Yacht Club.—The 6th, 7th, and 8th, of August next, are the days appointed by the Royal Albert Yacht Club for their regatta ;—a regatta extending over a period of three days is not so bad for a Club scarcely two years old, and we think the Sailing Committee of this Club have been fortunate in the selection of the following matches, to be sailed on those days. The particular match to be sailed on each day has not as yet been fully determined, it being the wish of the Club not to in any way interfere with the races of the Royal Squadron, and the Committee are waiting until the Senior Yacht Club shall have published their programme, before they fix the race for each day ; but presuming the matches do not clash with those of the Royal Squadron, they will be sailed in the following order :—

On Monday, August the 6th, a sweepstakes of 5 guineas each, with a cup value 50 guineas for schooners, belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs, the course being round the Isle of Wight ; time half Ackers' scale. A steamer will be chartered for the accommodation of the members of the club, to meet the yachts at the back of the island and accompany them home.

On Tuesday, August the 7th, the Albert Cup will be sailed for by cutters of 35 and under 80 tons, the course being the Albert Course, viz., from Southsea Pier round the Warner Light Ship, and round the East buoy of the middle three times round, the distance being about 40 miles, the vessels sailing in this match can be seen throughout the whole course from the Club Chambers, and we may here observe that it is the intention of the Club to offer annually a cup to be called the Albert Cup, in commemoration of his Royal Highness the late lamented Prince Consort. The value of the Cup will be increased each year as the Club progresses.

On Wednesday, the 8th August, there will be another cutter match, for vessels of 15 and under 35 tons—and the committee contemplate offering a prize for a Corinthian Match for cutters under 20 tons, to be manned and sailed by members of Royal Yacht Clubs, as has been suggested by several correspondents in this *Magazine*, no pilots will be allowed in this race.

We congratulate this young Club, on the amount of sport it intends offering, and we think it fully bears out its character, as being a Club established for the encouragement of naval architecture.

Clyde Yacht Club.—The committee of this Club have resolved that the yachts shall be divided into the following classes, viz :—

1st. Class yachts not exceeding 40 tons				
2nd. Do.	"	"	"	20 "
3rd. Do.	"	"	"	10 "
4th. Do.	"	"	"	5 "

And that all shifting ballast be strictly prohibited.

The opening cruise is to start from Gourock Bay, on Friday, 1st of June. The regatta to be held at Largs on Saturday, 7th July, and the closing cruise to start from Rothesay Bay on Saturday, 26th August.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—The Sailing Committee have fixed Thursday, May 10th, for the first match of this season, for yachts of 15 tons and under, open to all yacht Clubs ; and on Friday, June 22nd, for the second match. Entries to close May 4th, and June 15th, respectively, at 9 p.m., at the Club-house.

SAILING BARGE MATCH.

THROUGH the spirited exertions of Mr. H. Dodd, a meeting of the committee of the sailing barge match (now consisting of Messrs. F. Gower, Starling, Downs, H. Dodd, Wood, Drake, Earle, Farmfield, Cecil Long, R. Sedlier, and E. Knibbs, with power to add to their number) was held on Monday April 16th, at the offices of Mr. J. A. Farmfield, 90, Lower Thames-street, to arrange the necessary preliminaries for a repetition of the sailing barge match during the forthcoming season. Mr. J. Flower was called to the chair, and having briefly adverted to the success which had hitherto attended the production of the barge race, and the general desire for its continuance. Mr. Dodd, the originator of it, observed that on his first trying the experiment which had had so favourable a result, he had been much indebted to the officers of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club for their able assistance, and as they were every inch thorough sailors, he need hardly say what advantages he had experienced in their co-operation with him. He had written to them with a view of securing a continuance of their valuable aid, and was happy to produce the replies, in which the Vice-Commodore not only kindly consented to be the umpire in the race of 1866, and the other officers to assist in carrying out the important details, but they had also given other substantial proofs of their earnest desire to promote the success of the undertaking. The committee having consulted as to the day on which the match should take place, it was moved by Mr. Dodd, and seconded by Mr. Earle, that Tuesday, the 10th of July next, be the one chosen, which was immediately agreed to, as also to the number and value of prizes, which amount in all to upwards of £100. Mr. Dodd observed that, as he had before given the £15 cup and £10 for the winners in the Stump Barge Match, he should feel much gratification in doing so again,

and also adding two champion flags. He thought the latter a great incentive to emulation amongst the men, who were very proud to fly this trophy of victory. Arrangements were then made with a view of securing a fine steamer to accompany the race; and Mr. Farmfield, solicitor, who had kindly undertaken the duties of hon. sec. and treasurer, reported most satisfactorily upon the promised pecuniary support from the principal barge owners of the Thames and Medway.

Editor's Yocker.

DOUBLE SKIRTED GAFF-TOPSAILS.

SIR.—In your January number p. 39, your valuable correspondent "*Red with White Maltese Cross*," mentions a plan for working the fore-topsail of fore and aft rigged schooners when racing, and asking the opinions of practical seamen correspondents.

The subject has not been noticed until R.V.Y.C. in your notice to correspondents describes it very correctly, and recommends its trial.

Both of these writers however forget, seemingly, the main-topmast-stay, which is still more in the way than the triatic-stay, nor do they say what is to be done with the weather skirt, to keep it from becoming a back sail, or flapping about.

This might be prevented by sewing brass rings of an inch inside diameter, along the foot and joining band of the skirts, the foot ones being placed in the centre of the interval of the band ones, so that a small line would readily overhaul through them, when let go after being triced up, while to aid this the foot band could be slightly loaded.

However, while in my own case I would save all this by using a main-topmast-stay-sail in working, instead of a fore-gaff one; we should face the difficulty and see what can be done, eschewing double triatic and jumper stays: for a slight easing of the triatic stay, would give enough play to the mast for increase of speed, the top-mast stay being also eased.

In a large schooner that could keep a light smart hand aloft, he could stand on the gaff ready for the top-sail yard to be hauled down to him, as soon as the helm was down and the wind out of the sail: the top-sail halyards being fitted with a spring hook, similar to those on belt pendants for hooking scabbard rings to; he could unhook and pass the halyards round the triatic and top-mast stays, and the sail would be again set ere the wind could get into it.

In smaller schooners where it would be inconvenient having a hand aloft, two sails could be used, set from the deck, the lee one being hoisted up as the helm goes down.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

A.M.S.

Literature.

THE SEA FISHERMAN ; OR FISHING PILOTAGE. *Guernsey—J. C. Wilcocks.*

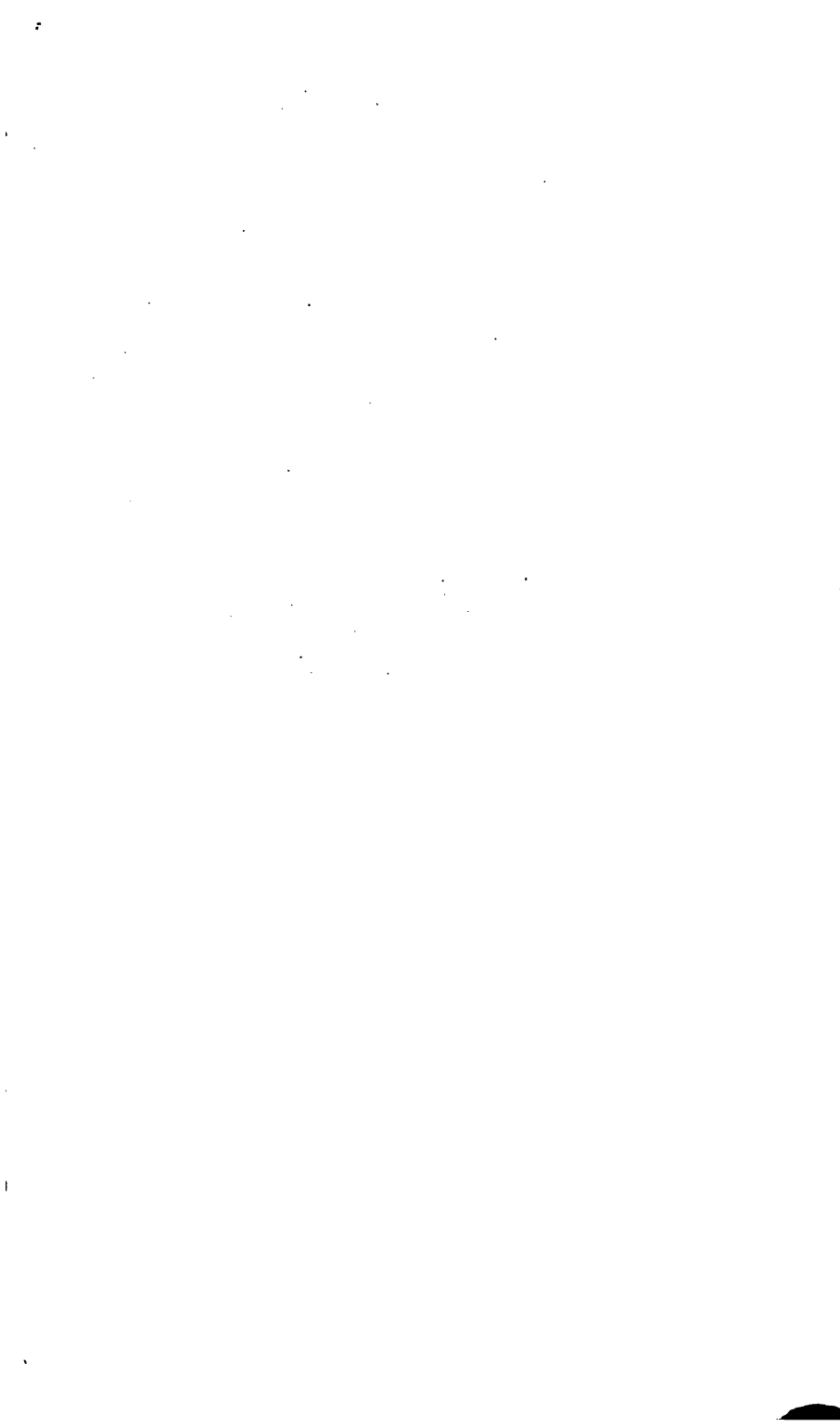
We hail every accession to our aquatic library with extreme pleasure, and particularly such practical works as that now under notice. "The Sea Fisherman" written by Mr. J. C. Wilcocks is an admirable hand-book not only for yachtsmen, but for all who are fond of a good day's sea fishing: the author has evidently entered into the spirit of his subject *con-amore*, and the result now before us shows a practical knowledge, matured by some twenty-five years experience, conveyed in a clear and simple style, that is highly creditable to the writer. Mr. Wilcocks commences by giving detailed lists of the gear and tackle requisite for the effectual pursuit of the sport, and these will be found exceedingly useful, not only to the amateur fisherman, but the dealers in fishing tackle at the sea-side, giving them an insight into the proper materials to keep in stock for their summer visitors; whilst the yachtsman will thereby be enabled to furnish his gear locker with what is absolutely necessary, getting rid of many superfluous items that not unfrequently find a place, from an anxiety to be prepared at all points. A regular Pilot Directory to the favourite haunts of fish along the Southern Coast of England, and the Channel Islands, follows; and a summary of the best coast fishing points in the united kingdom will be found a useful guide. The different kinds of sea fish, fit subjects for the exercise of the fishermen's skill, are treated of in detail, such as Whiting, Whiting Pollack, Cod, Haddock, Bream, Red and Grey Gurnards, Ray or Skate, Hake, Dabs, Mackerel, Turbot, Bass, Dories, Eels, Flounders, Grey Mullet, Plaice, Sole, Gar-fish, Conger Eels, and the different gear, baits, and methods of capturing them, set forth with such ample directions as cannot fail to convert the Tyro, with some little practice and observation, into an accomplished veteran. The sizes of hooks suitable for the different kinds of fish, lines, and methods of making the same, leads for sinkers, nets, fish spears, methods of knotting and splicing lines, artificial flies for sea fishing, with the materials and directions for making the same; Trammel and Trawl nets, the Otter Trawl net, Strand, Seine, and Drift nets, Lobster and Crab Pots, Shrimpers nets, are also fully described: the methods of barking lines and nets so as to preserve them from decay, and the proper clothing for the body whilst engaged in sea-fishing, with a brief account of the boats and their rigs best adapted for coast purposes, and some excellent hints upon handling them, sum up the department of this capital little work which treats of fishing in our own seas; the author winds up with some notes on ocean fishing, describing the gear and bait used in catching Albicore, Bonita and Dolphin; and the concluding chapter giving particulars of the Newfoundland Cod Fishery will be read with much interest.

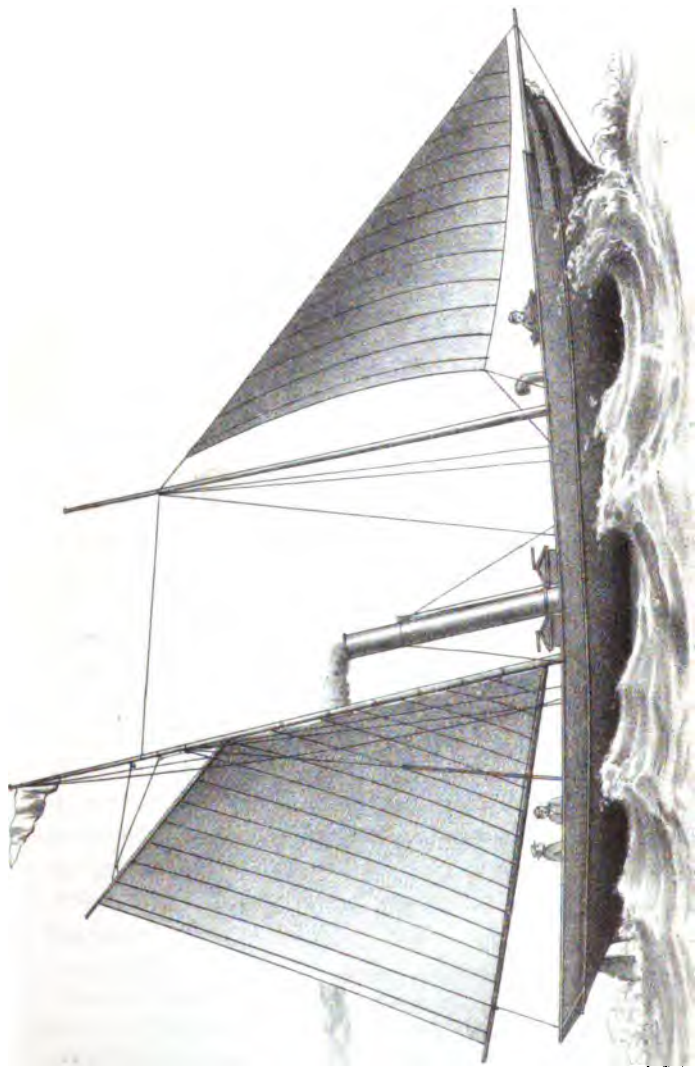
THE YACHTING AND ROWING CALENDAR 1865. *London—H. Cox, 346, Strand.*

This is a re-print of the reports of Yachting and Rowing Matches which have appeared in the columns of the Public Press throughout the season of 1865; they have been selected with evident care, and the Editor has displayed considerable industry in the collection. The volume is neatly got up in a portable form, and will be found useful for reference to past events, particularly to rowing men, who will find Oxford and Cambridge statistics fully recorded.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May 7.—Temple Yacht Club—Charlton to Greenhithe and back.
 10.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 21.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Channel Match, Nore Light to Dover.
 23.—King's Lynn Royal Regatta.
 24.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—1st and 2nd class, Gravesend round the Mouse and return.
 31.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Cantley.
- June 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 5.—Royal London Yacht Club—Ocean Race, Thames to Harwich.
 8.—Royal London Yacht Club—First Class Match, Erith to Nore Light and back.
 9.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooners and yawls, Gravesend round the Mouse and return.
 14.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 19.—Royal Western Yacht Club, Ireland—Regatta at Queenstown.
 22 and 23.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Regatta.
 23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—3rd and 4th classes, Erith to the Nore and return.
 28.—Royal Eastern Yacht Club—Regatta at Granton.
 30.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
- July 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 3.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta on the Clyde.
 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd Classes, Erith to Nore Light and back.
 10.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.
 10.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Schooner Match.
 10.—Sailing Barge Match—Thames.
 12.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Regatta.
 12.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.
 17.—Royal Cork Yacht Club—Regatta at Queenstown.
 18.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.
 19.—Southampton Regatta.
 20.—Kinsale Harbour Regatta.
 21.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Regatta—Erith to Chapman and back.
 28.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta—Southampton and back.
- Aug. 6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta—Southsea.
 9.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Oulton.
 13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta Week.
 18.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Ryde to Cherbourg.
 21.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Cherbourg to Ryde.
 24.—Carlingford Regatta—(probably).
 26.—Bangor Regatta—Ireland, (probably).





STEAM YACHT FOR LAKES, ORNAMENTAL WATERS &c.

*Published in Harb's Yachting Magazine
June 1866.*

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1866.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER III.

"Muddled in that cosy bed"—TEMPER.

IT is well for narrators that they are not compelled to treat each day that passes with even-handed justice, or to allot the same space to eventless and unpleasant hours as to those replete with incident. At the same time it would never do to dismiss such faithless servants without a character, and record only the rosy tinted hours which have made themselves agreeable to their owner. Listen to the plucky Æneas (himself just come to no small grief in the yachting line,) "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," said he, and he was perfectly right. The retrospect of a life without sorrows, could such a thing be, would be like a picture without shade, utterly devoid of interest; so likewise would be the story of such a life, and therefore must I beg my readers to groan with us for a page or two over a fortnight or more of tribulation and botheration, which intervened between the time of our entering Lympington Reach, and the date of our release from that muddy purgatory. If more excuse be necessary it will be found in the conscience of "the Chronicler,"—" *ruat cælum*," I must tell the truth! Hereafter shall no landsman in the

* Continued from page 206.

pangs of sea-sickness upbraid me, for that through my partial pen he was cozened to try his fortune on the vasty deep, led by me to believe that yachting in all its phases is happiness without alloy,—a sort of lovely diorama, minus gaslights and soft music, and plus reality. No, my conscience shall be clear in this matter, like “the Ancient Mariner,” I have him in my power

“He cannot choose but hear,”

and grateful may he be if he finds that this part of my story resembles friend Bottom's play of Pyramus and Thisbe, in that it is “tedious and brief.”

Fancy yourself then located at the estuary of a small tidal river whose waters at the highest spring tides can never be dignified by a clearer designation than liquid mud, and whose condition at low water conveys a lively idea of the world's appearance in the Saurian era,—such is Lymington Reach.

In this terraqueous region at the close of the season are imbedded yachts of all rigs and tonnages in every state of *deshabille*. Here, and at a few other similarly favored spots are the hybernating quarters of such vessels, and in this and similar mud they remain torpid until the chill has left the air in the ensuing spring. On the stocks in Inman's adjoining yard are usually three or four more yachts in every stage of building, and upon the decks of one or two which like Guendolen, are fitting out for a winter's cruise, a throng of riggers, caulkers, ship-carpenters, and seamen pursue their several avocations.

Our progress since leaving Scilly had been but slow, the continuance of easterly winds compelling us to beat every inch of the way. Perseverance, however, will conquer even head winds, and so in due process of time Guendolen ran her aristocratic nose into the before-mentioned mud, and was straightway delivered into the hands of the tormentors. From that time forth a chaos of dirt, noise, and disorder supervened and reigned paramount until the day on which her refit was pronounced complete and she slipped down with the first of the ebb to the Solent Roads, previous to taking her farewell of the British shores.

The poor owner! At such times a nice berth he has of it,—unhappy man, he is as a baited bear tied to a stake of reference from which he cannot flee. At six o'clock in the morning his woes begin

by a chorus of caulking irons and pitch scrapers going on immediately over his head : he springs from bed and into his garments, if he is lucky enough to find them, swallows his breakfast, if he can get it, and straightway becomes the centre around which gravitates all the disputes to which combative man is prone. The steward is at open war with the mate, and the cook at *outrance* with both. Everybody's berth, duties, and social position has to be defined, and the result of an attempt to satisfy everybody is, as usual, general discontent. Every five minutes develops a new want and the purse tide ebbs rapidly. Every kind of lumber invites him to tumble over it, and where the continually accumulating stores are to be stowed is a problem apparently without solution. Nevertheless in process of time they actually are put away into all conceivable holes and corners, and once this is accomplished he would breathe more freely if it were not for a misgiving that he never will remember the precise locality of a single article. Then comes the signature of "ship's articles," which involves much altercation, for your Cowes yacht sailor is a regular sea lawyer. Lastly he has to procure all sorts of official documents, bills of health, register, royal yacht club warrant, passports, &c., and then the hour of release having arrived, though he may be certain that he has done much that he ought not to have done, and omitted many things of importance, it is with a feeling of ineffable satisfaction that he slips out into the Solent, lays down the course, sets the watches and steers away from mud and botheration to new life, new health, new scenes, and new ideas.

But now having lifted the curtain which hangs over the *disagremens* of such a cruise I will let it drop again, and endeavour to paint the bright side of yachting.

It is a saying among sailors that the east wind like a cat has nine lives, and ours though nearly a month old seemed still hale and hearty. It had plagued us enough on our way from Scilly, but now we had no complaint against it as we eased off all the sheets and ran before it on an even keel. Our course was for Ushant, the north-westernmost extremity of France, and the point where we must leave behind us the short chopping waves of the Channel, and form acquaintance with the long mountainous roll of the dreaded Bay of Biscay. Evening was closing in, and the dusky eye of the Needles had commenced its nightly twinkle before we got clear of the Solent. Soon therefore "the wooden walls of Old England," as an enthusiastic

military friend, (not an Irishman,) once called the chalky cliffs of the south coast on his return from foreign service—were lost in gloom, and from the deck "water, water, everywhere" alone met our view. In the main cabin however, a more genial fluid was in circulation, and the popping of "gold foiled Perier Jouet" served as a salvo to inaugurate the real commencement of the cruise.

What a glorious run we made of it that night and next day, 230 miles in twenty-four hours; smooth water, and every stitch of canvas drawing, for there was enough northing in the wind to keep our head sails full. Enthusiastic fishermen will tell you that one half hour with a well-hooked lively salmon repays him for a week of thrashing without a rise, and in like manner is the yachtsman compensated for calms and head winds when his turn comes, and he feels himself spinning along at ten knots, everything drawing alow and aloft, and just a faint shadow of a doubt as to whether that topmast which is bending like a whip will stand.

"Land on the lee bow" shouted the look out. It was the serrated Island of Ushant or Oessant purpling in the yellow sunset. Behind those rugged cliffs lies Brest "*statio benefide carinis*," and a port under our lee in case a November sou'wester should meet us in the bay, and oblige us to seek safety in flight. It was our only glimpse of La Belle France, and but a brief one, for night's inky mantle was fast enshrouding us, and soon all that remained to us of external humanity was one bright cheery spark which came twinkling and rippling to us over the dancing waves, seen first on the port bow, it gradually crept abeam of us, and then dropped astern. "Come my lads, in mainsheet and jibe her handsomely!" sang out Bill Binnacle. "A glass of grog for the man who first sights Finisterre!" We had taken our departure for Ushant Light, and were bowling along merrily across the "Bay of Biscay oh"

It cannot be denied that the Bay of Biscay has earned for itself a very bad name, and no doubt deserves it. That it has shipwrecks and murders enough on its conscience must be admitted, and with the late terrible catastrophe to the unfortunate "London" so recently in people's minds I hardly know how to be its apologist. Still, as is the case with a certain great personage, it is possible to paint it blacker than it really is. The merchant skipper who can harden his heart to a good blow out in the Bay, loses his nerve, his presence of mind, and not unfrequently his vessel when he comes in for thick,

and bad weather in the Channel. Examine those sinister bits of hydrography, the Wreck Chart, and say if it is not in the Channel and round our coasts that those ominous black spots, the grave stones of lost ships, most often occur. For my own part give me a good offing and my choice and I would far sooner encounter a Biscayan gale than be caught by bad weather off Arklow Bank. No doubt a strong wind in the Atlantic raises such a wondrous sea that it is hard to believe in the calculations of Messrs. Scoresby, Maury, and Co., when they assert that the highest waves from trough to crest seldom exceed five-and-twenty feet; but these Biscayan giants are honest fellows and do not become mischievous except under great provocation. Just as amongst men, your huge six-footer conscious of his own power, rarely exerts it, and is on the whole a good natured fellow, while your snappish cantankerous pest is generally on the short side of five-foot-six, burning with the desire to make the world think him just as fine a fellow as if he was half a foot higher.

At all events Guendolen and her crew had no right to find fault with the Bay, and "speaking of the ford as we found it" it is only fair to put upon record, as a set off against the many accusations brought against it, that it treated us with gentlemanly consideration. Light favourable winds wafted us from Ushant to Cape Villano, and pleasant fled the hours,

"As we (did) sail,
With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, Oh!"

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

THERE is a certain nautical possession much coveted by those who have to travel by water, called "sea-legs", and the time was now approaching when these "continuations" were about to be much in request among our main cabin quartette, if indeed they could be said to be forthcoming at all to some of us. A word about these same "sea legs." Are they rightly named? Does not the appellation tell but half the truth? If it were only the legs which require to be nauticised how comparatively easy would be the task—but send a very Blondin for equilibrium out upon a cruise, encase his

lower extremities in pilot cloth, tight above and baggy below in the most accurate man-of-war fashion, and will mere equilibrium or correct get up confer on him "sea-legs,"—"sea-fiddle-sticks"! sea-stomachs are what are wanted—restore the equilibrium to that, and the legs will soon take care of themselves.

Every one has a nostrum for that most pitiable yet altogether unpitied malady, sea sickness, and yet while hooting to scorn the claims of any rival specific, I doubt if any one has full confidence in his own. It resembles toothache, in that, what suits one patient utterly breaks down with another. I remember in the days while I was still the thrall of sea-sickness—thank goodness I have long since broken its chain—that most popular remedy, a glass of grog, so far from mending matters would have finished me outright. Some cry up creosote, a horrible mixture which one would think required the stomach of a horse to endure under the most favourable circumstances. By the way considering what Sea-dogs the Scandinavian Vikings were, should not the above simile be more correctly rendered as the "stomach of a Norse"? Then again chloroform had its partisans. I have often seen it tried, but cannot give it a testimonial, and so on through hosts of others more or less ineffective. What then is your own recipe I shall be asked? Well, as I before stated, this is a case in which "one man's meat is another man's poison", but I will detail the treatment bestowed upon Dick Marlinspike, who continued "poorly" long after the other Guendolenians were up and about, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

To his bedside came Bill Binnacle with kindly thoughts intent, in one hand a wine-glass, and in the other a large black bottle bearing the invigorating title "*Pick me up.*"

"Here old man," quoth he "I have brought you something that will make you as fit as a fiddle."

"What is it?" moaned the sick man dubiously as with a presentiment of coming evil.

"Oh, first-rate stuff,—take a good pull at it."

By a heroic effort the sufferer raised himself on his elbow, seized the glass and tossed it off in good style,—but the next instant forth it came again with a splutter, a horrible face and much incoherent objurgation "Black dose by Jove! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—ugh!—ugh!—for goodness sake—ulleubsch, ugh!—ugh!—anything to take the taste—ugh! poisoned by all that's filthy!"

Bill was of course somewhat disconcerted at the effect of his medicine, but he stuck to his text manfully, and assured his afflicted friend that he was quite wrong—that *if* he could only have kept it down it would have done him a world of good, to prove which he offered a glass each to Ben Bolt and Tom Bowling, but, to use a turf expression “there were no takers.”

Poor Dick was very bad indeed, Bill's *Pick me up* had changed the mood of suffering from passive to active—very active indeed.

Then passed Tom Bowling, the ship's accredited leech into an after cabin sacred to pharmacy, and issuing thence with a bolus, principally composed of Cayenne pepper and Opium, administered it to the patient; and between the rival practitioners, the result was most happy, for the next morning the sufferer was at the breakfast table, where his performance satisfied every one that “Richard was himself again”. Bill however is firmly convinced that it was the *Pick me up* that wrought the cure.

All this time the wind had been veering away to the S.W., and by the time the look-out had earned his glass of grog by sighting Finisterre, things had begun to look unpleasant. A very windified appearance was in the sky and a tumbling sea began to roll up from the wind's eye in far heavier waves than could be accounted for by the actual force of the wind, knocking all the go out of the schooner. The atmosphere was hazy and shut out all view of the land, and though the wind freshened every moment it had not the effect of dispelling the fog. Aneroid and Mercurial Barometer both came tumbling down the hill and altogether appearances betokened coming nasty weather. Other signs there were also no less pregnant. Oil skins and sou'-westers began to be the fashionable costume forward, and a certain set expression came into the first mate's face (we possessed no skipper,) which said as plain as words could—“I know what I should advise if my opinion were asked.”

“Not making much way to windward, eh, Brown?” said Bill Binnacle.

“Not a hinch, sir,” replied Brown laconically.

“Can't say that I much like the look of the weather.”

“No more don't I, sir; its coming on to blow wicked. Hadn't we better get down a couple of reefs, sir?”

“Hum, we'll see about it:—keep her at it a bit longer;” replied Bill as he descended the companion ladder, and betook him to his

charts. Thither the other three followed him, and the calumet of consideration having been lit all round, a council was held—Coruna was the nearest port to which we could run; and we were a good fifty miles to windward of it, every yard of which would be lost if we bore up. On the other hand, by retreating we secured safety, comfort, and a visit to a locality interesting not only on account of being a country new to all of us, but from its historical associations. Time too was our own. Why make a toil of a pleasure?

Sybarite counsels prevailed—Guendolen was headed to the land, so as to determine our exact whereabouts, and a sharp look out enjoined for its detection.

It was shortly after breakfast when we thus determined on exercising the better part of valour, and mid-day was past before we discovered ourselves under a precipitous headland, crowned with a lighthouse which we easily recognised as that built upon the Cesargis Isles. By this time so dense was the fog that the beetling cliffs were actually overhanging us before we discerned them. "Ready about!" roared Bill. "Lee helm!" Now, good barkie, make no blunder: a miss-stay here would be worse than awkward. But nothing was further from Guendolen's intentions, round she came like a top, and after standing off for a short while to secure a small offing, the course was shaped for Coruna and the sheets eased off. What a delightful change! Had the sea suddenly gone down? Had the wind lulled? Not a bit of it my landsman friend, 'twas blowing as hard as ever, nay the wind was increasing. The difference was only that between a free sheet and close-hauled.

MORAL—It isn't in sailing only that a little timely concession to the force of circumstances will save one a deal of rough knocking about.

What unobservant fellows sailors are:—it so happened that we had no harbour chart of Coruna, nothing in fact on a larger scale than that of the general chart which includes the whole space between Ushant and Gibraltar. Even this was rendered useless to us, for the map-maker, in his anxiety to depict the site of the lighthouse, had let fall such a blot of crimson and yellow paint as altogether to obliterate the harbour. There were however no less than four of the crew who had been there before, two of them more than once, and to these we applied for information, with what effect I will now relate.

On no one point did any of them agree except that on entering the

harbour the lighthouse should be left upon the *port* hand. Well, that was a point gained at all events, and though the night was as dark as Erebus the light from the Tower of Hercules, as it is called, was a brilliant one, and by maintaining a sharp look out, and keeping the lead going, we hoped to be able to creep somehow to a safe berth. On we stole, all eyes strained to the uttermost, and as we neared the lighthouse appearances at first seemed to confirm the men's account, for there at the bottom of the bay were the twinkling lights of a town. But what was that pale intermittent flash on the water right ahead of the vessel? and, yes! what was that low half murmuring, half hissing sound which every now and again fell on the ear? that sound which no seaman can mistake, a sound full of sinister augury!

"Breakers ahead!" "Down helm!" "In main-sheet! Well done my lads, no time lost there." Nor could we afford it, and now Guendolen bending over to the strong wind on her beam, the water rushed through the lee scuppers, and 'pouted' over the rail, but that was a slight matter as compared with the danger from which we were flying. Still it would be awkward to carry away anything at such a moment, so the main-tack was triced right up, the foresail lowered, and thus made snug we sped towards the open sea. 'Twas a close shave, for though we escaped without a rub, we passed some of the reefs so closely in our flight as to be able, dark as it was, clearly to distinguish the waves foaming and boiling over and around sundry cruel black points of rock, which gave one the idea of some malignant sea-monsters gnashing their teeth in disappointment at the loss of their prey. After this we went no more for advice "forward;" but after gaining what we considered a safe offing, hove-to, fired three rounds, sent three rockets aloft, and waited to see what this would produce.

It produced a pilot in a wonderfully short space of time, and in half an hour leaving the lighthouse on the *starboard* side,* we entered the harbour, dropped anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore, and adjourned to dinner, to which we were prepared to do justice.

Coruna—pronounced Coroonia—is a fortified town, and at 9 p.m. the gates are locked. Going ashore was therefore impossible had

*There is an island in the harbour of Coruna on which stands a fort and small lighthouse, pointing out a channel which exists between it and the mainland. Probably this was the light-house of which our men were thinking when they declared that the light should be left on the *port* hand.

we desired to do so, which we did not. Besides which we were without knowing it prisoners on board until such time as the "Sanidad" officials should pronounce us free from taint, and release us from quarantine. Even our pilot became contaminated by our polluted contact, and was obliged to share our duration.

The next morning, however, at an early hour we were visited by the health officer, who boarded us from an eight-oared cross between a Lord Mayor's barge and a gondola. The great man cast a glance over our papers, asked us a question or two through an interpreter, and then administered *pratique* to us (or as the British sailor *will* call it "proddick—") which meant that we were purged of all possible suspicion of being plague importers, and so made free to wander at pleasure. Before however we were ready for shore, and while we were bestowing on ourselves those last titivations which should incontinently slay each lovely Senorita who might cross our path, we were startled from our toilet by a thick fat voice,—basso profundissimo—hailing from a boat alongside.

"I say, you want eggs? fruit? meat? wine? I, Mary, bum-boat woman—buy you ole bottles, wash you clothes, lend you money if you want it."

We looked over the rail at this general dealer, and a queer specimen of femininity met our view. She was seated in the stern-sheets of a shore-boat, which her tremendous weight brought down to within one inch of the water, notwithstanding a heavy pile of stones in the bow as a counterpoise. To say she was as broad as she was long would be to wrong cruelly her width, and as the line of her beauty was not concealed or altered by any milliner's artifices, but on the contrary, she looked as if she wore but one garment, and that a tight one, there was little of her buxom contour left to the imagination. Her chin was not double, it was manifold, and was adorned with a stiff beard that would have excited the envy of a cornet, and her grissly hair was confined by a wonderfully filthy handkerchief folded in a triangular fashion, the apex of which hung down her brawny back, while the two ends of the base were concealed in the folds of her throat.

"I say," she continued, "Meenglishmans, I Mary, Cork woman, you go to market and be cheat by blackguard Jack Spaniard—I no cheat my countryman's, come, I say, buy something—I serve all the ships, every Cape'n deal with Mary". Then came a volley of Spanish

vociferated against two skinny urchins of the true Murillo type, her oarsmen, who had allowed her boat to drift astern.

We laid out some small amount of money with our compatriot in the purchase of eggs and vegetables, and did business with her in the empty bottle trade, but we were no match for her, and we subsequently found out that it was cheaper to go to the market and deal direct with "blackguard Jack Spaniard." According to her account she was the daughter of a soldier, a Cork man, who fell with Sir John Moore in the memorable battle which made that General and the town for ever famous. After the fleet of transports sailed with the British Army, Mary, left behind in the confusion, was taken up by some kind hearted body until able to take care of herself, since which time (if you choose to believe her) her probity and industry have raised her to her present high status.

Having disposed of Mary we got into the gig and steered for the town, which from the place where we dropped anchor appears to consist of a belt of pea-green houses lining a semi-circular shore of no pretensions to the picturesque. On landing however we found that we had much undervalued the size and importance of the capital of Galicia, which is of considerable extent, and possessed many interesting features to reward us for our prudent retreat from the storm which by that time was raging.

Everything was new to our eyes and ready made pictures met us at every turn. The houses so different to our domestic architecture with their projecting water spouts, heavy stone balconies and green verandahs. The new types of humanity and the generally foreign look of everything was *bizarre* and enjoyable in the extreme. I must say however that we repaid this pleasure in the same coin, inasmuch as from the moment we landed to the time we returned to the Guendolen, we were attended by a crowd of admirers who followed us wherever we went, and waited for us patiently outside whenever we entered a house.

Having paid our visit of ceremony to H.B. Majesty's Consul, our next care was to provide ourselves with an interpreter, bear-led by whom we began to take stock of Spain and its inhabitants, and naturally the latter first attracted our attention.

Nationality in costume is the first thing that strikes a traveller with a sense of novelty, and so it did us. Of course in Cosmopolitan Europe of the nineteenth century it would be absurd to expect any

strongly marked variety in the dress of the upper classes. It is only among the middle and lower orders one can hope to discover the picturesque element. Among them the politics of dress are local and conservative, while in the upper strata of society they are radical and propagandist. From the costume of these latter, Fashion, "that deformed thief," has long filched every shred of nationality, and still exerts her capricious power to such a climax of discomfort and unsuitability as makes one marvel at the long-suffering endurance of her subjects. To this stern rule the attire of the gentefolk of Spain scarcely forms an exception, and even where some slight trace of individuality survives, fashion has her revenge and makes it as disagreeable as possible. In fact nowhere is the tyranny I complain of more burdensome. Thus, Spain is frightfully torrid, therefore every gentleman wears a heavy cloak of superfine cloth containing yards unnumbered, and lined, or at all events faced with crimson velvet. Galicia at the present time of year is subject to continuous and drenching rains, therefore everybody who is anybody cases his feet in the most brilliantly incongruous patent leather boots. The chimney pot has also, under which Europe still groans here assumes its most virulent development and is cherished as an institution. Those hats were an unsolved mystery to us. We never saw an old one, and so brilliant was their lustrous sheen that it is still a question whether they are endowed with perpetual youth, or whether it is *contre les convenances* to wear one twice.

Still it must be admitted that your Don is a most accurately appointed "swell" and knows it. To see him stalking along the Alameda, enveloped in the ample folds of the before mentioned cloak, with the red velvet facings conspicuously turned outwards, and thrown in a lordly manner over the left shoulder, is a very imposing sight indeed; and a faint reflection of "the light of other days" ere Cervantes extinguished the last glimmer of Spanish chivalry, shines in the stand off, blue blooded haughtiness in which he entrenches himself. Between ourselves however all this high and mighty exterior which marks both sexes, and goes through all ranks and degrees of Spanish mankind is but an external. Once you get inside of the formidable cloak your Don turns out to be an affable unaffected gentleman, possessing all the politeness of the French without their artificial sentiment, and the straight-forwardness of John Bull without his insufferable bumptiousness.

And so it is throughout. The black-eyed, black-haired, black-mantled, black-gowned Senorita exhibits her pride of race by the unconscious dignity of her deportment, and the undeniable manner in which she plants her little foot on the ground, nevertheless in this queenly gait, so grand, and so apparently unstudied, consists her chief stock in trade of haughtiness, and a closer acquaintance will prove her to be a very woman after all, and a gracious one too. The *bourgeois* who seems to confer on you a favour in serving you with the articles of his trade, will nevertheless condescend to chaffer and bargain with you, aye and often to reduce his demand by more than one half. And the beggarman who surprises you so much at first by the grand flourish with which he takes your cigar from your mouth for the purpose of igniting his own, will still further astonish you by the humility with which he will straightway whine out an appeal for "*un cuarto por amor de Dios.*"

But to return to the ladies who are worthy of a more extended notice, though I feel diffident in approaching the task of definition. Were the readers of the *Yachting Magazine* of the coarser sex only, it might be easy to satisfy them with a few of the ordinary semi-slang phrases wherewith man is apt to describe female loveliness when speaking to man, but your readers, Mr. Editor, are not I trust so limited, and having some faint hope that these humble pages may come under the bright glances of many a fair yachtswoman, I must needs be careful in introducing them to their Spanish sisters.

When at home I hear two young ladies enjoying an hour's conversation in that most difficult of tongues, the millinery dialect, I listen with awe, with admiration, but without comprehension. There are some men of my acquaintance whom I inwardly envy, though outwardly I affect to despise them, who can talk by the hour of "double jupes," "tulle d'illusion," "guipures," "gores," "biasses," and the like, while I was never able to get beyond the *toute ensemble*. (There however, I flatter myself I know when I am well pleased.) Be not disappointed then, lovely beings, if I touch but lightly on the sacred mysteries of dress, and be satisfied to learn that Spanish ladies are brunettes, with a strong general likeness to one another, possessing great liquid eyes lit up with a black flame from the pit of Acheron. Eyebrows a little too much arched to please my taste, and raven hair (sometimes a thought coarse) drawn back over the ears, and hidden beneath the national mantilla or a shawl-shaped

coif, called a *Penuala*. The combs, so familiar to us in the drawings of Phillips and others have departed, or are so far modified as to cease to be a feature in the costume. The dress is almost universally of black silk, and as crinoline is of course understood and patronised it is evident that an occasional peep may be had of a pretty foot and ankle, which the possessors rather arrogantly imagine to be peerless among the nations. Let them undeceive themselves: feet as small, as well shaped and far better *chaussés* are quite as common at home. Lastly this is the country where those exotic decorations in hair, which I have heard called "heart breakers" at home, little black crescents bandolined against each temple,—are indigenous,—indeed so prevalent is the fashion in Spain that in some cases where Nature has not proved beneficent in providing these female whiskers, their place is supplied with circular patches of black sticking plaister as large as a shilling, which does not strike me as a good substitute, and suggests unpleasant ideas of blisters.

Of their charms of the mind I can say little. To tell the truth I do not think any of the Guendolenians had a great gift of tongues, and when a British gentleman endeavours to make himself agreeable in any language but his own, happy is he if he succeeds so far as to make himself understood in feeble and ungrammatical phraseology. How hopeless then was the prospect of a mutual understanding when totally ignorant of Spanish we essayed our Anglo-French, and found with astonishment and dismay that Spaniards know less even than Englishmen of that most general of languages. I greatly fear that though "The schoolmaster is abroad" it is not in Spain that he is to be met with. Speaking from a most limited point of view I should say that "blue-stockings" are rare in the land of the *Old*.

But march on upper ten-thousand, and let the *bourgeoisie* pass in review. To one from "a nation of shopkeepers" the Spaniard does not seem to be made of the stuff of which pushing tradesmen are moulded. It is reported of a certain British "medicine-man"—Professor Gullaway let us call him—that he pays £40,000 a year in Advertisements, and that once he attempted to curtail that sum by 5000, but found it did not pay to do so. This would be an idle tale in Galicia. The puff and advertisement dodge being developments of a civilization far in advance of their commercial ideas. Shop fronts in our sense of the term there are none, and consequently the street-scape wants colour and life. Yet are there counterba-

lancing advantages. If from this cause the streets do lack a certain brilliancy, is it nothing that here you are free from all those temptations which from every gaudy shop front at home lure you with a baleful fascination to purchase what you can do just as well without? Is it nothing that here no "ducks of bonnets" cry out as at home from behind the plate glass "Come buy us!" in tones so irresistible to wife or daughter that Paterfamilias, who on setting out for his constitutional walk meant nothing less than investing in millinery finds resistance vain, and the speediest capitulation the safest? However, this is the customers' view of the question. Looking at it from the other side one would imagine that a little more display would prove a profitable outlay, but no, shops after a fashion there are, but the shopkeepers seem perfectly indifferent as to whether they have any business or not. If it comes, well and good: if not, they will not go after it. In short though trade is not exactly stagnant, it crawls along in a sluggish scummy stream.

I shall have completed my list of Gallicians as they passed before our eyes on this our first day in Spain, when I shall have added a sketch of the peasantry. It seems that Galicia is looked upon by the rest of Spain much in the same light as poor Ireland is regarded by the sister Island. Its inhabitants have got the credit of being but a poor half civilized, thriftless, blundering order of beings, light of heart, witty and rather untameable, whose principal use is to furnish playwrights with funny characters, and to serve generally as butts at whom it is safe to fire all the dull jokes of the country. They are certainly rough looking fellows, and have a wild enough appearance in their particular costume as they conduct their bullock teams with much shouting through the narrow streets. Fashion has little to say to them, and the shape and material of their dress has probably altered little in the last two centuries. A jacket of coarse brown frieze usually ornamented about the neck and elbows by a rude patchwork pattern of yellow and black. A pair of loose breeches of the same material, open at the knee and showing full white cotton drawers, that contrast forcibly with the brawny mahogany coloured limbs which emerge from them and finish in indescribable sandals. A head dress, consisting of a cross between an Irishman's *caubeen* and a cocked hat, adorned to the rear with black tufts, and worn jauntily on one side. Such is the costume of the Gallician peasant; and when I add that in feature, both as regards

form, expression, and freedom from ablutionary processes, he possesses an amazing likeness to one of the Cladagh boys in Galway, (to whom a Spanish origin has been assigned,) I shall have put the finishing touch to his portrait.

There is, I suppose, in all languages some one or two phrases or idioms which are in commoner use than others, and which strike a foreign ear at once. We have here ascertained that among Englishmen that phrase consists in the two words "I say."

Like ourselves, no doubt the reader will be at first inclined to doubt the universality of its employment, but let any one watch the conversation of his friends for a short time, and he will acknowledge that the *gamins* and market women of Coruna were accurate observers when they hailed our approach in a chorus not quite so melodious as the market chorus in Massaniello, much in this strain—"I say, I say, Meenglishmans, I say, *veng aqui!* I say, *un cuarto por amor de Dios, si vos place, Senores.* I say, *Senor Ingles, tres por dos pesetas! todos por dos pesetas, &c., &c.*

With "I say," however, their knowledge of English commenced and ended, though by no means their importunity, for a contest arose between saleswomen and beggar boys of which we were to be the prize, and which ultimately ended in the complete discomfiture of the *gamin* forces, and a subsequent internecine strife among the victors. Marketing must be a service of danger in Spain if every customer is greeted in the way we were. Billingsgate may hide its diminished head as far as row and vituperation is concerned, and if the subject matter of the dialogue was at all in proportion to the stentorian power and pantomimic energy of the interlocutors, it may have been as well that our acquaintance with the language was so limited.

By a hard fight we asserted our right to be cheated where we pleased, or rather where our interpreter pleased, and then the basket began to fill rapidly.

The only good meat in Spain is to be found in Galicia, and forms a considerable export. The price is less than at home, being at the time of our visit from six-pence to seven-pence per pound; but then one pound Spanish is equal to two of our degenerate pounds. I cannot however omit mentioning a cool practice of our butcher which somewhat depreciated this cheapness. We had made a remonstrance against scanty weight, the meat side of the scale being decidedly aloft. Admitting the justice of our objection, Carnifex seized his

saw, cut from off another piece a huge knob of bone without a scrap of meat upon it, and throwing it into the scale, pointed out that the scale was now liberally down on our side, accompanying the action with an injured look that said plainly, "Have you any more objections I wonder?" That old rascal, the interpreter, sided with his friend, and declared that such was the custom in Coruna, and in accordance with the laws of the market. We knew he was lying and told him so, but sooner than create a disturbance we took our bone, and paid our money.

There were plenty of curious looking vegetables, specimens of which we bought on speculation, but in our cook's hands they turned out failures. Tomatoes however were welcomed, as also were turnips, cabbages, and carrots, which looked like old friends, and strangers like ourselves amid their queer Spanish companions.

Game too was in great abundance, for the most part consisting of hares, wild fowl, and red legged partridge, the latter being very inferior to our English kind. The fish market was also well stocked with "odd fish" of a not very tempting appearance, but some red mullet were irresistible, and with them we completed our marketing after much hard bargaining in which our polyglott friend performed the laughable farce of stern and immaculate honesty, and fought with apparent fury against the overcharge of a few coppers, but the *ruse* was laughably transparent; and as we left the market and with a face of indignant virtue he began to rail against the dishonesty of the Corunians, we cut him short, letting him see plainly that we considered him as bad as any of them.

Of a truth, Mr. Interpreter was not prepossessing either in appearance or *morale*. Lying, cringing, cheating, and some other analogous virtues were among his accomplishments and upon which he very naturally set a high value. Two dollars per diem with pickings in the shape of per centage from such tradesmen as he favoured with our custom, was not bad pay for a rusty old party whose hat was of the sleepless order, whose coat of other days was faded, and who wore this latter garment as closely buttoned up to the chin as, when viewed in connection with the remaining portions of his outer man, to render the existence of a subjacent shirt extremely improbable:—But stay—our wanderings in Coruna under the guidance of this functionary must form material for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE LINES OF A 30-TON YACHT OF THE PRESENT DAY *

BY A YACHTMAN.

IN the last chapter we had got so far as to mark the rabbet of the keel, the water line, and the depth of our intended vessel on line A B, but before proceeding further it will not be out of place here to make a few observations as to the height that such a craft should be out of the water, as not only will her appearance be thereby materially affected, but in other respects also it is by no means a matter of such slight importance as some may be inclined to suppose.

Great height above the water will of course give great accommodation below, but however advantageous it may be to have a roomy cabin we must not by so doing get too much floatation power in the wrong place. Floatation power in a racing, or indeed cruising, craft, must be properly apportioned between the cabin floor and the deck, and we must bear in mind that any undue excess above the water line will have a tendency to drag our vessel to leeward, which is an evil we must take care to avoid. A few inches more or less accommodation in a 30 ton yacht of the present day, is of trifling importance compared with the evil of building a lofty vessel, which will not only have a tendency to make leeway, but which will also run a good chance of being crank. But neither on the other hand must we have our vessel too low in the water, like the London, or, from want of sufficient buoyancy, we may come to grief like that ill-fated ship.

From 2ft. 5in. to 2ft. 7in., will be about the proper height to build our vessel out of the water, it will be found quite sufficient for all sea-going purposes, it will give the owner sufficient cabin accommodation, and it will answer his expectation as regards appearance.

Having therefore marked the keel, the water line and the depth, we must, at right angles to this latter point, prick off our half beam, and from thence commence upon our midship section, which is the keystone to the whole fabric.

We must, however, before commencing to plan it out, consider well the various advantages and disadvantages that are attached to the different forms of midship section that we have either seen or read of, in order that we may adopt the one possessing the greatest attractions. To a certain extent our choice is of course limited, inasmuch as our

* Concluded from page 210.

breadth and depth are given, so that our midship section will have to begin and end at these points. Notwithstanding this limitation however we have still too much scope for error, and all we have to do is to endeavour so far as possible to avoid making one.

The midship section which has very generally been adopted for some years past is that usually described as being represented by the letter V, but out of this said letter V builders have managed to frame what may be termed three different styles of midship section.

First there is the straight section, so well represented by the letter itself, and by such a vessel as the *Surprise*, and in a somewhat modified form by the *Secret*. Then there is the one very much cut away underneath the water line, represented in different degrees by such craft as the *Crusader*, *Quiver*, and *Surf*, and lastly we have the section between the two as represented by the *Phryne*, *Glance*, and *Kilmeny*.

Now, with regard to the first of these forms the advantages to be derived from it are width on your cabin floor, height in your cabin, space low down to enable you to carry ballast, and a quantity of dead weight enabling the vessel to carry large spars; a combination which under certain circumstances makes a powerful vessel in going to windward. The disadvantages are an indifferent vessel in heavy weather and a tumbling sea, from a want of buoyancy, a large crew and expensive vessel in proportion to your measurement, and indifferent speed with free sheets. In smooth water when blowing hard, your straight sectioned vessel may get to windward of her rounder sectioned sister, but in a four square course she will have no chance with her, and in down right bad weather she will be beaten at every point. There is another disadvantage in these heavily laden vessels—that of slowness in getting underway—and a better illustration of the fact could not be given than the match at Kingstown last year between the vessels belonging to the R.I.Y.C., when the *Kilmeny* though *many* yards to leeward of the *Secret*, at the starting buoys, yet with ease led the latter out of the harbour by some distance. The *Secret* seemed as heavy and slow as the *Kilmeny* did light and quick, the former as a 33 ton boat, carrying 28 to 29 tons of ballast, the latter as a 30 ton boat, carrying 19 tons, which of course easily accounts for the difference between the two boats in getting underway, and also in my opinion accounts for the *Secret* having been so often defeated by the *Kilmeny*.

Our next consideration will be the very round midship section much cut away below the water line. Now the advantages attached to this form are a small quantity of ballast, small spars, and a small crew in proportion to your measurement, a light and buoyant vessel in a sea-

way, and great speed in running free. The disadvantages are a narrow cabin floor, a want of height in the cabin, a want of power to carry your sticks well to windward to enable you to keep well to your work, and a deficiency of power to enable you to compete, as a rule, with other vessels of your class.

The remaining section may be fairly termed the happy medium between these two extremes, and if we consider how decided are the different disadvantages pertaining to the other forms, I think we may conclude ourselves safe in drawing a midship section between the two, in short such a one as we have endeavoured to put upon paper. It would have been better had our curves enabled us to make our drawing a little rounder on the water-line, and a trifle hollower lower down; and had we so constructed it we think that such a midship section would not, on the one hand, be too straight, neither on the other hand would it be too much cut away under the water; but in point of fact it would be one supposed to combine the advantages of the too straight and too hollow section with as little of their disadvantages as possible, and we feel sure that such a midship section would have power enough to go well to windward without being too heavy a vessel before the wind or in a sea-way. Such a craft would carry as nearly as possible twenty tons of ballast.

The next thing to be done after having drawn our midship section is to bisect it from the rabbet of the keel up, with a certain number of equi-distant lines, in order that we may be able to measure the distance of certain fixed points in our midship section from line A, B, and in order also to mark the longitudinal lines on the half breadth plan, which we must now commence upon.

It will perhaps be as well in order the more easily to explain my drawing to say, that in looking into the half breadth plan, the reader should fancy himself at the mast-head of the vessel looking down into her, when he might imagine the different longitudinal lines here drawn. First the water line, which he would of course be unable to distinguish from the deck line, then the next about 1ft. 8in. below the water line, and then the remaining two, which would be, the first, 2 feet from the second line, and the next 2 feet below that again, until he came to the rabbet of the keel here represented by the horizontal line. Having to a certain extent explained these otherwise, to the uninitiated, unintelligible lines, we now come to draw them out.

The first thing to be done in drafting out the half-breadth plan is to draw a straight line the exact length of the vessel from the stem to the stern-post, and then after making up our minds that our greatest breadth

of beam should be a little abaft the centre, we divide our line in half, and mark off our half beam, and from this spot we must now commence our bow, which is probably, next to the midship section, the most important part of the vessel.

In the first place I take it for granted that in a 30 ton craft you may have a very long bow, and one that may be made with a gradual curve from abaft the centre of the half-breadth plan to the stem. But supposing there be no difference of opinion on this point, I fear that the next question, as to whether our curve should be convex or concave, will create a vast amount of difference of opinion. For my part I think it will make but very little difference which curve you adopt, *provided* the hollow or the round are very trifling, a straight line it must not be, but a slight curve, of half an inch, will save it from being a straight line, and at the same time divide the water most admirably, and I cannot but think that the difference between convex and concave would be most trifling. In my sketch I have made the bow at the water-line convex, but I am not altogether sure that it is the best line; however, there it is, and I must leave it for the criticisms of my yachting friends.

Our next step must now be to mark on our half-breadth plan, the different spots where our timbers are to be, at equal distances from one another. It is of course unnecessary to put in the drawing all the timbers that will be in the ship itself, as it would be of no practical advantage and merely encumber the drawing with too many lines. We have put our timbers two feet apart, and marked them from 0 to 6 for the fore part of the vessel, and from 0 to 11 for the after body, and this number will be quite sufficient for our purpose.

The fore part of the half-breath plan at the water-line has been already drawn, so that we now have to draw in our next line. Now to get at this line we must take the line below the water-line on the body plan and get the breadth of the midship section at the point, and having got the length we mark it on timber 0 taking the distance from the horizontal line of the half-breadth plan, and then bring the line from this point by a gradual curve to the stem. This line will test each successive timber on the plan as they are placed in, and in fact the timbers on the body plan and the longitudinal lines, on the half-breadth plan will correct each other, and detect in a moment any bad curve in either.

The other longitudinal lines on the half-breadth plan will have to be drawn in the same manner, the distance from the horizontal line being got by the length along the second and third lines on the body plan, and they will also have to be tested by each successive timber as you

put them in; when the forepart of our vessel, so far as the drawing board is concerned, may be said to be finished.

We now come to the afterbody, and in marking out our water line we must remember that we are building a cutter which will carry a heavy boom, which boom must be properly supported and this can only be done by giving the vessel good bearings, and a certain amount of fulness aft. Bearing this in mind we start our water-line from 0, and bring it to the stern-post with a good round curve, such as we have endeavoured to give, and then complete our afterbody with longitudinal lines in the same manner as we have described the fore part of the vessel, testing them with the lines on the stern side of the body plan. This done the drawing may be considered completed, when the sail loft must be resorted to with a keen eyed carpenter with whose assistance you may chalk your drawing on the floor to the full size, from whence may be taken the moulds from which the real timbers may be sawn and the real ship built.

I am well aware that in endeavouring to impart what knowledge I have to others, I have come far short of my wishes in this respect, nor had I the least idea, until my task was begun, how difficult it is to explain to others that which one knows oneself so as really to instruct. I have purposely abstained from all abstruse calculations which so occupy Mr. Marratt's book, merely confining myself to plain rule of thumb Geometry, and if I have failed in my endeavours to explain my lines I trust my friends will take the will for the deed and deal leniently with

A YACHTSMAN.

ENGLAND v. AMERICA; THE UNION JACK OR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

In our February number we considered it our duty, in consequence of allusions made by the American press, to re-call our yachtsmen's attention to the question, which still remains to be solved, between us and our brethren of the "Burgee" across the Atlantic. Under the head of "Ocean Matches" we took occasion to advocate a more universal support of these matches, for just now we have a large access of young blood amongst our yachtsmen, and the effect that an early initiation into the practical part of yachting would have, and which ocean matches tend to create a desire for, in infusing a more invigorating and enterprising spirit among our yachting circles, would hasten the accomplishment of a triumph we are sanguine enough to believe yet awaits us. That we

suffered an unmistakeable defeat at the hands of American yachtsmen, was, and is, candidly admitted on all sides, and that we acknowledged it to its fullest extent, in the adoption of many improvements in the construction of our hulls, and the rig of our vessels, shows that our sense of deficiency was awakened by their triumph, and that an ambition to remedy it, and attain that perfection which would enable us to recover the laurels temporarily lost, was aroused amongst us. Fifteen years have rolled over our heads, however, and during that time vast improvements have been made in our yacht fleet, improvements that led us to anticipate the revival, ere this, of the question "Are we able to build and sail a yacht in England fit to sail against an American clipper?" We confess to a confidence in our yacht builders and sailors, a confidence that has never yielded to a doubt hitherto, that we are perfectly competent to do so; but why this lack of energy in our yachtsmen? Is the national spirit sunk into such lethargy as to suffer ourselves to admit that we have been hopelessly vanquished, and that, with a fleet of over 1,000 yachts in the United Kingdom alone, sailing under the British burgee (as *Hunt's Yacht List* for 1866 will show), we have not a single yachtsman bold enough to carry the champion flag of England across the waters of the Atlantic? Shall we sit tamely down and admit that, amongst all our splendid fleet of canvas-backs, after the money, and time, and skill expended during these fifteen years in improving and bringing them to our notions of perfection, that we have not a single vessel fit to display the banner of any one of our thirty yacht clubs in New York Bay, or that amongst our 1,000 clippers that we are so proud of, there is not one fleet enough to take her place alongside any of the thirty-nine yachts which constitute the apparently dreaded array that rendezvous off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken.

Surely this is a subject that will not be suffered to lie dormant, the honour and spirit of one of our greatest and most national sporting institutions is at stake, and we unhesitatingly say that every day that is suffered to elapse without some measures being taken to restore the *prestige* of maritime supremacy to our yacht fleet, is more than a reproach to us as yachtsmen, and calculated to bring into contempt our boasted superiority as sailors. We have all the resources necessary to enable us to retrieve our defeat, a defeat that fifteen years of inaction may be said to have converted into a national disgrace; we have money enough, science, mechanical skill, and material sufficient, and to spare, to construct our 1,000 yachts, were needs be, over again; can it be for a moment supposed that that spirit of daring, that love of sport, that craving for distinction, that fever for adventure, which has distinguished British

sportsmen all the world over, has departed from amongst our yachtsmen; of what avail is it to point out our Dufferins, our Lamonts, our Kavanaghs, our Hughes, our Harveys, our Hanbams, or our Sheddens as yachtsmen who have worthily won their spurs amidst the icy regions, or beneath the torrid zone; of what credit is it to name our Alertes, Chances, Sprays, and Vivids, or Oberons that have dared the tempestuous seas of the Cape, and bravely carried their crews to Australia. We are proud of men and vessels as we should be, but our pride will be humbled, and the lustre of their deeds and performances will be dimmed, until we can as triumphantly emblazon upon the roll, the names of the yachtsman and the yacht that shall have brought back to Cowes that silver monument of our defeat, that, to the discredit of our racing yachtsmen, has been permitted to stand so long in the Elysian Halls of Hoboken.

We have some idea however, that the time is at hand when we shall see the hope so long cherished realized; the subject is at present we are told rife amongst our yachtsmen, and time it was that it should be so; we are informed that much as we have improved our vessels, that the members of the New York Yacht Club, still consider themselves immeasurably ahead; they contend that we have been content to aim at making our vessels equal to the America, whilst they have far outstripped her long since; let them not however, be too sanguine on this point, we may not have been so altogether dull of comprehension as they imagine; we would warn our yachtsmen nevertheless, against overconfidence on this point, for we cannot afford to suffer a second defeat; whether the question is to be decided this side of the Atlantic or the other, a double contest is before us, we must win the first,—we must make up our minds to do that, and we trust that victory will be achieved at New York, and we warn our yachtsmen that no time is to be lost in maturing their plans: the American yachtsmen have year after year renewed their courteous invitation to New York, they taunt us with not being bold enough to make the attempt, and it is for this reason we should like to see the first conclusion tried in their own waters; that this will lead to a deciding trial of both builders and sailors skill there can be little doubt, but of this there will be time enough to consider, let us once take the British burgee ahead of the azure banner with the silver stars, and where one English bowsprit has shown the way, another will be quickly found to follow. We earnestly hope that our yachtsmen will not suffer this year to pass without showing what we can do with our fleet of yachts; we have learned that the Emperor of the French proposes as an additional feature to the Paris Exhibition of

1867, a grand regatta to be held at some of the most suitable points on the French coast ; and amongst the many attractions will be a valuable prize to test the superiority of yachts of all nations ; now we ask our yachtsmen what *status* our flag will hold there, if we have not disposed of the question of superiority with America previously ; are we to appear there with the burgee of England second to the stars of America ? Will our British yachtsmen submit to this, and contentedly witness the championship of the sea represented by any other nation but themselves ? We are told that a fleet of American yachts purpose sailing for France, to test their prowess upon that occasion ; let us be prepared to meet them, and induce them to pay us a visit also, but let us win first back that trophy, and with it that *prestige* which it should be the ambition of every British yachtsman to see restored to English yachting.

(*Extract from the New York Herald.*)

" Our recent allusion to the prize cup won by the famous yacht America has recalled the attention of yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic to this almost forgotten trophy. We republish in another column the comments which *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, the English organ in such matters, has seen fit to make in reply to the *Herald* article. While American yachtsmen are becoming more and more eager for ocean matches, the yachtsmen of England have lately been losing interest in this phase of the glorious pastime. This lack of spirit is so marked that it is regarded as "a danger as serious as ever sapped the foundation of a national institution." It seems that at most of the races in British waters the yachts are left entirely to the care of professionals, as a racehorse is entrusted to his jockey, and the owners "are content to look on and admire, and gradually become little better than passengers on board their vessels, without any incentive to become thorough working hands, practical sailors, good helmsmen, and average navigators." As another instance of this want of enterprise, it is related that Captain P. C. Lovett, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, proposed an ocean race from Plymouth to Gibraltar ; but although the project created some excitement and was talked about at all the clubs, it had to be abandoned because only three vessels, including that of Captain Lovett entered for the contest, and all of them belonged to Captain Lovett's own club, although there are 20 Royal Clubs in the United Kingdom. No wonder that this state of affairs is regarded as decidedly dangerous to the very existence of yachting as a national institution.

" The victory of the America, at Cowes, on the 22nd of August, 1851, roused the English yachtsmen to a sense of the inferiority of their vessels. They purchased the America, although they did not know how to sail her, and used her as a model for their shipwrights. All the novelties in her hull, spars, gear, canvas and ballast were carefully imitated. Their "old fashioned yachts looked like tea-boxes alongside of the Americanized beauties that

sprang forth from almost every yacht building slip in the kingdom." In fact, as this *Yachting Magazine* confesses, they "swallowed humble pie with the pleasantest of grimaces," and forthwith rushed into framing and planking, pulling to pieces and building up again; putting sterns where bows had been, and almost *vice versa*; for surely such transformations never had been seen in shipwrights' hands as in the first few years after the America's visit." But now, after all these alterations, the English yachtsmen believe that their vessels are the best in the world. As the yachting writer says:—"We have obtained a class of yachts that may be studied with advantage as models of naval architecture, such as the science, skill, and practical experience of our builders might be expected to produce; and we may now be said to possess a yacht fleet as nearly approaching to perfection as possible."

"It is upon this very point that we desire to undeceive the English yachtsmen, and for that reason we have reminded them of the America champion cup which was presented to the New York Yacht Club by the owners of the America "as a perpetual Challenge Cup for all organized yacht clubs of any foreign country." This challenge to British yachtsmen has not yet been accepted, although it has been open for several years. Enthusiastic Englishmen still "fondly cherish the idea that the cup will still travel back across the Atlantic and yet be shown in British waters," and flatter themselves that they "have the means, the talent and the pluck to do it;" but none of them has yet been bold enough to make the attempt. We invite them to come and try; we promise them the most cordial welcome; but we assure them that it will be much harder work to take back the cup than it was to win it on that memorable day when the America was ahead and all the English yachts nowhere.

"If the English yachts have been immensely improved since 1851, so have those of this country. They may have equalled the model which we then sent over to them; but we have surpassed it long ago. Our yachtsmen too, are in far better case than ever before. The *furor* for ocean matches, which has died away in England, is in full force here. Last season, when Captain Lovett tried in vain to get somebody to race with him to Gibraltar, half a dozen ocean races were sailed here, and if the gallant Captain had been on hand with his yacht he would have found plenty of American yachtsmen ready to accept his challenge. The English sneer about the "comparatively smooth Long Island Sound" has long since lost all its application. The days of duckpond yachting are over on this side the Atlantic. The *Yachting Magazine* hopes that Captain Lovett "will again bring forward his spirited programme this year," and that "it will be met with that plucky support it so well deserves. This hope we most cordially re-echo; for we are assured that the race to Gibraltar is merely preliminary to the organization of "a fleet of powerful schooners to cross the Atlantic and wake up Uncle Sam in the bay of New York." When they arrive they will find Uncle Sam wide awake, and ready to greet them most hospitably. But whether or not "the man and ship will still be forthcoming—British built, British sailed, and under a British burgee—that will bring back that cup to our inland seas" is

quite another question. Undoubtedly "the yacht—and her owner—that accomplishes this feat will place the club he represents at the head of every yacht club, and will need neither granite pedestal nor marble tablet to perpetuate his fame;" but it will be time enough to order the pedestal and the tablet after the triumph is achieved.

"The New York Yacht Club will furnish a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew to secure and retain the cup which the America won. Let the English come; the sooner the better. If they put off the expedition for another year they may find a fleet of American yachts ready to compete with them on their own waters in 1867. The Paris Exposition will be held in that year, and many Americans will go abroad. Some of them will go in their own yachts, and show the Englishmen not one but a dozen Americas. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the French Emperor will offer a prize cup for yachts in connection with the Exposition. At any rate, with the prospect of such races ahead, the season of 1866 ought to be remarkably brilliant. Our yachtsmen should display renewed ardour and energy, and besides the annual reception, review and squadron cruise, there should be a number of ocean matches arranged by way of practice for the grand contest that is to decide the relative superiority of America and England."

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

PART VIII.

THE manager of the bank, over the destinies of which Mr. Radley presided, was Jonas Gilligan; a very astute Jonas he was, and deep in the confidence of Tom Radley; he had originally been in the profession of the law, but Tom took such a fancy to him, his disposition and habits were so congenial, his aptitude for delicate financial operations so great, and his entire devotion to his patron so unbounded, added to which he brought such a rare stock of forensic lore to the aid of the latter, and displayed such amazing skill in investigating everybody's affairs worth knowing, that, by degrees, Jonas established himself as one of those indispensable creatures which little great men are so fond of, and cannot do without; to the outward world they were two distinct men, without an apparent link existing between them beyond that which their relative positions might be supposed to involve: but when that outward world slept—what then?

Tom was cold, harsh, and even tyrannical by daylight, and people pitied good, kind Mr. Gilligan, and wondered how he could submit to

* Continued from page 222.

such serfdom; but when the shades of evening descended upon W——, then Mr. Jonas Gilligan was partial to out-door exercise, and it was such an agreeable few miles walk to Radley Lodge, where the portals flew open to him as if the magic "sesame" was written upon his forehead; there, in a cosy and luxuriantly furnished study, secure from curious eyes or eager eaves-droppers, Mr. Radley was always at home on such occasions, and it would indeed puzzle an eye-witness to decide which was the master—which the man.

We shall pay Radley Lodge a visit.

A brilliant lamp shed its cheerful rays over a table on which snowy napery, shining silver, polished cutlery, and shimmering glass attested the advent of that eminently social repast, supper; a ruddy peat fire glowed upon the low and wide hearth purposely constructed for such old-fashioned fuel, crimson cloth curtains carefully drawn, not only across windows but doors, jealously excluded the slightest blast of the wintry wind; not a footfall could be heard on the soft pile of the rich carpet that overspread the floor, two easy chairs were disposed on either side of the fire place, and the aroma of rich wine shed through the apartment indicated that these necessary adjuncts to the evening's enjoyment were present in profusion. That this apartment was used for other purposes than the mere refreshment of the inner man, the spacious bookcases, stands of japanned boxes, a large writing table with its appropriate furniture, and littered with papers, plainly showed; but the combination of business and pleasure was so skilfully combined, the accessories of both harmonised in all respects so thoroughly as to remove the slightest approach to harshness of contrast: whatever discomfort was self-imposed in the "smithy," the sumptuous study of Radley Lodge amply compensated for, and right cunningly had decorative skill developed its resources in every detail, however trivial, that could please the eye, sooth the mind, or give rest to the body.

On the evening in question Tom Radley paced up and down the precincts of the study evidently discomposed, and with more of agitation in his demeanour than he had perhaps ever been seen to evince before; the stern will, the powerful self control, the reticence of the man had received some unusual shock it was plain to perceive; once or twice he stopped before the well furnished buffet and a libation of rich red port was offered to his disturbing demon, but even this failed in its desired effect; at length the sound of approaching footsteps attracted his attention, he passed his hand rapidly over his face, there was a smart tap at the door, the curtain was raised, and the smiling obsequious Jonas Gilligan glided into the apartment to be met by the now equally smiling and obsequious Thomas Radley.

"To the moment, Jonas—to the moment—punctual as ever, eh?" exclaimed Tom, not a tremor in his voice, nor a wrinkle on his brow.

"It is only a pleasure to be punctual, my dear Tom, when such promise of good cheer and pleasant conversation awaits me;" returned Jonas, casting his eye warily round the apartment lest other ears might hear such familiarity of address to the mighty man of W——.

"Pshaw, Jonas man, dispense with caution now, there is nobody here to watch us save old Bridget, and she has buried her curiosity under the weight of years—sit ye down—sit ye down. Now for supper, and we shall enjoy ourselves!"

Jonas moved uneasily in his chair, and his furtive gaze caught the glint of Tom's revolving eye fixed upon him curiously. Enjoyment indeed—oh!

Tom—Tom, Jonas was reading you! he knew what the word enjoyment meant that night; he knew by the roll of your eye there was mischief brewing for somebody, that despite the cheery smile and hearty voice, you were like a tiger at bay.

The entrance of old Bridget the housekeeper, with such oysters, and such lobsters, and such wild duck, as only that wild west coast of Ireland can produce, was an interruption most welcome to both, and they discussed the repast, with what appetite may be supposed and almost in silence, but much like men glad of any pretext to postpone the moment that each had a presentiment was pregnant with evil.

But even suppers must have an end, no matter how leisurely a delicate bivalve may be toyed with, or a pinion bone denuded of its crispy covering, and at length the easy chairs were in requisition: after a little preliminary skirmishing and sundry interludes of wine, Tom observed carelessly.

"Matters are becoming easier, Jonas—there seems to be a re-action; what think you?"

"Yes," replied Jonas, "there can be no doubt of it."

"Money appears to be obtained through some other channel than what we know of?"

"Have you seen Mr. Considine to-day?" enquired Gilligan, with his eye fixed full upon Tom.

"No," replied Tom Radley, with a certain tremor in his voice. "What of him?"

"You see he has been to the bank for some days past, I thought you had seen him, he has been very solicitous for particulars of all the moneys we have advanced during the recent pressure. I wish you had got him off the directory when he was reported to be in trouble,—he holds his head higher than ever now, and means mischief!"

"Did you give him any insight?" exclaimed Tom, vehemently, as he started from his chair.

"Here is a letter of importance I received this evening," returned Jonas, without vouchsafing a direct answer to the last question.

Radley seizing it eagerly, read as follows:—

"Private and Confidential."

"London, ———, 18—.

"Dear G.—Let me know at once all particulars of Mrs. B. Cassidy of W——. Large sums have been banked here and in America, in the name of Cassidy, and recently offers have been made for the estate of Tarlaquin in the name of Mrs. B. Cassidy, can this be the same party? References are boldly given to G—, M—, C—, and Co. here, and to the Bank of C—, New York. But there seems some mystery, cannot your agents in W——, do the needful?"

Yours,

"W. G——, Esq., Bank of ———, Dublin."

C——."

Across this letter was written in red ink—

"Mr. Gilligan will confer a great favor by consulting immediately with Mr. Radley, and furnishing every information possible about the party named within.—W. G."

Jonas narrowly watched Tom Radley's excitement as he perused this letter but the latter tossed it back to him, exclaiming—

"You have not replied to my question about Considine?"

"Of course you will direct me as to the information to be sent to this letter?" continued Jonas, as if wrapt in its perusal.

"Jonas Gilligan, what did you say to Philip Considine?" said Tom Radley sternly, for he now felt assured, from the former's evasive manner during the evening, that there was *a something* Jonas was waiting but a fitting moment to communicate, and the hesitation he displayed boded ill tidings.

"I showed him the accounts as they stood, Thomas Radley," answered Gilligan, boldly, and with a long drawn breath as if a load was off his mind:

"*You showed him the accounts!*" said Tom, the brick colour of his features fading off to a light buff.

"Yes," continued Jonas, "he would see them, and you know I dare not refuse?"

"Quite right, Jonas," answered Tom, with wonderful composure, whilst at the same time his blood felt like molten metal coursing through his veins; "but you should have sent for me—well, and what did seem to strike him most?"

"You know, Tom, that £40,000 stands against your name for advances at different periods."

"Yes—yes—what next?"

"Then you see as I was anxious to secure to you all the advantages of the pressure, there were opportunities occurred, within my knowledge where I advanced £20,000——"

"And Philip Considine knows all this?" interrupted Tom, in a voice that froze even Jonas's sluggish blood, "*before I knew it myself!*" and his hands grasped the chair as if he would reduce the solid wood to dust.

"He—he—ha—ha—! you seem alarmed Tom; why man it is nothing; we are both in it you see—both; and being entrusted with the management have done our best; all is secured by your property, which I assured him represented ten times the amount; all you have to do now is to lodge the securities you mentioned with me, I will place them in the bank safe, you have satisfied me, and I can then amply satisfy Considine or any one else, and we shall put a pretty round sum in our pockets besides; he—he—ha—ha—here's your health, Tom!"

And Jonas Gilligan filled a brimming bumper and quaffed it to the bottom, whilst his shrill laughter rung through the apartment like the mockery of a fiend.

Tom Radley shook for a moment or two until his very teeth chattered, he glared round the apartment as if his senses had fled; that mocking laugh of Jonas Gilligan, his creature—his very slave, smote upon his ears like a terrible knell; he saw the black and yawning gulf that the fawning sycophant he so fatally trusted had prepared with a skill and coolness that almost paralyzed him, but there was a bridge for that gulf, and that bridge should be Jonas himself; like the lightning's flash was that thought, and with Tom to think was to work.

"Aye, to be sure, that will be all right; the securities—yes; how stupid my not having given them to you before, but here they are—here they are, be sure to show them to Considine—do not delay—send for him to-morrow morning."

And, unlocking the iron doors of a strong room built in the walls of the apartment, he carefully selected a number of bulky documents and handed them to Jonas.

The worthy Mr. Gilligan could scarcely repress a chuckle of triumph, as very methodically he proceeded to inspect and make a list of the papers handed to him by Tom; not one of them but he opened and carefully noted the contents, until, apparently satisfied, he consigned them to the custody of a strong bag which he as carefully looked : Tom Radley all the while glaring at him with renewed astonishment.

Few more words passed until his host saw him to the door.

"Good night, Jonas, good night, and safe home; mind you see Philip Considine and show him the papers—*safe* home."

"*Safe home!*" muttered Jonas, as he passed rapidly into the darkness of the night; "*safe home*; we shall see, Tom—we shall see!"

Scarcely had he disappeared from Tom's anxious gaze when the latter fled hastily to his study, and in a moment old Bridget stood before him.

"Cornny Sullivan below?" he hoarsely exclaimed.

"Yes, asthore, an' will ye be wantin' him?"

"And Terence Murphy?"

"Oh, in throth he is—bad cess to him!"

"Send Con!"

A heavy footfall and the burley skipper of the Colleen Dhas made his appearance with proper haste, for Bridget had informed him that "there was danger in the masthur this night, betune him and harm!"

"You know Mr. Gilligan, Con.?"

"The easy going chap at the bank?"

"The same."

"I do, well."

"He's just gone down towards W——, take Terence with you and follow him—no noise—no blows, away with him on board the Colleen, and take him down to I—— Island; let Shamus Roi keep him there safe—do you mind me, *safe*, and do you secure the bag he has with him as you value your life."

A savage grin distorted Con's visage as he swallowed the beaker of whiskey handed to him by his amiable master, and hastily left the apartment.

When Mr. Jonas Gilligan had got clear of the precincts of Radley Lodge he breathed more freely, for from behind every clump of evergreens, or lofty oak, or elm trunk, he fully expected to see some dusky form creep stealthily on his track, to wrest from him that leathern bag which he clutched to his side with a tenacity that evinced a disposition to part with life itself sooner than it and its precious contents. Nor did he feel quite secure until he had placed a mile of the high road that led to the town of W—— behind him, for though Jonas Gilligan was in his inmost core a hardened and daring villain, it was in the cunning and strategy of the fox he excelled, unredeemed by a particle of personal courage beyond that which desperation sometimes infuses into the most craven heart. Although elated to the seventh heaven with the success which had attended his machiavelian schemes to circumvent Tom Radley, and which had succeeded even beyond what his previous knowledge had

led him to anticipate, yet, in the very moment of his triumph, his spirit quailed within him, and every limb quivered, and the perspiration rolled in great round drops from his brow, did but a faint blast of the midnight air whistle through the tree branches above his head, and right wildly did those rustle about him now, for black clouds were careering madly across the sky, and fitful gusts of piercing north-east wind moaned warningly amongst the tall elms and tapering poplars that lined his path, whilst the hooting of an owl, sounding clear and weird-like on the rising gale, smote dismally on his ear, and brought vividly to his mind tales he had read of preconcerted signals between savage pursuers hunting ruthlessly on a trail; frequently he stopped in the most abject terror to catch any sound of pursuit, but naught save the ill-omened screech of the night bird, the hollow roar of the coming storm, or the creaking and groaning of the lofty trees as they bent to the fury of the wind, indicated a living being in motion save the fear-stricken Jonas Gilligan himself.

"Pooh—'tis nothing but that beastly owl, ugh!—how cold it is—eh!—what was that? Nothing but the wind—nothing but the wind amongst the trees—how the b-bran-ches do-o rattle to be sure—bad as my teeth, but its the cold—it must be the cold that ails me—hang it how I shiver, he—he—he! only to think how nicely I have tricked him; £20,000. Why should I not make it £40,000, and I will; I have here what will make it £80,000, or my name is not Jonas. Oh, he is a devil for depth of villainy, but Jonas is deeper still—ha—ha—ha! Little does he think of the papers he gave me to-night; what a mortal fright he must have been in to be sure: all about Peter Cassidy—all about old Peter that I have heard so much about, and I suppose he thought he was only giving me the securities for the loan, oh!—ha—ha—ha! What a clever—eh—ho! between us and harm, what—wha-t was th——?"

"Too—hoo-o-o-t; too—ho-o——!"

"Curse that owl; one would think it was following me—ha!—there is the town—thank goodness I am just home at last; and with a fortune under my arm. Ay—ay—a fortune Jonas Gilligan—a fortune—you are a made man, Jonas. No more desk plodding; no more servile humiliation to Mr. Radley, the chairman! ha—ha—the chairman indeed? The millionaire of W——. Ay, Jonas, you can be that now, and have your country seat, and your carriage and horses, and marry—ay, marry—let me see, whom shall I marry? Ay, I have it; Mrs. Cassidy has a pretty daughter, and if all be true she will have a pretty fortune; I can help her to one, I have the terms under my arm this

minute, I as good as have a pretty wife in this very bag—perhaps Mr. Radley was looking after her too, after despoiling her uncle he meant to make up to the family; you're out again, Thomas Radley, robbing Peter to pay Paul means robbing Peter to pay Jonas this time: oh, if I had his neck under my hee——”

“Too-hoo-o-o—hoo-o-o-o!”

“That infernal owl again!” and Jonas endeavoured vainly to pierce the darkness that deepened momentarily; just ahead of him the road descended into a valley, the trees on either side of which stood so closely together, and so interlocked their branches overhead, that even the bright sun of summer could not penetrate its leaden gloom; it was known as the Owl's Glen from a bird of that species always frequenting it, but more fearful reminiscences were attached to that grave-like pass; a ruthless crime had stained its leafy shade, a wandering Italian boy had fallen beneath the murderous iron of a gipsy tinker, and on a portion of ruined wall that stood midway in the glen some pious hand had depicted a rude cross, marking the spot where portions of the brains and hair of that poor houseless stranger told of the inhuman deed; that fiendish act was prompted by the craving for a few paltry pence. In a moment all the terrible horrors of that lonely pass crowded upon Jonas; he would have turned and fled, fled—but where? back along that road upon which, as reckless pursuers as the slayer of that hapless son of the sunny south, might be advancing on his track? Jonas felt the very blood congealing in his veins, the country lore told how the apparition of that dark-eyed handsome boy struggled at the midnight hour, a brief bloody struggle over again with his merciless destroyer, and Jonas was, as all cowards are, superstitious; should he face the open country and escape the passage of that dismal glen, his trembling limbs recoiled from the attempt.

“Too—hoo-oo-o-o-o—!” shrieked the owl, he thought, almost in his ear, the tempest howled wildly through the valley, and the rain fell in pitiless torrents, there was nothing else for it—down the steep descent ran Jonas, fear lending wings to his flight, he had almost reached the fatal spot where the small black cross on the wall denoted that a soul had fled in the midst of its cruel death agony, and it seemed to glow like a cross of fire as he advanced to it; again the dreadful wailing cry that seemed a presage of woe rang through the glen; and, as before, quite close to him; he gained the wall and his heart throbbed almost to bursting, another step and he would be past it,—“Courage, Jonas, courage—'tis but the hill after this, and then ——!” but the half muttered sentence burst into an eldritch yell of mortal terror, from beside the crumbling wall stepped forth a dusky form that to Jonas's

affrighted senses assumed gigantic proportions, and confronted him on the path; he turned to fly, but another form, of less proportions, arose in the rear; shriek after shriek burst from the horror-stricken man, but in a moment his cries were smothered; over his head was cast some terrible pall, and his senses fled, but with practised hands that seemed to work with all the expertness of real flesh and blood a hempen sack was speedily drawn over the helpless form of Jonas Gilligan, and almost in as short a time as we take to tell it he was borne away with rapid footsteps across the fields in the direction of the shore to the westward of the town.

"What a weight the baste is, to be sure, Terence!" muttered one of the men that carried him.

"Bedad then ists Shamus Roi that'll soon take some uv the fat off him, Corny, avick!" retorted the other with a growling laugh.

"One—two—three!" exclaimed the latter of the two, and Jonas was launched, feet foremost, into the stern-sheets of a boat that lay concealed in a rocky inlet.

(To be continued.)

STEAM YACHTS FOR HARBOURS, LAKES, AND RIVERS.

(See Engraving.)

In our April number we gave illustrations of the Steam Life Boats constructed by Mr. John Samuel White, of East Cowes; we this month present our readers with an illustration of the class of steam yachts which he is now extensively engaged in constructing for harbours, ornamental waters, and lake and river pleasure navigation; we have already pointed out the simplicity of arrangement, and effectiveness of the machinery adapted by Mr. White, and which, with the neat rig and excellent proportions of canvas with which these handsome little vessels are fitted, quite fulfil all the requirements of the purposes for which they are intended. Mr. White has also adapted these vessels for shooting purposes, and has been honoured by an order from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for whom he has completed a very handsome shooting and fishing yacht. She is 50 feet in length and rigged as a three-masted fore and aft schooner; aft there is a roomy cockpit, suitably fitted with every requisite accommodation; half of this forms a very neat coach-house cabin, panelled with plate glass, from which a look out all round is preserved, and which is admirably arranged, either as a

refreshment saloon, or as a retiring or smoking cabin, and proves most agreeable shelter in inclement weather. Next to this is her engine-room, which is very perfect of the kind; accommodation for her crew, cooking, &c., follows, in all the details of which the utmost ingenuity has been displayed, economy of space apparently offering not the slightest obstacle to efficiency and perfection of arrangement. But the fore-deck is the great feature of this admirably constructed little sporting yacht; a circular cock-pit is here framed in the deck, which constitutes, in the language of Prairie hunters, a perfect shooting hole, whereby concealment can be obtained whilst approaching the game pursued, and at the same time perfect command retained over whatever description of weapon is about to be used. On the fore-side of this shooting pit two long duck guns are fitted, and which in themselves and all their appurtenances exhibit the perfection of gun making; stands, recoil compressors, method of loading, &c., being characterized by all the latest improvements. Altogether she is a complete little *bijou* for aquatic sporting, and the clever builder has worthily repaid the confidence reposed in his skill by his royal patron.

With reference to our description of Mr. White's Steam Life Boats above referred to, we have received the subjoined letters:—

(Copy.)

*Kersall House, Higher Broughton,
Manchester, May 4th, 1866.*

SIR.—I was so pleased with your engraving and description of Mr. White's Steam Life Boat in the April Number of your Magazine, that I sent it to a friend of mine in Lerwick, Shetland, thinking the boat might be of considerable advantage in such a bleak and stormy latitude.

I duly received his acknowledgement, and as his letter contains information as to the nautical character of the Islanders, and some remarks respecting the boat, I thought it might be interesting to your readers, and have consequently sent it to you for insertion.

I remain yours truly,

To the Editor of H.Y.M.

W. F. POWELL.

(Copy.)

Lerwick April 18th, 1866.

DEAR SIR.—I am in receipt of your favour of 11th inst., as also of "*Hunt's Yachting Magazine*," for both of which, I feel much obliged.

The Steam Life Boat is a capital idea, and will no doubt prove a valuable adjunct to Yachts, Trawlers, and Coasting vessels,—if the expense, (of which there is no mention in the Magazine,) do not stand in the way: it would certainly be of great use to our North Faroe and Iceland Cod Smacks, in the shape of giving them a tow off lee shores and headlands, surrounded by rapid tides, especially in calms.

Our principal home or "haaf" fishing is carried on in boats of 22 and 23 ft. of keel, pulled by 6 oars, and propelled by sails. As these boats have to go 50 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean on one side of Shetland, and the same distance in the German Ocean on the other, they are constantly exposed to gales and storms—their escape is often marvellous—frequently however there is great loss of life. Substitutes have been often spoken about and *tried*, but we have never found any to answer like these yawls or boats in which our wild and hardy Norse forefathers came over to Shetland in, and left as a legacy. These yawls are supple and light, and would beat Oxford and Cambridge "*to Sticks*," but I am afraid Mr. White's Life Boat would be too weighty, (24 cwt. with coals, &c.,) so that, supposing her to be pulled or sailed to fishing ground, reserving the coals to steam home with, she would be unable to take any fish on board. Our boats have frequently 2, 2½ and 3 tons of wet fish to land. We employ 653 in all, and if any improvement in Mr. White's plan whereby they could be made with *more carrying power* without seriously increasing the expense, I have no doubt they might be introduced here.

With best respects, I am dear Sir,

To W. F. Powell Esq.

Yours very truly, GEO. RIND TAIT.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE aquatic amusements below bridge were commenced by this Club, that has on two or three occasions been usurped by a minor which had intended to have taken the initiative this season, but some hitch occurred in the arrangements, therefore the Prince of Wales regained its legitimate position, and opened the season on May 10th, for the following prizes:—A silver claret jug, value £21, given by the club for the first yacht; and a silver inkstand, value 10 guineas given by that liberal donor, Mr. Harry Dodd, for the second yacht.

The yachts were not to exceed 15 tons, and the course from Erith to the Chapman, with one minute per ton for difference of tonnage. The following yachts entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners	Builders
827	Mione	cutter	12	T. Field, Esq.	Harvey
1257	Satanella	cutter	15	Capt. T. Bennett	Aldous
1087	Octoroon	cutter	12	F. H. Lemann, Esq.	Hatcher

These vessels are so well known that they require no introduction to

our readers, except saying the Octoroon had a new mast, and the Satanella a new suit of sails.

The morning was anything but cheering, the clouds were dark, and many were the surmises that we had a "coarse time" before us; however, fortunately these opinions dispersed with the clouds, and Old Sol occasionally favored us with a genial warmth from his rays. When we reached Erith, the yachts were found moored in the usual trysting place abreast the Church. The wind was W.b.N., strong, and a good match was anticipated.

The first gun was fired at 11h. 55m., and the second at 12h., with the first sound a movement began with the yachts, who had been lying with headsails ready for hoisting. The Octoroon had the best place for canting, (the Essex shore,) and she and Satanella were speedily covered with fore and aft sails, whilst Dione showed a tardiness in getting away. Satanella first set large topsail, which the others hastily followed. Octoroon took the lead, off the gardens the Satanella challenged her, but the wind falling light the dark lassie kept her position, and when passing the point off Purfleet she had drawn considerably ahead. Additional muslin was now piled on all, Octoroon with a large squaresail, Satanella with a larger topsail, and flying jib boomed out, and Dione drawing on the latter, having hoisted a tremendous balloon foresail, which reached from the topmast truck to the stem head, and this was boomed out with a spar 35 feet in length. Dione drew ahead of Satanella in Long Reach, and neared Octoroon. They all shifted working topsails for ballooners in St. Clement's through which they went at railway speed; it was a very pretty race, and off Gray's we placed them thus:—Dione first, Octoroon second, Satanella third, with very little difference between them. The two latter stood over towards the north shore, having a little bye-play together whilst Dione profitted by their folly, and drew ahead; but in Northfleet Hope the monster leg of mutton sail of the latter got fouled, and so sadly retarded her progress that her two compeers slipped ahead, and they passed Gravesend thus:—Octoroon first, Satanella second, and Dione last, with only a few seconds between each.

At Gravesend the steamer made a considerable stay, and we did not pick the vessels up again until entering the Hope, when Satanella was leading, with Octoroon second, and Dione a few seconds astern. Through Sea Reach they rattled, with large squaresails again set and boomed out jibs—here Dione managed to give the go-bye to Octoroon and in that order they rounded off the Chapman:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Satanella	2 18 30	Dione	2 18 45	Octoroon	2 18 46

The rounding as will be perceived was a very near thing, in fact the whole was a complete success thus far without any casualties. Previous to rounding Dione and Octoroon changed their balloon topsails for jib-headed ones, whilst Satanella carried all on, they first made a short board off the Blyth, then crossed the river twice, and made several short boards on the north shore, and when they came again into the open the Octoroon was leading, with Satanella second. Off Holy Haven the latter at last saw the necessity of getting down her large topsail, and we were informed that they were fully alive to the obstruction of the sail but could not shift it before, and it was evident that it had been a serious injury to her, for as soon as a jib-head topsail was set she increased her speed.

The Dione stood too long over towards Holy Haven for she touched the spit at the entrance and hung there some minutes. Octoroon led into Lower Hope by several lengths, and continued to do so into Gravesend Reach, when unfortunately off East Tilbury the bolt of the bobstay drew, causing her bowsprit to steeve tremendously, but luckily it was not carried away; the crew rushed forward, and with much alacrity rove a rope through the score in the stem and made all taut. The Satanella of course profitted by this mishap, but did not succeed in taking the lead then: when off Tilbury fort the Satanella shot in between her rival and the shore, and when she came out again she had the lead. Protests were flying from each—when off the Union Club-house the Satanella was some four or five lengths ahead, and an interesting match was concluded without further change at Erith as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Satanella	6 12 20	Octoroon	6 17 39	Dione.....	6 46 0

The Satanella therefore came in first (after allowing 3m.) by 2m. 19s. Now all was considered settled, but Mr. Hatcher who sailed the Octoroon came forward with his protest, when Capt. Bennett also offered his, which he did very reluctantly. At first on these obnoxious documents being presented to Mr. Cecil Long, who was Commodore for the day, he stated they must stand over until the Sailing Committee met on the following Monday; however, after the Committee had assembled together it was agreed to enter on the business at once, and they adjourned to the Oread's saloon, where we are happy to say, after a little conversation between the parties most interested both protests were withdrawn, and Mr. Long proceeded with the presentation of the prizes, Capt. Bennett receiving the claret jug, which he declared he should value most highly as he had unsuccessfully tried for nine years on the Thames to win a prize. The inkstand was presented to

Mr. Lemann, which he said he felt pleasure in receiving from a club he highly esteemed.

The health of Mr. Harry Dodd was enthusiastically drank, also that of Mr. Long, &c., the steamer returned to Blackwall at an early hour.

Although there were only three yachts in the match, it was one that gave universal pleasure to all who witnessed it. The Oread, navigated by the obliging Capt. Wheeler, kept us in view of the yachts throughout.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB CHANNEL MATCH.

THIS, the opening match for the season of this great club, took place on Monday, the 21st May, and excited extreme interest amongst yachtsmen, not merely from the novelty of the course and conditions, but from the number and quality of the vessels engaged, almost all of which had either distinguished themselves on former occasions, or were known to have been built, regardless of expense, by well-known builders, for owners determined to come to the front at any cost.

The following entered and started with the exception of Niobe :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
436	Evadne	schooner	206	J. Richardson, Esq.	Nicholson
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	170	F. Edwards, Esq.	Campor
384	Egeria.....	schooner	160	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
601	Gloriana	schooner	148	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
675	Iolanthe	schooner	83	Capt. J. C. Miller	Archbold
504	Fleur de Lys	schooner	82	H. W. Birch, Esq.	Aldous
967	New Moon	lugger	209	Lord Wiloughby de Eresby	Tutt
1792	Xantha	yawl	185	Lord A. Paget.	Harvey
812	Lulworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
846	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. J. W. Hughes	Ratsey
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1465	Sphinx	cutter	48	H. Mandalay, Esq.	Owner
41	Amulet	cutter	48	T. V. Tippinge, Esq.	Wanhill
36	Amazon	cutter	46	H. F. Smith, Esq.	Harvey
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. fr. W.
973	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

The prizes were £100, £50, and £50 respectively for each class, luggers to class as schooners; the first yacht in—schooner, cutter, or yawl—to take the £100 prize. Course—from the Nore, off Sheerness Harbour to Dover, leaving the west buoy of the Oaze on the port hand, the east buoy of the Shivering on the starboard hand, outside the Goodwin Sands, leaving the North and South Sands light-ships on the

starboard hand, winning by passing between the Admiralty Pier at Dover and a flag vessel moored there for that purpose. The conditions were to sail with the usual fittings in ordinary cruising trim to the satisfaction of the committee; vessels to carry their usual boats, anchors, and cables; a pilot but no extra hands allowed—no time allowance; no restriction as to canvas, and no limitation as to the number of friends on board, with a liberty to set the after canvas at pleasure, but neither headsails nor topsails to be set until after the signal to start. Amongst the vessels engaged were the *Evadne*, built last year by Camper and Nicholson, on lines supposed to be an improvement on those of the *Aline*, and the *Bluebell* launched this year by the same builders, and laid down as a further improvement on the same principles; both are fine, powerful looking boats, and in the heavy weather and strong breeze which prevailed, were thought to have a good chance. *Egeria* was built last year by Wanhill, and highly distinguished herself in her maiden essay by winning, on the 1st August, the cup presented by Her Majesty the Queen to the Royal Yacht Squadron, beating such opponents as the *Aline*, *Albertine*, and *Viking*; she has since been given a new mainmast of Vancouver Island pine, considerably longer and heavier than her former one, and additional topmasts, which, however, in the sea that she had to contend with were anything but an advantage, and in fact rather overpowered her. *Gloriana* is the vessel formerly owned by the late Mr. Gee, and with which he twice carried off the same Royal trophy, besides winning the Prince Consort's cup at Cowes in 1856, she has since been lengthened and made far more powerful, and last season won the schooner cup of the Royal Thames Club, beating *Circe* and *Albertine* in fine style. Her present owner is one of the oldest and most distinguished yachtsmen on the river, (having owned the far-famed *Phantom* as far back as 1840,) and though she is supposed to prefer light weather, was probably with many the pick of the schooners. *Iolanthe* and *Fleur de Lys* are both fast and pretty vessels, the one built in the Isle of Man, the other by Aldous, at Colchester, but both were rather overmatched in such weather and such company. *New Moon* is a wondrous looking craft, being, in fact, a gigantic open boat of enormous length, clench-built, unpainted, and most remarkable in her appearance, built by Tutt, of Hastings. She distinguished herself last year by being a good third to *Alarm* and *Xantha* in the Channel match to Harwich, and is reported to be a wonder to reach or run, but with the wind as it was, dead on end, with short tacks and a heavy sea, of course stood no chance.

The only yawl was the *Xantha* belonging to the noble Commodore,

having been launched for him last year by Harvey of Ipswich, and with which he won two second prizes, in races of the same description, being only beaten by the formerly invincible Alarm, of nearly double her tonnage. She is a very handsome vessel with extra beam, as her owner wished her to be very stiff, so as not to lie over, and to be lightly rigged; in fact quite fitted for the work she had to do, and the knowing ones would have backed her in conjunction with the next on the list, the well known Lulworth to beat the field in such weather; tho' they would have been sadly disappointed in their second fancy, who did nothing worthy of her high character, and was evidently out of trim, and quite overpowered in the heavy cross sea. Of the rest it would be too long to go through their doings *seriatim*; but we may say that the Vanguard by Ratsey, and Sphinx, a composite vessel with iron frames and teak planking, built on lines furnished by Hatcher, in the workshops of the eminent engineers Messrs. Maudslay and Field, represented the new or dark division, while Marina, Christabel, Vindex, and Amazon, have all been great winners in their time; and both Christabel and Vindex by their sailing in the Royal Thames 1st class cutter match on 24th, must appear more likely to increase than diminish their well won laurels.

The fleet should have taken up their positions at six a.m., but probably not liking to ride any longer than necessary in an uncomfortable anchorage with a strong E.S.E wind blowing, many did not arrive at the station before seven, the time set down for starting, when the line was formed, counting from southward and was wonderfully regular considering how it was blowing, tho' of course the weather vessels had a considerable advantage, and the small cutters a still greater one over the schooners, as each had to get and secure their anchors as well as set their canvas, it being impossible with the ebb tide rushing down so strong for any to avail themselves of the permission accorded of fitting their heavy canvas before the signal.

At 7h. 45m. the Commodore in a steam tug went down the line to say that owing to the severe illness of Lord De Ros, the Vice-Commodore of the Club, who was to have officiated on the occasion, he would start them by signal from the steamer instead of from the Mabel yawl, as previously arranged. The red flag was hoisted at 8h. 2m., and lowered exactly at 8h. 7m. when all was bustle and animation on board. In such a long line and so many vessels it would be quite impossible to note the exact movements of each, even if the day had been less boisterous, but as far as we could see Lulworth was first off of the cutters, followed by Sphinx, Vindex, Christabel, Amazon, and Van-

guard, the first and last having two reefs in their mainsails, and a reef in their foresails, all the rest with one reef and of course with housed topmasts. Evadne's chain came up very fast having no anchor on it, as she left it and six fathoms of cable as an offering to the sea divinities, and this gave her a lead followed by Egeria and Blue Bell, all of whom appeared to have whole lower canvas but no topmasts; Gloriana coming round slowly with her boats in the davits and evidently taking it easy; Xantha the best prepared of the fleet as she had a single reef in her mainsail with a jib-headed topsail over it, and her third jib on a reefed bowsprit, the effect of which judicious arrangement was soon seen as the wind increased and sea got heavier and shorter, when the big lower canvas and awful toothpicks over the bows of Egeria, Lulworth, and Blue Bell told tales, and made them labour tremendously.

So many fine vessels casting and getting under way, was a very splendid sight, and rarely witnessed; weather fine, clear blue sky, stiff breeze from E.S.E., with strong ebb two hours to run. The vessels all cast to the northward with the exception of the Marina, which casting to the southward, and having to make several boards to catch up the fleet, lost some ten minutes. The Lulworth, made the pace very fast, closely followed by the Sphinx; next in their wake were the Vindex, Vanguard, Xantha, New Moon, Amazon, Christabel, Egeria, Evadne, Marina, Amulet, Gloriana, and Fleur de Lys, in the order named. Amazon shortly tacked to S., Vanguard and Egeria following suit, Evadne going about on same tack. At 8h. 35m., the positions of the yachts were—Lulworth, 1st; Vanguard, 2nd; Sphinx, 3rd; Xantha, 4th; Marina, 5th; Egeria, 6th; Blue Bell, 7th. At 9 a.m. Marina tacked to port, passing the lugger, and going about under the Xantha's stern. The yawl set jib-headed topsail, in spite of the tremendous sea and wind, but we doubt if it served her much, being in a constant shake from the heavy roll, and suspect she would have done even better with her topmast housed, however, at 10 a.m. she had come through her vessels and edged slowly and majestically up on the weather quarter of the Egeria, who tried all she knew, but in vain, to stop her, and by 10h. 30m. when off the Shivering Sand she went gallantly to the front and took the lead of the fleet. The Lulworth, from the instant of starting, showed signs that her achievements in this match would not add to her renown, as the Sphinx standing up wonderfully well, on the first tack edged up to windward, eating the Lulworth completely out of the wind, and passed to the front on the weather of Mr. Duppa's cutter. The Christabel forereached the latter amazingly fast and when they went about also weathered her by some fifty fathoms. The Egeria soon headed the Evadne, and, leading the Blue Bell followed in the wake of the Chris-

tabel, Lulworth crossing her bow on the port tack at 8h. 40m. Amazon at 8h. 45m. doing the same, and at 8h. 55m. she tacked to port under lee of New Moon, which much hampered the Blue Bell, especially off the Spile buoy, the latter when she got clear sailing splendidly, and threatening Egeria who fortunately for her had got her wind, and held her tack for tack, Blue Bell appearing to forereach on her tho' hardly to hold such a good wind, Evadne dropping astern at 9h. 10m., both tacked under Lulworth's lee the latter being crippled by her spars and insufficient ballast, and had the mortification of being weathered successively on every tack by one craft or another; and at last the Vanguard, although apparently quite as much overpowered, weathered her off the east Shivering Buoy, and this feat was nearly attended with a serious disaster. The Vanguard on the port tack, meeting the Lulworth on the starboard tack, and should have kept away, and allowed the latter to cross her bows to windward; instead of which, no look-out was made to leeward, and, to avoid collision, the Lulworth had to suddenly put her helm up and go under the Vanguard's stern. Evadne went through Fleur de Lys's lee at a "rattler," at 9h. 30m. and ten minutes later Marina passed the Lulworth to windward.

The Vindex bore up at 9h. 50m. about which time a vessel in company with the racing vessels believed to be the Phoenix parted her peak halyards. Very shortly after the Lulworth carried away her bobstay, having also met with an accident to her starboard chain plate bolts and bore up for Sheerness, the Amazon and Fleur de Lys also giving up. Breeze freshening again the west buoy of the Girdler was passed by the Sphinx 1, Xantha 2, Christabel 3, Egeria 4, Marina 5, and Vanguard next. At 10h. 20m. the positions were:—Sphinx 1, Xantha 2, Egeria 3, Blue Bell 4, Christabel 5, Marina 6, Vanguard 7, Amulet and Amazon next, the remainder astern;—Gloriana leading the rear division, attended by the lugger and Fleur de Lys. At 10h. 35m. Xantha on the starboard tack passed Sphinx, New Moon last, and at 11h. the Blue Bell's jib tackle gave up, taking away her lee cross-tree, and she had to lay to to repair damages, but was soon underway again, but of course lost much by the accident, Gloriana suddenly appearing out of the ruck and moving to the front. Course E.N.E., wind E.b.S. Passing the Shingles Beacon at 11h. 25m. on the starboard hand, Xantha still leading. At 11h. 21m. heavy tumbling sea on, Marina was off Margate. At 11h. 35m. passing the Tongue on the starboard tack, the relative positions of the vessels being—Xantha 1, leading by a mile; Sphinx next, Egeria standing in; then Christabel, Blue Bell, and Marina, heavy rolling sea, tide $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' flood.

Egeria was terribly crushed by her heavy mainmast, and very slow in stays, quite different from the corky way in which she went last year when her foresheets could hardly be worked fast enough and evidently out of trim. At 11h. 20m. she reefed her foresail and 11h. 40m. found it necessary to lay-to to reef her mainsail, which being laced to the boom was a troublesome job, and to shift her jib, but dared not attempt to heave her bowsprit in in such a sea, whilst doing so Marina drew on her, and at 0.5 tacked to starboard, and passed her to windward, Christabel doing same, and Gloriana began to look very dangerous. At 0.7 Xantha breasted the east buoy of the Margate Sand, Sphinx a mile and a half astern, the lugger and others out of sight—tremendously heavy swell from north sea on the edge of the sand, and strong flood tide. At 0.50 Marina passed North Foreland, and stood for the North Sand Light-ship, close hauled, wind East. At 1h. 15m. Xantha, the leading boat, carried away topsail sheet, but soon rove another and kept up the lead, Sphinx 2, Christabel 3, Marina 4, Gloriana 5, Egeria 6, Amulet 7, Blue Bell 8, the rest hull down somewhere about the Prince's Channel. The sea here cracked the Egeria's fore hatch like an egg shell, and she took in a great deal of water over it before a jib could be secured on the coombings. The Gloriana also threatening to weather the Light prevented her from easing, as if she did succeed in doing so it would have been a tremendously tight match between her and Egeria on the run home.

At 1h. 10m sighted North Sand Light-ship, and rounded her as follows:—Xantha 1h. 25m., Sphinx 1h. 34m., Christabel following, and having no paper of instructions on board, left the Light-ship on the port hand, Marina consequently became virtually third vessel, though, to clear the light-ship, she had first to make a board to the southward, rounding at 1h. 42m., Egeria 1h. 48m., Gloriana 1h. 49m., the latter having also been forced to make a board to clear the light-ship. It was now a dead run for the South Sand Light-ship, and Egeria shook out her reef, in doing which one of the knittles jammed and before it could be cut the strain tore the mainsail, and both schooners sent up topmasts and topsails; Christabel following suit with a jib-headed one, but Sphinx owing to the mistake made by Christabel had the cutter race in hand and did not trouble herself. It was wonderful to see the pace at which the large schooners now went, Egeria tearing past Marina at 2h. 3m., and Gloriana at 2h. 13m., Xantha being well ahead, Christabel 2nd; Sphinx 3rd; Egeria 4th; Gloriana 5th; Marina 6th. Egeria soon passed Sphinx like a racehorse, and being extremely anxious to come in before Christabel sent up her balloon jib, under which she went

along almost as fast as the steamer in which Mr. Churchward had brought out a select party to see the race, and came on Christabel like a huge dolphin on a flying fish, she went too fast for her, but the way was short and it was only in the boats last jump that to the great interest of the spectators she collared and passed the little beauty, which to the great astonishment and delight of all who admire pluck (had two young ladies on board,) who deserve to be recorded as thorough heroines, and they passed the winning flag-boat off the Admiralty pier in the following order :—

	H.	M.	S.	
1. Xantha.....	2	55	0	—Winner £100 prize.
2. Egeria	3	15	0	—Winner £50 prize.
3. Christabel ..	3	15	30	—Disqualified.
4. Sphinx.....	3	19	0	—Winner £50 prize.
5. Gloriana	3	20	0	
6. Marina.....	3	28	0	

All being pretty well weather washed. Not less than 10,000 persons were present to witness the finish, the winners being saluted by a gun fired from the pier. The thanks of yachtsmen are due to Sir Luke Smithett, not only for his able arrangements at Dover, but also for his co-operation in bringing this exciting Channel race to so satisfactory a termination.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE next match of this Club, was for the gratification of the members and their fair friends where they could enjoy themselves by witnessing the manœuvres of the fleet in friendly rivalry for the noble prize. The day appointed was Thursday, May 24th, when the Prince of Wales steamer, under the command of Capt. Ryan, conveyed a goodly company to Rosherville, off which the following yachts were moored :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866

No.	Name of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
812	Lulworth	cutter	82	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. J. W. Hughes	Ratsey
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Iron Co
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
41	Amulet	cutter	45	T. V. Tippings, Esq.	Inman
216	Christabel	cutter	52	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous

In the above list were too new craft—the Vanguard, built by Ratsey, which we should prefer seeing more of before pronouncing upon her

merits as a racer, and the other—the Sphinx, an iron vessel, built by her owner, from designs by Hatcher; she looks well on the water, and ought to possess speed, and we may expect when properly fitted, and handled, to see her bunting at the fore in some of the future matches.

The prize was of the value of 100 sovs., no second prize being given, this from the observations of several on board, we gleaned was not at all satisfactory, and it really would have been some consolation to the half-drowned crews to know that their owners, one at least, received even a small remuneration for their buffettings with the waves.

The measurement above was Club, and the time allowed for difference of tonnage was half-a minute per ton so that

		m.	s.
Lulworth had to allow	Vanguard	11	0
... ..	Christabel	15	0
... ..	Sphinx	17	30
... ..	Amulet	18	30
... ..	Vindex	18	30

The performance of the Lulworth proved her total incapacity to give the allowance. During the morning the wind was N.E., with a sharp biting air, and throughout the day kept between that point and E.N.E. It was announced on the card that the course would be from Gravesend to the Mouse light and return, but owing to the heavy seas the Commadore, Lord Alfred Paget, shortened the distance to the Nore.

The time of starting was effected at 12h., in which nearly all showed a considerable degree of smartness. The Christabel having the best station, and getting a pull on her jib whilst in stays had a trifle the advantage. The Amulet was tardy, but taking everything into consideration the start was very good—they first stood over to the Essex shore; the Sphinx was first to stand to the southward, and in tacking the Amulet lost a man overboard, who fortunately being able to swim, was picked up by the Vanguard, whose owner very humanely threw his vessel in stays for that purpose, and of course lost considerable way. Vindex had a good lead of the whole fleet through Gravesend Reach followed by Christabel, (on board of which by the bye were two ladies—a very rare occurrence,) the Lulworth third, Amulet fourth, Sphinx fifth, which had been hovering among the shipping on the south shore, and Vanguard began to pick up the time she had lost in the cause of humanity.

On entering the Lower Hope the Christabel drew on her saucy little rival (the Vindex), but without endangering her leadership, with a long and short leg they all passed the Coal House point, and entering Sea

Reach they encountered a very heavy tumbling sea which was destined to try their ropes and spars—the first to succumb was the Sphinx, having carried away some portion of her gear that compelled her to up helm and steer away for port.* In each tack to the south shore in this Reach the short rolling seas went tumbling on board the craft every few minutes, and when off the Chapman, the Vindex took two successive headers, the first of which carried away her bobstay, and the second dive broke off her bowsprit close to the gammon iron, which was seen drifting with its jib and gear away. This was exceedingly mortifying especially to her crew, as they were leading by some minutes. There was nothing to be done, as to have rigged a jury bowsprit (had means been at hand) would have detained her too long, and therefore it was “bout ship,” and giving a few plucky cheers took a course homeward. The Christabel was now premier, and not being disturbed in her career the rounding of the Nore Lightship was as follows :—

	h. m. a.		h. m. a.		h. m. a.
Christabel	2 53 10	Vanguard	2 58 0	Lulworth.....	3 0 0

The whole fleet had been more or less reefed, and immediately on rounding, up went Christabel's topmast and topsails over whole mainsail, the other two took it much more leisurely, the Vanguard at last taking the initiative. The race barring a mishap was evidently in Christabel's favor, as the Vanguard and Lulworth kept each other company along the Blyth, and many spurts took place between them. In the Hope the Lulworth tried to pass to windward, but the Vanguard was too chary and checked her, she then passed astern to leeward, where she continued a beam and beam race until at length she gradually drew ahead, but suddenly jibing, got jammed with her topsail, and the Vanguard following suit easing her boom over performed the task all standing, in a most admirable manner. They were again level and an exceeding good race continued to the end which was thus timed :—

	h. m. a.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Christabel	4 44 10	Lulworth	4 48 15	Vanguard	4 49 0

The former was of course declared the winner, and the Commodore did not detain the steamer after the arrival by presenting the prize. We believe all on board were thankful to be relieved from at least an hour's stay at Gravesend.

Respecting the Amulet it should be observed that on our return we met her off Southend, pluckily ploughing her way to the Nore.

* We have been informed that her shrouds instead of passing in a loop over the mast head were attached by bolts and nuts to a hoop of iron, which broke the bolts and the rigging slid down, with a very narrow escape of the mast.

TEMPLE YACHT CLUB.

On June 21st, this club came out in strong force in a Handicap match, in which we should think its whole fleet of yachts were engaged. They were classed in three tiers off the club-house at Charlton, and the course was from thence to Greenhithe, and return. The classes were thus arranged :—

Upper Tier.—Nonpariel, 9 tons, Mr. Ham ; Will o' the Wisp, 12 tons, Mr. De Lacy ; Idas, 6 tons, Mr. Ayckbourn ; Railway, 6 tons, Mr. Ardouin ; Teazer, 6 tons, Mr. Phillips ; Rifleman, 6 tons, Mr. Antill.

Middle Tier.—Blue-eyed Maid, 4 tons, Mr. West ; Minnie, 5 tons, Mr. Warren ; Stella, 5 tons, Mr. Armstrong ; Wanderer, 5 tons, Mr. Hildersley ; Little Tartar, 4 tons, Mr. Pyatt ; Tormentor, 4 tons, Mr. Phillips.

Lower Tier.—Ernest, 4 tons, Mr. Ayles ; Bittern, 3 tons, Mr. Slessor ; Little Vixen, 4 tons, Mr. Hatchman ; Fiddler, 3 tons, Mr. Green ; Silver Star, 4 tons, Mr. Tarner ; Blink Bonny, 4 tons, Mr. Hebden.

The vessels were ordered to be at their station at 9 a.m., but a great deal of valuable time was of course taken up by the officials visiting them, to deliver to each her sealed time allowance. The wind was due east, blowing hard, and reefed sails became the order of the day. The signal to go was fired at 10-23, when the Vixen was first away, and being benefited by her station in the lower tier obtained a good lead ; the Ernest and Star were close after, but were soon displaced by the Maid, who had evidently got just the weather she liked ; the Bittern met with some mishap, which disabled her bowsprit, the Wanderer also coming to grief in the same way, in consequence of fouling a vessel at anchor. When fairly under way the Nonpariel (Strathfieldsaye re-christened) soon ran through the cluster, and had wrested the lead from the Vixen at Woolwich Pier, leaving very little doubt as to where the first prize would go. On reaching Barking the Rifleman succeeded in taking second place, the water getting very lumpy, and the crews thoroughly drenched, the wind blowing still stronger from the eastward. Long distances now began to appear between the various craft engaged, the weight telling against the small fry. In Barking Reach the Maid carried away her mainsheet, but soon had it again, a similar accident befalling the Treazer. In Erith Reach the Maid became third, and shook off the Vixen altogether ; off Erith the Tartar's jib split up, the hook of the Vixen's bowsprit traveller broke, and the Minnie came up before the damage could be repaired, and passed her at Purfleet. The loss of time before starting was now felt, as the flood was beginning to make. No further change in positions was made from this time, and the lower buoy at Greenhithe was rounded :—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Nonpariel.....	11 45 30	Little Vixen.....	1 40 58
Rifleman	1 0 0	Will o' the Wisp.....	2 11 17
Blue-eyed Maid.....	1 7 25	Silver Star.....	2 25 30
Minnie.....	1 32 31		

No other rounded, the remainder who were not disabled turning back and running home together. The return journey was very quickly performed, the winning post being passed as under :—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Nonpareil.....	2 20 0	Little Vixen.....	3 6 50
Rifleman	2 28 15	Will o' the Wisp.....	3 35 0
Blue-eyed Maid.....	2 40 45	Silver Star.....	3 55 0
Minnie	2 57 45		

The Nonpareil thus took the first prize, the Maid (having an allowance of 15min. 40 sec. from Rifleman) taking second honours, Rifleman third, Minnie fourth, (beating the Vixen by 2min,) Vixen fifth, Will o' the Wisp sixth (having nearly 3min. to spare, after allowing time to the Star.) The prizes, consisting of three silver cups, race glass, timepiece, and cabin and riding lamps, were presented to the respective winners at the club house soon after the race was concluded. Much satisfaction was expressed at the success which had attended the efforts of the promoters, and at the excellence of the handicap. During the match much consideration was shown by many of the large steamers in easing their engines, and bearing away several times for the various boats, a thing not always done.

OULTON BROAD REGATTA.

THE first matches on this splendid piece of water commenced on Monday, May 21st, under the Norfolk and Suffolk club rules. Mr. W. Everett acting as umpire. The first event was a for decked cutter-rigged boats of 11 tons and under, for a purse of £8 ; the second yacht to receive the entrance fees, which were 10s. each. The following entered :—Gleam, Mr. W. Walleit; Phantom, Mr. Woodthorpe; Fleur de Lys, Mr. Gaudey ; Vixen, Col. Wilson; Scud, Mr. J. B. Morgan. The signal for starting given at 12-20 and the Fleur de Lys took the lead ; she was passed however, about mid way in the first reach by the Gleam—a yacht recently launched at Norwich—which soon showed sailing qualities of a superior order, and gradually left all her competitors a long way astern, There was some good sailing between the Scud and the Vixen for second place, eventuating in favour of the Scud. The Phantom sailed only three rounds, and the Gleam came in winner.

The second match was between decked cutter-rigged 14ft. river boats, for a prize of £4. the second to receive the entrances. The entries comprised the Chase, Mr. Hockley ; Paragon, Mr. Page ; Roadway Queen, Mr. Kemp ; Volunteer, Mr. Fuller ; Snowdrop, Mr. Hastings ; and the Reindeer, Mr. Reynolds. Upon the signal for the start, the Snowdrop took the lead, but gradually fell fourth, Paragon obtaining the first place, and Roadway Queen the second place. The Paragon completed the match a winner.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The opening cruise and subsequent dinner of the club were divested of much of their usual interest by the absence of both the flag officers, Lord Alfred Paget, the Commodore, and Lord de Ros, the Vice, the former being occupied in his official duty at Windsor Castle, and the latter confined by illness. In the cruise Mr. J. C. Morice, owner of the *Marina* cutter, led the van, followed by the *Sphinx*, *Christabel*, *Night Thought*, *Syren*, and some others. After a dead beat down for some distance against the flood, the yachtsmen returned to the Union Yacht Club House at Gravesend, where they dined. Mr. J. C. Morice taking the chair. After the usual preliminary toasts, the chairman gave "Prosperity to the Royal Thames Yacht Club." In doing so he observed that he was not one of the early members of the club, and therefore could not of his own knowledge give them statistics of its rise and progress. It was established nearly half a century ago, and when it first launched its little fleet upon the river its largest yacht was 10 tons. It soon included in its list the finest yachts in the kingdom, the aggregate tonnage of its fleet now being 16,000, with the large number of 950 members. With such a position as this they must of course feel proud, and he felt he had no necessity to address them any further upon the subject, but give the usual toast, which he was sure they would all drink with much pleasure.

Mr. Arcedeckne proposed "The Health of Lord Alfred Paget, the Commodore." He (Mr. Arcedeckne) had been a member of the club of 24 years' standing. He had known their worthy Commodore from his earliest days and he had not only been the mainstay of the club, but a better fellow never lived. The health of the Vice-Commodore and the Secretary followed, and a pleasant evening passed.

THE SAILING BARGE MATCH.

A meeting of the committee elected to conduct the forthcoming Sailing Barge Races was held on Monday, May 21st, at the offices of Mr. Farnfield, the hon. sec. 90, Thames street, and was most numerously attended. The chair was taken by Mr. Downes, chairman of the Barge Owners' Protection Society, and amongst others present were Mr. Cecil Long, Vice-Commodore of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club; Mr. R. Sadlier, Rear-Commodore; and Messrs. E. Knibbs, H. Dodd, Flowers, Earle, Farnfield, and Starling.—

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. Farnfield observed, that the result of the four previous regattas had been so highly satisfactory, and the benefit resulting from the race so apparent, that there was no doubt it would be continued annually. His sentiments upon this subject were embodied by the general approval of the committee in a circular, from which we make the following extract:—"When we reflect upon the trust confided to bargemen, by whom a great portion of the commerce of this city is conducted, it must at once

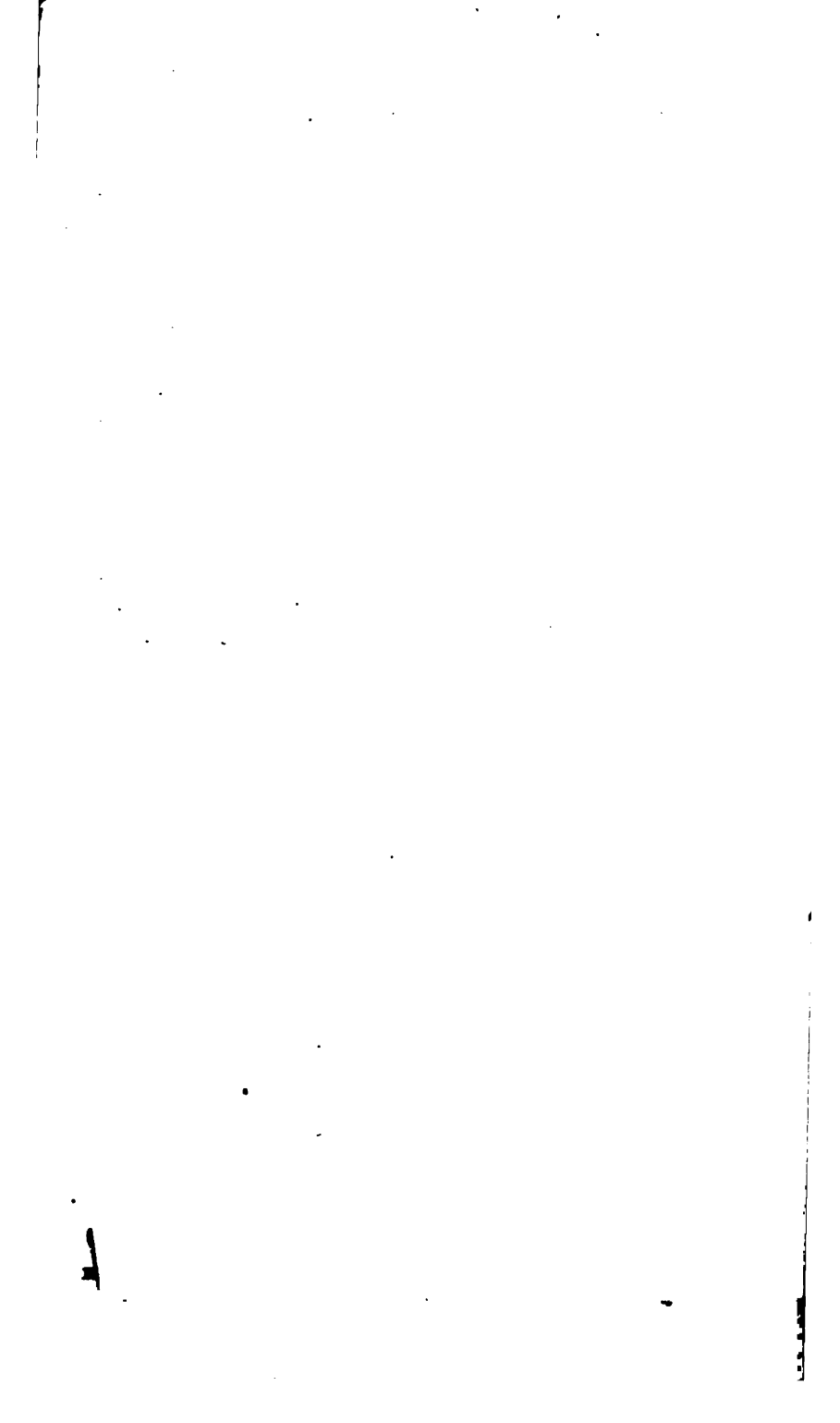
be seen that any competition which has in view a trial of skill in the management of their craft must be productive of great good: and by encouraging a spirit of emulation and smartness amongst men, they gain a knowledge which may often be of great use to them in preventing disasters which so often attend the navigation of the river, crowded as it is with shipping."

Mr. H. Dodd adverted to the circumstances of there being some difference of opinion respecting the use of "gripes" (fore foot) placed on barges, and he now proposed that in the present race the barges should be sailed either with or without the use of gripes.—The motion was seconded by Mr. Flowers, and carried unanimously.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- June 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 4.—Temple Yacht Club.—Charlton to Greenhithe and back.
 5.—Royal London Yacht Club—Ocean Race, Thames to Harwich.
 6.—Royal Harwich Yacht Club.—Regatta.
 8.—Royal London Yacht Club—First Class Match, Erith to Nore Light and back.
 9.—Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooners and Yawls, Gravesend round the Mouse and return.
 14.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 14.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club.—Cantley.
 18.—Union Yacht Club.—Regatta at Gravesend.
 19.—Royal Western Yacht Club, Ireland—Regatta at Queenstown.
 21.—Banelagh Yacht Club.—Erith to Chapman and back.
 22.—Prince of Wales Yacht Club.—Match.
 22 and 23.—Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Regatta.
 23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club.—3rd and 4th classes, Erith to the Nore.
 25.—Llandudno.—Ocean Match from Liverpool.
 28.—Royal Eastern Yacht Club—Regatta at Granton.
 30.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
- July 2.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Sailing Match.
 3.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta on the Clyde.
 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd Classes, Erith to Nore.
 10.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.
 10.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Schooner Match.
 10.—Sailing Barge Match—Thames.
 11.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Regatta.
 12.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.
 12.—Royal Dee Yacht Club.—Regatta.
 14.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—First-class Match.
 17.—Royal Cork Yacht Club—Regatta at Queenstown.
 18.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.
 19.—Southampton Regatta.
 20.—Kinsale Harbour Regatta.
 21.—Banelagh Yacht Club Regatta—Erith to Chapman and back.
 23.—Royal Dee Yacht Club.—Match.
 23.—Swansea Bay Regatta.
 24.—Great Yarmouth Regatta.
 28.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta—Southampton.

Notice to Correspondents.—REGISTRAR GENERAL OF SEAMEN, on Signal Letters. SUUM CUIQUE, on Ocean Matches. Will be inserted next month.





HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1866.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER V.

CORUNA,—TOMB OF SIR JOHN MOORE,—A SPANISH DOGBERRY.

As I before mentioned, Coruna is (save the mark) a fortified town. True, its value as a military stronghold has departed with the days of "Brown Bess" and the "Smoothbores," and its present power of resistance seems to be really nil; nevertheless it hath pleased the authorities to keep up the fiction that it is formidable, and since your Spaniard is a man of punctilio, it struck Ben Bolt that it would be as well for him to obtain permission from the great Alcade of the place, before presuming to erect his camera within the precincts of its frowning battlements. Accordingly the matter had been discussed during the interview with H.M. Consul, who laughed at there being any possible objection, saying "No one will interfere with you—you may photograph wherever you wish with a quiet mind, but as you seem to desire to be *en règle*, I will apply to the Alcade and send you the formal permit." Thus re-assured, Ben went off to the schooner for his apparatus, leaving his companions in the *fortissimo* passage of the above mentioned chorus, and rejoining them at the conclusion of that most un-musical *morceau*, when it was decided

* Continued from page 257.

that the day being still young and tolerably fine though windy—the compliment of the first photograph should be conferred on the tomb of our gallant countryman Sir John Moore.

For many years the site of the hero's resting place was as much dishonored and polluted, as the ingratitude of Spain and the indifference of England could render it. The place was made the receptacle of all the abominations and filth of the town, and the touching words of the poet were more than realized when he said

“Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton hath laid him.”

Happily in later days a more grateful spirit operated, and—better late than never,—the grave has been enclosed, purged of its iniquities and the adjoining space laid out with some little attempt at horticultural taste. The spot itself where he reposes is marked by a square tomb surmounted by a handsome stone sarcophagus, at each end stands a cypress tree, and the whole is surrounded by a neat paling. On the north and south sides of the base is this inscription.

JOANNES MOORE,
EXERCITUS BRITANNICI DUX,
PACIS OCCISUS,
A.D. 1809.

And upon the other two faces is the following notice of its restoration—

THIS BARRIER BUILT AND THE
MONUMENT REPAIRED BY
ORDER OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT,
A.D. 18——*
RICHARD BARTLETT,
CONSUL.

Who has not by heart Wolfe's touching poem “Not a drum was heard”? and with it in our memories, could we stand quite unmoved, even now many years as it is “since he has” slept on where a Briton hath laid him? Prose furnishes the study and poetry the picture gallery of the mind, and my copy of the word painting in question—though dealing but slightly in details, consists of a tryptych which I have no wish to alter even in its inaccuracies.

* The date of the restoration has come to grief in the *Chronicle's* note, and he has to confess that he cannot decipher it.

In the first compartment I see represented a body of resolute though toil worn soldiers, in face of an overpowering and exultant foe—brought to bay, but undaunted. A harbour in the distance and many ships are there assembled to bear the over-matched warriors to safety, if they can but gain a few hours to effect an embarkation; can they hope that valour however desperate will win them this boon?

Yes, for see in the central division of my picture the foe, so confident, is beaten back by that war-wearied little band; palsied, and in confusion they no longer dare advance to the attack, but are fain to retire under shadow of the coming night, while already the ships begin to fill with the victors, and the surface of the harbour is covered with boats—but where is the General? Alas, all too prominent a foreground figure! the principal light falls upon the pale but triumphant face of him who has died in the moment of victory, surrounded by a group of horror stricken and sorrowful companions in arms.

In the third and last compartment, night has come up, and the light of the moon fitfully obscured by storm-scud mingles with the dull glimmer of a lantern, and falls upon a shallow grave within which may be darkly discerned, the form of one enveloped in a martial cloak. No ship light but one twinkles from the harbour below; it streams from the last of all those vessels seen in the previous picture. They are all gone and this one only waits for those who surround the cloak-shrouded figure in the grave, and who hurriedly but reverently are performing the last sad office for the departed hero.

Such is the story of "Coruna," as painted for me by Poetry, and hung upon "the line" in the picture gallery of my mind, and I care not for prosaic History—no doubt an honest sort of old fellow but often dull—when he insists that my pictures are all wrong in detail, that Sir John Moore did not die on the field, but was brought wounded into the town and there lingered for several hours. That turning sods with bayonets is a feat that no gardener could be got to believe in—that the field of battle is full six miles from the town, and that therefore——

There, there, my accurate and garrulous old friend! did not the country erect a monument to the hero in St. Paul's, and another here in Coruna? Did not his townsmen—justly proud of him—do

as much for him in Glasgow, and may not the poet pay his small tribute? then blame not the bard if details are lost in the poetic halo which his feeling flings around the story, and leave me my pictures unaltered!

In the same bastion in which the Mausoleum is erected is a literary curiosity, to which the gardener (a functionary who resented the presence of Mr. Interpreter as a probable loss of *backsheesh*) conducted us. It is a bas-relief representing the armorial bearings of the Marquis de Croix, accompanied by a tablet on which was engraved the four following Latin verses.

"Pulchrum ne opus? pulchrum magna are nulla mirare"

"Quibus cuncta prave. En probe factum opus"

"Gemere compedibus ac mœnia saxa levare"

"Prodigium legis, præconiumque Croix—"

Both coat of arms and inscription are the work of a noted swash buckler and brigand, at the time expiating his offences as a convict. It only shows that some progress in the *ingenuas artes* can be made without necessitating that their study "*Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*" A much more interesting object to us was the fine view we obtained through one of the embrasures, from which as in a Panorama the eye could range over the new town below, the ship-studded harbour in which "Guendolen" looked like a toy, away to the opposite side where two silver threads marked the divided mouth of the little river Burgos, and finally to the fir clad heights shutting in the view, and on which the battle was fought.

In the mean time Ben Bolt had been "improving the shining hour," and in spite of a gale of wind which provokingly swayed the trees two and fro, he succeeded in getting a tolerable negative, and was not sorry to shift the scene of his labours to some street view where better results might be expected. Nor was he long at a loss for a subject, for soon a most characteristic block of balcony-laden, verandah'd tile covered buildings with a foreground of arabas, teams of long horned bullocks reposing, and wild Gallician drovers picturesquely taking siesta, brought him to a halt and a commencement of operations. Of course a vast crowd at once collected, peripatetic photographers being still rare in Coruna, but this was a matter to which Ben was well accustomed, an occasion to which he was perfectly equal, while therefore he is calmly making his preparations in the face of the multitude, I will in a few words describe his method of dealing with the *ignoble vulgus*.

Coolness and temper are the two principal ingredients in his receipt. He has composed a neat alliterative which declares that "Fuss, Flurry, and Fury are fatal to Photographers,"—a remark capable of a more extended application. Mark how from being his tormentors he makes "the many headed" his slaves. The inquisitive ones who delight in poking their noses into every corner of his "traps," who must smell his collodion, inspect his chemicals and finger his frail wet negatives, he requests to stand as fore-ground figures, beseeching them on peril of spoiling their likeness, not to wag a finger or wink an eye. The fellow who will peer into the tube of the lens just while the picture is being taken, he despatches with an india-rubber bucket and a request that he will be so very kind as to fetch him a little fresh water, and the playful ones who are inclined to play practical jokes he at once swears in as special constables to keep the crowd from pressing upon him. It is curious to see the importance with which these latter acquit themselves of their duty, laying about them with a ferocity of zeal, which would ensure to the photographer, did he personally resort to such proceedings, the smashing of his apparatus and perhaps a thrashing for himself into the bargain.

Of course the difficulty of thus employing his tact was much increased in a country of whose language he was profoundly ignorant, but he managed pretty well notwithstanding. The first negative taken was a good one—"all but." One of those annoying spots and stains that now and again—alas too often—mar the triumphs and grieve the soul of even the best operators, was present and necessitated another trial. Accordingly a fresh plate was coated with collodion and plunged into the sensitive bath. Here it was necessary that it should remain for some few minutes, during which time the crowd opened and a personage whose ugly blue uniform dubbed him at sight policeman, came forth and interdicted further proceedings.

Of course Ben hadn't the slightest idea what he was trying to say—how could he? He smiled blandly on his foe as though he thought the visit was merely one of compliment or curiosity. The myrmidon of law hereupon became somewhat excited and peremptory. Ben continued to work, but at the same time bowed most politely, and repeated several times the cabalistic words, "*No intiendo, Senor!—No intiendo!*" This seemed to drive the enemy into a paroxysm of

rage and invective which threatened a premature interference with Mr. Bolt's avocations, when to the rescue came the trusty Binnacle, who at once tackled the official, brought forward Mr. Interpreter, and after much circumlocution elicited that taking views in fortified towns was a heinous crime; and that for the permit of H.B.M. Consul he, the Spanish policeman, didn't care "that," ("*That*," was a highly contemptuous snap of his fingers). This naturally led to an animated discussion as to the power of consuls generally, and of H. B.M. Consul in particular, and it may be imagined that when so great a subject has to be filtered through a Mr. Interpreter, some time must elapse before the whole affair becomes clear. It was so at least in the instance before us, and how much longer it might have lasted is uncertain, when the words "All right!" proceeding from Ben's muffled up head, convinced Bill that the policeman was acting in a strictly legal matter, which having at once handsomely acknowledged, the photographic tent was struck, and with a fine negative in his box Ben and his friends adjourned to H.B.M. Consul's to report the circumstance.

H.B.M. Consul was as much surprised as his visitors; and forthwith despatched a messenger to the Alcade, explaining that the motives of the party were strictly artistic, and by no means warlike. That he would guarantee that there should be no views taken of the fortifications were they fifty times as picturesque as they were formidable, and that all future photographs should be selected from points of view that could in no way assist the enemies of Spain.

The Spanish "Dogberry" was, however, inexorable,—we had wounded his dignity by not applying to him in the first instance, and now he would not be entreated of. So our only revenge was, herein, to "write him down an ass," which is hereby accordingly done!

CHAPTER VI.

STILL AT CORUNA.—SPANISH COOKERY.

"Would the cook were of my mind."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

It was by no means a bad morning's work to have transacted business with H.B.M. Consul, visited Sir John Moore's tomb, taken

two photographs, and had a row with the police; and all before three o'clock in the afternoon. The interest of these varied occupations had prevented us from taking note of time, but now that the excitement was over, our inward monitors who had been whispering gently for some time past, began to clamour loudly for lunch, whereupon Mr. Interperter led us to his client, Mr. Inn-keeper, and ordered a collation à *L'Espagnol* to be served with all despatch.

It came without despatch:—in Spain no one hurries himself. In one respect however we gained by the delay, in that our state of famine waxed so great, that when at last the meal made its appearance we would have devoured it had it been twice as nasty, which was impossible. Here then will be the proper place to make a short dissertation on Spanish gastronomy.

In a few words then, the cookery of Spain as experienced by us at the hands of hotel-keepers may be stigmatized as a dirty, greasy, edition of Italian cookery, and in saying this I am not aware that the force of dirt or grease can further go. Occasionally, very occasionally, one gets an eatable dish in Italy,—in Spain never! and no wonder. In the first place good meat is scarce, and except in Galicia almost unknown. This made marketing for the yacht difficult,—joints were like “angels’ visits,” and our “*chef*” was often hard put to it to furnish the table respectably out of the heterogeneous materials supplied to him; game was our main dependance. Fish also of queer forms we occasionally experimented on with more or less success, but having named these we have no intermediate animal food 'till we come to goat, kid, and the inevitable fowl in the jaundice.

Once we thought we had made a discovery and brought away with us what we imagined were a dozen of larks, spitted upon a wooden skewer; but the delusion was short lived, the larks resolved themselves into “goldfinch, bullfinch, chaffinch, and all the little finches of the grove.” They could not come “Dunstable” over us. These are but poor materials even in the hands of a skilled *artiste*, such as ruled the roast on board the *Guendolen*. What must they be when treated by one who looks to rancid oil and garlic to pull him through all difficulties. Now good oil in a salad is all very well, but rancid oil anywhere, (in Spain I might almost say *everywhere*,) is not quite so agreeable. As to garlic Spaniards use it with a reckless intrepidity which makes itself felt, or rather smelt, throughout the land. This is a statement which will hardly be con-

sidered extravagant when I add that the lower classes keep cloves of it in their mouths, and chew it as our sailors do tobacco ! In their cookery no dish is allowed to escape a powerful flavouring from this plant, so valuable to an *artiste*, but so dangerous in the hands of a botch ; and I doubt if some of our party have even yet recovered the awful effects of a black pudding stuffed with raisins and garlic, and stewed in rancid oil.

Another grand mistake they fall into is the over-doing of everything. They seem never to be satisfied until they have extracted all the juices and natural flavours from the meat, and have left it sodden and in rags. Of this a good example may be found in their truly national dish, an *Olla Podrida*. A friend at home upon whose gastronomic opinion we placed great faith had enjoined on us a trial of it, as he considered it one of the best of good things ; it was therefore one of the first dishes we ordered, (an unnecessary step as most probably it would have come of its own accord) ! Well, "may difference of opinion never alter friendship," saith the proverb, and we say amen, for a more mawkish, tasteless compound (apart from the irrepressible garlic) was hard to imagine. Judge ye oh readers between us !

A jaundiced fowl, a junk of coarse beef, a lump of ditto ham, a garlicky sausage cut up in pieces, a liberal allowance of "Garbanzos beans," very like stewed Indian corn in taste and appearance, carrots, cabbages, and potatoes all boiled in a certain quantity of water until every symptom of flavour is extracted. Such is an *Olla Podrida*, and its appearance at table is preceded, as in mockery, by the water in which the various ingredients have been boiled, thickened with a little maccaroni, and unblushingly called soup. No, with every dislike for gluttony, and holding with the very moderate gentleman who said, "I am easily pleased with my meals so long as they are plentiful and good," I must be allowed to revile the cookery of Spain.

After suffering for some time under a diet such as this, the brilliant thought struck us, that at the risk of a charge of insular eccentricity we would endeavour to obtain access to the kitchens, and cook for ourselves. In many hotels we succeeded in so doing, and there found some excuse for the Spanish cooks in the poverty of the means at their disposal. Kitchen ranges may be said not to exist, and culinary instruments seem confined to the ubiquitous "*pat on*

feu," a frying pan, and a chocolate pot. On a species of altar a few sticks are lighted, and thereon without more ado is offered the sacrifice to the gods of appetite, and—dyspepsia.

But there is a white side even to the Spanish food question, and this is their confectionary. The bread is excellent, and their sponge cakes, biscuits, and pastry the acme of airy lightness. Then their chocolate, made so thick that a spoon will almost stand in it, yet, without the slightest approach to muddiness, and nicely flavoured with *vanille* is a compromise between eating and drinking which grows upon the taste. There is also the "*Spunchado*" an exclusively Spanish delicacy, which is pleasant to trifle with. It is a light brittle kind of *meringue* and is served with a glass of water or wine in which it is soaked or dissolved according to taste. Lastly I must conclude this gulose section by a word upon the wines of Galicia, of which there are but two drinkable sorts, the *Vinos Blanco* and *Tinto de Ribiera*. The former bears some resemblance to the low class white wines one meets on a Rhine steamboat, the latter is harsh and red-inky when taken cold, but very consoling indeed in a mulled form, especially after a chilly night-watch on deck. In this capacity it is invaluable and may well substitute port, which on board a yacht is never worth drinking except when heated and spiced. I reserve a very great merit possessed by the *Vino Tinto de Ribiera* for a climax. The best quality costs but two-pence-halfpenny per bottle!

After lunch we descended to the play-room of the house where gambling on a very mild scale was going on. In one corner was a quiet rubber of whist, at another an equally orderly round game of *Pingt et un* or rather *Trente et un* as it is here played. I cannot say that the votaries of Fortune were prepossessing in appearance—very much the contrary—but the stakes were low, and if, as I have no doubt, the old story of "pigeon and rook" was being told, it certainly was narrated with decorum: no drunkenness was to be seen, no violent language to be heard. The centre of the room was occupied by a billiard table, and as the Spanish game has its peculiarities it must receive a notice.

Most people are familiar with the ordinary game of billiards, and have some acquaintance with the noble game of skittles, but a matrimony between the two I have only met with in Spain. The tables are similar to our own, but the pockets are larger and the cushions higher to accommodate the balls, each of which is nearly the size of

a six pound shot. In the middle of the table five pins of about five or six inches in height are placed in a quincunx, the centre one being black. Besides the ordinary scores the players mark two for each pin they knock down, and five if they succeed in taking the black one without disturbing the others. They cannot however play directly at the skittles, but must arrive at them off a ball or cushion, the marker standing by with a small rake to replace the fallen.

Now billiards was a science in which Dick Marlinspike considered that he rather excelled, and the table becoming vacant that gentleman began to knock the balls about *secundum artem*. While thus engaged, a small hydrocephalous youth, not many inches higher than the table, addressed him, challenging him, as was gradually discovered, to play a game. Dick, who stands some six feet high in his stockings was for a moment taken aback by the audacity of the proposal, and as he looked down contemptuously on the mite of a boy before him, and brandished his "weaver's beam" of a cue, the pair formed an excellent modern *pose plastique* of David and Goliath.

"Hullo! little un,—want to play me do you? Why don't you hit a man of your own size?"

The child grinned, not that he understood a word that was said, but because he gathered from the lofty foreigner's manner that he was pleased to be facetious.

"Well then," continued Goliath, "if you must have it, come on!"—and "come on" he did, standing on tip-toe to make each stroke.

Goliath declined the skittles, and David was satisfied to meet him on his own terms. The game began and soon created a profound sensation. The whist players adjourned at "rubber and rubber". The "*Trente et un*" players contrived to get their equivalent for a "natural," and postponed the next deal. The news spread through the house, and landlord, guests, and waiters all flocked in and took their places to witness what they evidently looked upon as an International contest. Great was the consumption of Spunchado and Vino tinto. Cloudy was the atmosphere from the smoke of paper cigarettes, and many and infinitesimal were the bets made and booked upon the great event.

It is humiliating to record the result. Dick played his best, and brought forward all that power of "side" and "contrary gas," with that deep "knowledge of the angles," which so oft had stood him in good stead at the "Rag" or "Kildare street"—alas in vain! The

balls seemed to know that Spanish imp, and to execute his behests, flying into impossible pockets and making complicated and inexplicable cannons. Goliath went down before David, to that giant's great chagrin: a chagrin from which he only recovered some days later on discovering that this precocious performer was none other than the son of the marker.

By the time the match was over, the hour appointed by us for the gig to be at the landing stairs had arrived. The short day was despatching the last of its light to the limbo of all the yesterdays, and was giving place to a stormy night, whose wild cavalry of dark ragged clouds came galloping up the sky and opened the war of the elements by an occasional discharge of rain arrows. Even in the well sheltered harbour the sea was running high, and on our way back to Guendolen, we found the oilskins, which the steward had thoughtfully sent for us, most acceptable. After our busy day we were not sorry to be again "at home," though it was a floating one, nor, as we turned into our berths that night and addressed ourselves to sleep, with the dull roar of the ever increasing storm as a lullaby, did we regret that we had exhibited the better part of valour in leaving the elements to fight it out by themselves, and that we were then lying snugly in an excellent port with two anchors out and plenty of "scope."

The next morning came, but brought with it no improved weather. To the wind was now super-added rain, during a treacherous and very temporary cessation of which we again went ashore. It was ticklish work enough to traverse the quarter of a mile of water between the yacht and the land, in the gig, which though a fast puller was only very so-so as a sea boat, and this with the wind in our favour, but it became a real danger to the men returning. We stood and watched them as they fought it out gallantly and felt much relieved when at last we saw them all once more on deck and the boat hoisted up in the davits. Then came the question,—“How are we to get back?” It was a question to which we could not find an answer for some days.

The rain now set in again with a business-like manner that seemed to say “I shan't stop for a week,” (and *par parenthèse* it kept its word). Our plight was the reverse of cheerful. It would have been dry if dull, to have remained on board all day, and gone in for whist and general literature; but ashore we were still worse off,—our re-

turn cut off, knowing nobody, nothing to do, and any amount of time to do it in. Having arranged to go to the theatre that night, and knowing that the water gates would be closed before the conclusion of the performance we had brought a carpet bag each, and told the men that they need not return for us. Shouldering therefore our kits we made the best of our way to the hotel (*Fonda* in Spain,) in which we had lunched the previous day, where we secured beds, and set about the toilsome labour of killing time.

It died hard—skittles, billiards, spunchado, vino tinto de Ribiera, and cigarillos did what they could for us, but we were them out early in the day, and when it came to flattening our noses against the window panes, and looking out for interest into the damp world beyond, we made the following observations:—

That the fame of Mr. McAdam has not as yet arrived at Coruna, and that street paving in a London sense still only "doots in the future." Instead of these the highways are composed of huge rough flags over which man, woman, and beast walk together, and jostle each other in perfect amity, the necessity for footpaths being felt the less as the equipages and cattle seem to be confined to the ox-arabas of the country, as often without as with wheels, and an occasional string of gaudily decorated mules, which never move out of a decorous walk. Beneath the centre of the afore-mentioned flags runs a *couloir*; and into this through frequent openings, accidental and otherwise, pass all the impurities of the town, which are washed away (in winter at all events,) by the rain, and such streams as come down from the adjoining heights. The satisfactory action of this primitive system of sewage is materially assisted by the means adopted for getting rid of the rain water from the tops of the houses, from each of which two or more long spouts stretch out over the street, sometimes as much as a third of the whole distance across. Unfortunately the length of these spouts is quite arbitrary, consequently upon rainy days, of which five out of seven is a moderate autumnal average, the passenger below is obliged to run the gauntlet of hundreds of *douche* baths, to escape whose visitations no system of tacking will suffice.

The contemplation of the sufferings of these unfortunates beguiled at least an hour of our *cruisi*.

About this time Tom Bowling much dismayed, discovered that he had no more cigarros, and being a gentleman who would miss his front teeth less than something smokeable between them, girded up

his loins, and went forth among the *douche* baths in quest of more fuel. From the window, with that agreeable unction always felt for the misfortune of our friends, the other three watched him flee, not unscathed, into a shop some fifty yards higher on the opposite side, from which after some delay he again emerged with a prize in tow, in the shape of a live Spaniard, arm-in-arm with whom, and under the shelter of whose large rose-coloured umbrella, he marched strait back to the hotel, regardless of the *douche* baths which spattered with baffled spite on their gaudy but effectual covering.

The prize turned out to be one of the officers of the garrison who could talk a little French and, wonder of wonders, a few words of English! The necessity for an interpreter and the common ground of tobacco, had speedily brought about an *entente cordiale*, and Tom duly appreciating the value of his capture had brought him over for introduction to the rest of his friends.

"Away with melancholy! What ho! Kellner! Garçon! Waiter! What the deuce is it in Spanish?"

"Muchacho."

"Thank you—Muchacho! bring more Vinto-tinto, and Spunchado. Stranger, let's lick'er up!"

Licker up we did, and fraternise we did, so cordially that soon, despising the *douche* baths, we sallied forth under the guidance of our new friend to the casino or club, on whose books we were forthwith enrolled as distinguished honorary members, and had to go through more introductions to many new military friends, more Vinto-tinto, more Spunchado, and very many more cigarros, till the rain was forgotten and matters assumed a *couleur de rose* equalled only by the tint of our first Spanish acquaintance's umbrella.

That night, escorted by some of our new friends, we patronized the theatre, and as the Spanish drama like Spanish billiards, has its peculiarities, so shall I, the chronicler, proceed to relate what we there saw for the consideration of one shilling and eightpence each, a modest sum entitling us to stalls, which were the places of highest consideration in the house.

Premising then that the theatre, if small, was clean, orchestra very fair, and stage scenery and costumes excellent for the provinces, I may pass at once to the performance. Chance fortunately gave me as neighbour the officer with the imperfect knowledge of French and the very limited vocabulary of English, and with him as chorus

and by an unremitting attention to the action of the piece, I was enabled to follow the plot pretty accurately.

The play was a thrilling drama with a most distinguished *dramatis personæ*, consisting of a King and Queen of Spain (date not specified), a Captain of the Guard-Royal, a forlorn beauty, the daughter of a miller, who was the funny man of the piece, and whose only ascertainable mission in it was to relieve it from the general gloom and misery which rested like a fog upon the other performers, a fog to which even he ultimately succumbed, and in which he became finally engulfed.

Everybody was in love with the wrong person,—the king, to the scandal of royalty, setting the bad example in the direction of the miller's daughter. But the maid of the mill was proof against regal fascination, the correctness of her conduct in this case being fortified by a hopeless attachment entertained by her for the dashing young captain of the guard-royal. Whether we should have been equally pleased with her conduct had the object of her choice reciprocated her passion, is idle to speculate upon, since the contingency never arrived. But why so hard hearted? Alas! his heart was irrecoverably gone to the queen, who spurned it for the (in Spain) very unusual reason that she was consuming with unrequited love for the scapegrace king—her lawful husband! Ought we to say a word in this libertine's favor? I fear not, and yet if the playwright has at all succeeded in his portrait of the injured lady, it would scarcely be just to forbid him to plead in extenuation the utter weariness he must have experienced at the sound of her eternal tongue. Whenever she was on the stage no one else could slip a word in, even edgeways. Each speech, declaimed with the powers of lung and volubility of an Italian buffo-singer, must have covered at least three pages of print, and however convincing and eloquent the matter may have been, (and there of course we were thrown out,) I cannot help thinking that she would have served her cause better if she had condensed her grievances. I know, when at the end of the play the king burst a blood vessel and the queen went mad, I thought the probability was in favor of the reverse of the positions.

The Corunians were a capital audience, and had a complete sympathy with the performers, laughing with the funny man before he collapsed, and weeping when tragedy supervened and killed everyone, not the least ashamed to exhibit their emotion as is the affectation

of languid swells at home. I had a little Spaniard on my left with a beard like a blacking brush, who went into such spasms of grief, and sobbed so uncontrollably at the deathbed remorse of the king of Castille, that I set him down as possessed of some secret but similar grief. I trust, if so, he went home a wiser if a sadder man. On one point only were the audience fastidious—I may say intolerant, and that was upon female ugliness. They were ungallant enough to hiss two poor girls who were cast for the smaller parts, till they drove them right off the stage for no other cause: at least so said our interpreter, who appeared quite to concur in the propriety of the act.

But there was one functionary whom it would be unjust to leave unnoticed, if energy be a claim to notice—the prompter. Seated, as in operas at home with his head above the level of the stage, and concealed by the usual semi-beehive, he certainly earned his salary—not waiting to throw a line to a flounderer as prompters and Royal Humane Society dragsmen do at home; but spouting out every word of the play from the first to the last page in a sort of duet with the actor, in which one voice was quite as loud as the other. It was a perfect embodiment of a *mot* of the late Chief Justice Bushe, a *mot* with which this chapter shall conclude. On being asked at some private theatricals whom he considered the best performer, he replied, “The prompter, because I heard more of him, and saw less of him, than any of the others.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW MOON LUGGER.

(*See Diagram.*)

WE are enabled this month, through the kindness of Mr. Frederick Tutt, of 97, High Street, Hastings, to present our readers with the lines, and other particulars of the lugger yacht New Moon, 209 tons, the property of Lord Willoughby De Eresby, and the winner of the £50 prize given by the Royal London Yacht Club, for an Ocean Race from the Thames to Harwich, on Tuesday the 5th of June. The particulars of this race we give also in the present number.

We have published the *Yachting Magazine* for fifteen years, and during that period have reason to think, that our exertions in laying before our readers useful information on the several leading details con-

nected with Yachts and Yachting, have met with success : there is one branch of the subject, however, that we always wished to have rendered more ample justice to, and respecting which we have received frequent communications from yachtsmen, viz., the lines and dimensions of successful vessels ; with a view to accomplish this very desirable object we have addressed many of our leading yacht builders from time to time, soliciting their assistance, and offering every facility for laying such plans and details of the successful productions of their science and skill, before the yachting public, as we have felt, and do still feel, would exercise a most beneficial effect to their interest, and afford much satisfactory information to the general body of yachtsmen, at the same time promoting a healthy spirit of progress and improvement, which the result of comparison would be sure to foster, the effects of which must eventually be felt upon the various yacht building slips throughout the kingdom. We regret to say however, that until the present month our endeavour to secure the co-operation of the yacht builders has hitherto failed ; there appears to be either a most indefinable mystery, a selfish secrecy, or a jealous exclusiveness, about the preliminary operations of yachting architecture, that binds the professors of that science to reveal nothing that may tend to develop and foster a taste for that particular branch, or the investigation of its governing principles, amongst our numerous yachtsmen. It is therefore with sincere pleasure we acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Frederick Tutt, the first yacht builder that has ever favoured us with the lines and details of a successful yacht, we trust that such an example will lead to similar information from other quarters, and that Mr. Tutt may be the pioneer in a movement that must tend beneficially to all engaged in yacht building.

The late Lord Willoughby De Eresby when commencing his yachting career, evinced a peculiarity in his preference for the lugger rig above those of cutter, yawl or schooner ; and so fixed was his predilection in this respect. that no matter what the change of tonnage, the rig was always the same. As the names of some of our best distinguished yacht builders have become identified as successful in the construction of cutters and schooners, so has the name of Tutt become celebrated in connection with luggers ; every man is said to have a *specialist* and this is Mr. Tutt. The first vessel he built for Lord Willoughby De Eresby was the Leopard of 84 tons, she was launched in 1855, and constructed expressly for shooting and fishing, and so closely did his lordship confine himself to details, that it was with difficulty Mr. Tutt obtained a reversal of the order that her sails should be dyed with ochre, similar

to the fishing luggers of the coast ; this vessel turned out to be very fast and able at sea. In 1857 finding the Leopard did not afford sufficient accommodation, Mr. Tutt received an order for a vessel of 100 tons, which resulted in the launch of the Panther in August of the same year ; she was a remarkably fast vessel, much surpassing the Leopard, and was used by his lordship for cruising and fishing in the vicinity of Torbay, both summer and winter ; (this vessel is now the property of Captain Blakely of "Great Gun" celebrity ;) both these vessels were fitted as open boats. In 1858 Lord De Eresby had a model for a lugger of 209 tons constructed by Mr. Tutt, and so pleased was he with the design that the New Moon was ordered to be built in accordance ; when first launched she had a raised fore and quarter deck, to within 15 inches of the gunwale, and the main deck was sunk to 4ft ; round the bulwarks were benches 18in. high and 2ft wide, with top gratings, and fitted beneath with air boxes ; in the deck were six delivery valves, and in every respect she was fitted as a life-boat. In 1862 the main deck was raised to within 18in. of the gunwale, the benches and delivery valves removed, and excellent cabin accommodation afforded. She is boxed up and caulked air tight 29ft. forward and 18ft aft, and she is not ceiled at the ends in order to make her as light and lively as possible : she carries 75 tons of iron ballast, laid with cork between all the joints in order to impart life to it ; she is fitted with Downton's patent pumps and fire engine combined, and carries two life-boats ; her planking to the water is of English oak $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, coppered, and above that American Elm $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, kept bright and varnished.

The following are her principal dimensions :—

	Ft	In.		Ft.	In.
Length over all	134	0	Distance of fore-mast from stem	29	0
Length on keel	128	0	Diameter of ditto	0	13
Breadth of beam Moulded	18	0	Distance of main-mast from stem	76	0
Ditto, ditto, extreme	18	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Diameter of ditto	0	$14\frac{1}{2}$
Depth forward from base line	12	2	Main-mast—extreme length	85	0
Ditto, aft ditto	16	2	Main-yard ditto	64	0
Ditto amidships to top of keel	13	6			
Draught of water forward	6	4			
Ditto, aft	11	0			

The large main lug contains 900 yards of 18 inch canvas.

The New Moon is considered to be the ablest sea boat of her class and tonnage in the world.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB,

OCEAN MATCH FROM THE THAMES TO HARWICH.

THIS popular match which had been looked forward to for some time with considerable interest, came off on Tuesday the 5th of June. The prizes given were 70 sovereigns for cutters, and 50 sovereigns for schooners and yawls, with a prize of 5 sovereigns given by Mr. F. Peel, for the second vessel of any rig. Course from the Lower Hope down the Swin Channel, leaving the Gunfleet Lighthouse and all the buoys of the Gunfleet, the buoy of the West Rocks and the Cork Light, on the port hand, to Harwich harbour, winning on passing the Commodore's vessel, the Violet; quarter of a minute allowance of time for tonnage for schooners and yawls up to 150 tons, and half-a-minute for cutters up to 75 tons. The following were the entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
812	Lulworth	cutter	82	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
846	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
216	Christabel	cutter	52	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Iron Co
978	Niobe	cutter	41	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

SCHOONERS AND YAWLS.

No.	Names of Yacht	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders
967	New Moon	lugger	209	Ld Willoughby d'Eresby	Tutt
915	Minstrel	yawl	72	H. G. Austin, Esq.	Camper
829	Madcap	schooner	70	J. S. A. Dunbar, Esq.	Wanhill
48	Anita	schooner	43	E. G. Packard, Esq.	Simons

There was a strong breeze at S.S.W. in the early morning, which continued steady throughout the day. At seven a.m., the signal to start was given, and considerable smartness was displayed by the crews of the respective vessels; the Lulworth's anchor having fouled her fore foot in heaving up, caused her some delay. The Sphinx quickly showed in front of the line, with the Christabel on her weather quarter, and then the Niobe and Marina, the Vindex close up, and the Lulworth hampered for the moment by her anchor, brought up the rear. The New Moon, Christabel, and Anita got away in line in first-rate style; but the lugger having got the wind she wanted soon began to leave a

white streak astern, that looked ominous to her competitors. The Niobe, Vindex, Christabel, and Sphinx set their balloon jibs, and the Marina her balloon foresail, the Lulworth carrying her largest working canvas. All carried large gaff-topsails. Nearing the Chapman Light the breeze freshened, when the Christabel collared the Sphinx, and went to the front in grand style, the whole fleet rattling along as if a certain old gentleman was kicking them end-ways : the Marina's balloon fore-sheet gave up in this rush, but her crew all alive speedily secured the canvas and sent aloft her working foresail. Approaching Southend the New Moon was going along in magnificent style, and made a burst through the fleet that rather astonished the wondering crews, catching up the five leading cutters, she went away like a blockade runner, giving all a fine view of the fashioning of her counter ; at the same time the Marina ran past the Niobe and took third place ; they were off Southend at 8 a.m., when the Lulworth collared the Vindex and Niobe and made a bold dash to run thro' the Marina's lee, but the latter would not have it and raced her beam and beam until half-way between the Nore and Mouse, when power told and the Lulworth went into No. 3 station ; the Vindex at the same time ran past the Niobe.

Passing the Mouse Light the wind became freer, and shortly afterwards the Lulworth challenged the Sphinx and after a tough struggle passed her and took second station, looking as if she meant work and no mistake. At 9 a.m. the New Moon went past the Maplin Light at rare speed, with the Christabel next leading the cutters, and hard pressed by the Lulworth, the Sphinx third. With the course N.E.½N. and the wind out S.S.W. it was nearly a dead run, so away went the sheets, and booms were soon fitted to balloon foresails, the Lulworth setting a balloon jib boomed out by her cro'-jack yard ; at the Swin Middle Light the Lulworth challenged the Christabel for the championship of the cutters, and both went at it with a will, a beam and beam, stem and stem struggle, until near the Gunfleet Light, when the Lulworth went to the front and declared to win, but the hardy Christabel stuck to her work like a game little ship as she is, and her crew sent her along at a pace that gave the Lulworth's little time to look any where but right ahead : all this time the New Moon was paying out her electric streak after a fashion, that showed there was but little chance of vegetation along her keel, whilst her competitors the Anita and Minstrel were in the tail of the fleet ; 'twas a silver crown to a grass green copper that she ran an hour of tide between them and her at Harwich, and her huge lugs were ripping her along at a pace that threatened to take an aerial flight, and lift the long bright graceful hull bodily out of the

sea ; it was indeed a splendid sight to witness this noble vessel almost leaping from wave to wave, scattering the spoon drift in snowy clouds aloft as she swept along in stately pride to certain conquest.

At 11h. 27m. the New Moon passed the West Rocks buoy at a slashing pace, 8m. ahead of the Lulworth, the Christabel 10m. astern of the latter, and looking remarkably dangerous ; the Sphinx, Marina, Vindex, Anita, Niobe, and Minstrel were some two miles astern, ranging in the order of their names. Now came the tug of war between the two leading cutters ; the balloon jib of the Christabel was doing good service, and she began to draw upon the Lulworth in a very significant manner ; as they approached the Cork Light the Christabel gybed her boom over, and in doing so her topmast was sprung, but like lightning her gallant top-men sprang aloft and fished the spar as thorough seamen alone can do, and thus enabled her still to carry her huge gaff-topsail ; not an inch of canvas could be spared now and well they knew it ; at the same time the Sphinx began to draw up rapidly astern, and the Lulworth had all her work cut out, with the two wary light weights she had in her wake ; cautiously therefore she gybed over her boom, but the Christabel made a swoop like a hawk, collared her at the last moment, and raced her stem and stem into Harwich harbour, whilst the Sphinx also making a gallant dash succeeded in saving her time, and a splendidly sailed race was finished amidst great excitement in the following order and times at the flag-ship :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
New Moon	12	29	0	Marina	1	16	40
Christabel	12	59	50	Vindex	1	17	25
Lulworth	1	0	10	Anita	1	22	20
Sphinx	1	6	45	Niobe	1	25	10

It will thus be perceived that the New Moon won the schooner prize ; the Christabel the cutter prize, defeating the Lulworth on even sailing, without her allowance of time ; the Sphinx also defeated the Lulworth, arriving within her time and taking the second prize of £5 for the cutters ; the Anita won the second prize of £5 for schooners. The prizes were duly presented to the respective winners by Vice-Commodore Edwards, who was warmly congratulated on the efficient arrangements which secured such a successful match.

The steam ship Zealous, belonging to the Great Eastern Railway Company, having a numerous party on board, awaited the arrival of the yachts. We cannot permit the courtesy of Major Brandram to pass un-noticed, he having kindly placed his screw yacht the Pataie at the service of the officers of the Club, by which means the sailing committee were enabled to give the yacht owners their directions and effect the start with the greatest satisfaction to all interested.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE fine harbour of Harwich presented a most picturesque and animated appearance on the morning of Wednesday the 6th of June, owing to the large fleet of yachts assembled to take part in the annual regatta; and which the ocean match of the Royal London Yacht Club, sailed on the previous day from the Thames to Harwich, added to very considerably. The Magnet gun-boat, kindly placed at the service of the committee by the Hon. Capt. Spencer, of H.M.S. Pembroke, was anchored off the Guard. The course was from buoys moored abreast of her, passing between the Beach End and Cliff Foot buoys; thence to a flag-boat moored off the Stone Bench; from this point round the Cork lightship, back to the harbour, past the Magnet and up the river Stour to a flag-boat at Shotly, and back to the Magnet; twice round this course: all flag-boats and marks to be left on the port hand. A prize value £50 brought the following to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
216	Christabel	cutter	52	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
1647	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir. W.
978	Niobe	cutter	41	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

The wind, as on the previous day, was fresh from S.S.W., blowing strong and steady; the Vindex and Christabel had each a single reef down, the Sphinx and Niobe whole mainsails. The starting gun was fired at 12h. 8m. 30s., the Niobe had the weather berth, and was first away, with the Sphinx Second, and Vindex and Christabel close up together; during the first round of the sea part of the course the Niobe obtained a decided lead, the Christabel shook the reef out of her mainsail, and went into second place, whilst the Vindex and Sphinx—the two iron rivals, seemed to have a private stake between them, so closely did they watch each others movements; they all carried jib-headed gaff-topsails. They passed the flag-ship up the river on the first round from the sea thus:—Niobe 1h. 53m., Christabel 1h. 55m. 46s., Vindex 1h. 57m. 55s., and Sphinx 1h. 58m. 10s. It was a dead beat to windward up the river Stour, the Niobe displayed most weatherly powers, and increased her lead, but on the run down off wind the Christabel again

drew upon her, as also did the Sphinx upon Vindex; they were timed at the Magnet going out for the second round as follows:—Niobe 2h. 12m., Christabel 2h. 14m. 20s., Vindex 2h. 17m. 30s., and Sphinx 2h. 17m. 38s.

The same relative positions were maintained throughout the remainder of the match, no incident occurring sufficiently noteworthy to be presented to our readers. The crew of the Christabel did their utmost to turn the tide of fortune, but the Niobe was mistress of the situation, and evidently liked it too well to succumb: the Vindex near the finish succeeded in shaking off the persevering Sphinx, and overhauled the Christabel rather more than was pleasant, but could not by any process of seamanship get on terms with the Niobe, and the latter went in a clever winner, well hunted to the last by the Christabel; they arrived at the flag-ship from their last voyage on the Stour in the following order and times:—Niobe, 4h. 10m. 49s; Christabel, 4h. 11m. 40s; Vindex, 4h. 14m. 22s; Sphinx, 4h. 18m. 12s.

The Niobe was hailed the winner on even sailing, having her time allowance from the Christabel to spare. It will also be observed that the Vindex defeated the latter in time by 18s.

The second race was for schooners; the entries for the first class prize did not fill, but for a piece of plate value 25 sovereigns, presented by J. Kelk, Esq., M.P., the following second class "two stickers" displayed their fighting flags:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1279	Reverie	schooner	43	J. Courtauld, Esq	Steele
48	Anita	schooner	46	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons
62	Ariel	schooner	12	T. M. Read, Esq.	Halliday

At 12h. 41m. the starting gun was fired, the Ariel's crew displayed most creditable smartness in getting under way, but of course the smaller canvas they had to handle was much in their favor; the Anita was second, but the Reverie's crew appeared to be hampered in setting her foresail, and she was some minutes before she got proper life into her; the two larger schooners under all plain lower canvas, and square-headed main gaff-topsails, speedily shook off the little Ariel when they reached the open water, and settled down to their work in first-race style, being apparently well matched, of the two the Reverie was the favorite; they fought every inch of water the first round with the most determined obstinacy, and passed the flag-ship at the following time:

in close order. *Reverie*, 2h. 51m. 32s ; *Anita*, 2h. 52m. 25s ; and the *Ariel* at 3h. 11m. 45s.

The *Ariel* seeing her antagonists were too powerful to admit of a chance of success, now bore up ; the *Reverie* shifted for a smaller gaff-topsail in the second round to sea, and the *Anita* hauled down her gaff-topsail, housed main-topmast and made everything snug. Off the Stone Bench the *Reverie* most unfortunately ran foul of a smack and lost her jib-boom, when the *Anita* immediately collared her and took the lead ; nothing daunted however, the crew of the *Reverie* secured the wreck and were away in pursuit, but her bolt was shot, and notwithstanding that she made a splendid race to the end, the *Anita* would not be denied and went in the winner of the silver trophy. The following were their times at the flag-ship—*Anita*, 5h. 15m. 20s ; *Reverie*, 5h. 16m. 28s. As the *Anita* had to allow the *Reverie* 45s., it will be seen the latter was only 23s. over her allowance of time, and if her delay at the start, and the time lost by her accident be taken into consideration, there can be little doubt but that for these she would have won.

The third match was for cutters not exceeding 16 tons, belonging to the Club, the first to receive 15 sovs. the second 5 sovs. For this were entered

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Ton	Owners	Builders
1249	<i>Queen</i>	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher
1027	<i>Octoroon</i>	cutter	12	F. H. Lemann, Esq.	Hatcher
1359	<i>Satanella</i>	cutter	14	Capt. P. Bennett	Aldous

As the *Queen* did not start this was reduced to a match between the other two vessels ; and at 12h. 45m. 0s., they got away under single reefed mainsails, the *Satanella* showing in front for a short time, but the *Octoroon* soon raced up beam and beam with her, and the spectators watched their movements with intense interest, as both have achieved somewhat of fame during previous matches. After an admirable display of skill on both sides, the *Satanella* took a determined lead, and the first round of the course was completed in the following times :—*Satanella*, 3h. 0m. 35s ; *Octoroon*, 3h. 5m. 0s. Going out for the second round the *Octoroon* took in her topsail, and housed topmast, but the *Satanella* seemed to have got all her travelling gear in order, and a full cargo of sailing on board ; the *Octoroon* although handled with excellent judgment and undoubted pluck, was unable to bring her to any terms ; she challenged to win and went the second round at rattling

speed, increasing her lead up to the flag-ship, which was passed in the following order and times :—Satanella, 5h. 27m. 10s.; Octoroon, 5h. 35m. 48s. After allowing the Octoroon 1m. for difference of tonnage, the Satanella won by 7m. 38s.

There were numerous prizes for sailing and rowing boats, but as these were chiefly of local interest, they do not come within our province. A more successful regatta has seldom been held at the ancient port of Harwich.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE third class match of this club, which had been postponed from the previous Saturday in consequence of the weather preventing the boats getting round from the Clyde, Belfast, &c., came off on Saturday, the 9th June, with great success, as although it was raining when the vessels went away, it ceased soon after and the evening was all that could be desired for trying the racing qualities of the little clippers, five of whom lay at their buoys, with their distinguishing pendants at their topmast-heads, and their decks crowded with strong and active young men. The dulness of the day prevented many vessels from getting up their canvas to accompany the match, and the harbour looked much less gay than usual, but we noticed a goodly number of yachts flying the red burgee with a yellow anchor, which marks the members of the P.A.Y.C.; conspicuous amongst whom was the fine yawl *Leah*, and the pretty *Belle*, schooner, now the property of Mr. McCurdy, looking very trim and well under her new canvas. The latter had been placed at the disposal of the members to take any of them who desired to witness the race. The rest of the fleet comprised the *Aquiline*, *Vigilant*, *Eoba*, *Minna*, *Secret*, *Atalanta*, *Dawn*, *Virago*, *Myrrha*, and *Flora*, which latter acted as flag-ship.

The prizes were a silver jug for first; value £20, and a pin with the club burgee in red enamel for her steersman; and a yacht's telescope for second vessel. The yachts exceeding 12 tons, and not over 25 tons. Course, round South and North Burford and East Bar buoys, returning to the harbour, and rounding Hauling buoy, leaving all on the port hand; second round the same, except leaving Hauling buoy and flag-ship on the starboard hand: distance about 22 miles; time allowances 45s. per ton. To be steered by members of the club, only two paid hands allowed in each vessel, all others on board to be members of this or any recognized yacht club, the sons of such members, or naval officers.

The following vessels entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1735	Wavecrest	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1435	Siren	cutter	19	D. Corbett, Esq.	Marshall
	Venture	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Dalway
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. R. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
810	Luna	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife

The Wavecrest was built at Belfast last year from the designs of Mr. Fulton. She looks big enough for a 30 tonner, but towards the middle of the race, when the breeze was strongest, appeared rather overpressed with canvas, and lay down more than was good for speed. Next her was the Siren, a very fast craft in her day, especially in reaching or running, but, having been built for Lough Neagh, is rather of too light a draught for turning well to windward, and now out of date; her sails too, being small in proportion to the others. The writer of this, however, has good cause to remember how she used to go, as in 1854 he and two other amateurs won the second-class Corinthian Cup of the R.W.Y.C. of Ireland, in her, beating ten others after many vicissitudes and mishaps. The Venture comes next, she is a remarkable looking craft, having been lately built by her owner, at Carrickfergus, expressly for speed: she measures 52ft. long, and 8ft. 1in. beam. The Torch is the fourth to notice, and she has proved one of the best boats of her size afloat, and the winner last year of seven first prizes and one second out of nine starts, and only having been once beaten. The Luna the winner of this race for the past two years, had the weather station, and jauntily tossed her silver moon in defiance of all comers, new or old.

At 1h. 20m. the signal was fired to make ready, followed in five minutes by that to go. The Siren was best placed, and with whole sails and a jib-headed gaff-topsail went rapidly to the fore; the rest with a reef, the Luna having a jib-headed gaff-topsail over. All were quickly at the mouth of the harbour, but here an unfortunate accident took place, which deprived the race of much interest. Wavecrest, going rapidly through her vessels, and edging up from leeward to shave the pier-head, crossed the Torch's bow so closely that she had no choice but to run right into her, or on the stones which project from the elbow of the pier beyond the battery. She did the latter, and stopped so suddenly that Luna could not avoid her, but ran into her starboard or inside quarter, carrying away her bulwarks and rail, and sending her bow round and harder on shore, herself touching and stopping at the same instant, which luckily eased the shock, or she would have cut the Torch

right down. This created great confusion and anxiety, but Luna soon got off, and with only her bobstay slackened, followed in the wake of the rest, having lost some six minutes by the accident. The poor little Torch, however, hung fast, one of her amateurs being sent head foremost overboard by the boom, which took charge of the deck. He was quickly rescued by the boat of the Ierne, the flag-vessel of Commodore Graves, R.M.Y.C., which was lying outside the pier, to witness the start. The Ierne's boat also kindly lent valuable aid to the disabled little clipper, and pulled her off before she had bumped much, but, of course, her chance was out. Her mishap called forth the warmest regret and sympathy for her young owner, who in the most plucky way had forced his passage from the Clyde, under the most adverse circumstances, never having had his clothes off or a fire lighted from the Wednesday morning to Saturday, when she arrived, just in time to start. This accident gave Siren a good lead, and she spanked away closely followed by Wavecrest and Venture, and at a long interval by Luna, but the close haul soon began to tell on the shallow draught, and Siren fell to leeward, not fetching the South Burford until the flood tide had made to the northward, and breeze fallen light, which hanging her up, she was quite out of the race before she got round. The rain and mist now concealed them for some time, and when met between the North Burford and East Bar buoys at 3h. 30m., they were coming along very slowly before the light wind, Wavecrest leading with large square-headed topsail, reaching jib, and balloon foresail. Venture and Luna close together, and jockeying each other, both with square topsails and balloon jibs, but very little wind to blow them out.

At 3h. 40m. a fine breeze came up from southward and eastward, and in came the ballooners, Wavecrest getting a fresh start, while the others shifted jibs, but she would have been better if she had also taken in her large jib, as was soon proved. She rounded the East Bar buoy at 3h. 44m. 50s, Venture 3h. 46m. 30s, Luna 3h. 49m. 10s; the latter at once got in her topsail, and began to walk to windward of the others, who as the breeze increased were sadly pressed with their big kites aloft, and lay down in an alarming manner. Luna held her reach well into the elbow of the West Pier, and getting out of the flood lay right up along the wall for the harbour—a wily dodge, well-known to that knowing 'd salt, Captain Byrne, who piloted her,—while the others, when they at about stood out too far and overreached themselves right across the strong stream of flood, catching also a heavy squall at 4h. 20m. which laid them down on their beam ends, and impeded them much. The breeze was now fine and fresh, sun out, sky blue, and a number of vessels in

company, which made the scene very animated. A large ship had made fast while the yachts were away to the Hauling buoy, round which they had to go; but this was of little moment to Luna, who keeping a good full under her stern, put her tiller down and shot into the wind's eye along the intruder.

At the harbour's mouth we timed them:—Luna 4h. 36s. 30m., Wavecrest 4h. 40m., Venture 4h. 47m.; and immediately after clearing the pier the Wavecrest took in her topsail to leeward, rather a troublesome operation, and got rid of her huge jib. The Luna went fast to windward, but had to tack before she got round, which she did at 5h. 12m. 30s., Wavecrest 5h. 28m. 20s., a sad falling off from the first round. Up went Luna's topsail as she bore away before the wind for the North Burford, but, with the race in hand she held on by her small jib; Wavecrest reset her topsail to leeward before reaching the buoy, and got her big foresail for the run, but it was all up, as the Luna rounded the North Burford nearly one minute and a half before she had passed the South, and was away for the harbour on a fine reach, going like a steamer, and passing the flag-ship 6h. 25m. 20s., followed by Wavecrest at 6h. 42m. 45s., and Venture at 7h. 10m. 10s.; Siren having given up.

The Luna thus became entitled for the third year in succession to the third-class prize, and Mr. Putland, her owner, to the pin for the helmsman, as he steered her throughout; Wavecrest to the telescope, but a protest was lodged against her, by the owner of the Torch, for causing the collision at the start, while she objected to the Luna as having wilfully fouled the Torch, and being therefore disqualified. The sailing committee of the club met, however, on the Monday, and after a patient investigation decided—"That no evidence had been laid before them sufficient to disqualify either of the first two vessels from obtaining their prizes, and they were duly handed to Messrs. Putland and Crawford, thus terminating a very interesting and well-sailed opening match.

On Thursday, June 14th, the next match of this club came off for yachts of the second class, exceeding 25 tons, but not exceeding 40 tons: prize, a very handsome claret jug, value £30, with a breast pin similar to the former for the helmsman of winning boat, and a chart compass presented by Mr. C. Putland for the second. The day was beautifully fine with light south-westerly breeze, making it a run with free sheets to the Kish light ship, which marked the eastern extremity of the course, and is distant $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles E.S.E. of the harbour, from thence the vessels were to go $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a north-westerly direction to the red

buoy at the eastern end of the bar, at the mouth of the river Liffey, and after rounding it they proceeded $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.W.b.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. to the Hauling buoy, within the piers of Kingstown harbour, round which they had to jibe, and following the same course round again as before, finishing by leaving the same buoy and the flag vessel on the starboard hand, as they came in; distance about 31 miles, affording a beautiful view, not merely to the yachts in company, but to the numerous spectators on the piers and battery at the harbour's mouth. Nearly all the yachts in harbour had their canvas up, and large parties on board to witness the race, conspicuous amongst them being the Enid with the broad pennant of the Commodore at the topmast head. Leah, Aquiline, Minna, Dawn, Atalanta, Siren, Virago, Flora, all belonging to the club, and Witch, Ursuline, Charm, Gannet and Julia representing many of the Royal Yacht Clubs; the latter being gaily dressed with flags in honour of the occasion. The entries were:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1879	Secret.....	cutter	30	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
	Venture	cutter	36	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Dalway
1649	Vigilant	cutter	38	Capt. Adair	Wanhill
378	Echo.....	cutter	38	W. L. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
810	Luna	cutter	28	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1853	Toroh.....	cutter	26	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife

The second and last being really only 15 tons, but their owners availing themselves of the rule which allows "any yacht to enter in a class higher than that to which she belongs on adopting the minimum tonnage of such class for her allowance of time, and conforming to its Sailing Regulations," determined not to lie idly at anchor, but to try what Dame Fortune would send them, albeit their chance against such ships as the Echo and Secret was not a rosy one, especially as in their new guise besides losing five minutes time allowance, they had to carry heavy punts on their decks. Wavecrest would also have started, but having sprung her mast on the previous Saturday could not be got ready in time.

All were to be steered by members of the club, and only three paid hands were allowed to each, which caused a great demand for the aid of the best known amongst the amateurs of the port, especially as their professional duties unfortunately detained some of the most skilful on shore. The Enid acted as flag-ship at starting, and the line was formed under the direction of the commodore, but as he wished to accompany the match the vessels on their return were ordered to round the Flora cutter, whose owner himself officiated at the tiller of the Vigilant.

Precisely at 12 noon the first gun was fired, and in five minutes afterwards the one to start. The several vessels promptly obeyed by hoisting headsails and slipping moorings, and, under the influence of a light breeze from the westward left the harbour; the Echo, with her new suit of Laphorne, being the first to get out, followed by Secret, Torch, Luna, Venture, and Vigilant, in the order named. The whole being under all lower canvas and balloon gaff-topsails and foresails, except the Torch and Vigilant, which had only their ordinary working topsails. When outside the Echo and Secret hauled to the southward, and Luna kept away towards Howth, the three others lying in the middle, but the wind did not long allow of free sheets, as at 12h. 30m. it hauled round to the South and East, and became pretty strong, forcing the vessels to get in their balloon kites, and flatten their sheets for a close haul to the Kish light-ship, which they would not have fetched but for the strong ebb tide making to the southward. The sun was warm, and day beautiful, the wind gradually increasing and trying the full power of the vessels. The Luna was first to get in her big topsail, which was done in beautiful style, and replaced by her first working sail, all the rest following her example except the Venture who kept her large one aloft, but nearly lost her topmast soon after, and had to bear up for some time to save the stick. Echo and Secret got the first of the new breeze and went away considerably. Venture and Torch sailing a very pretty match, in the centre Luna rather becalmed to leeward, and Vigilant dropping astern, the day being far too light to give her much chance with her younger and light heeled competitors.

The Kish was rounded thus:—

	KISH LIGHT			BURFORD BUOY.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Echo	1	39	40	2	5	25
Secret	1	40	10	2	6	25
Torch	1	43	35	2	13	30
Luna	1	44	5			
Venture	1	50	50			
Vigilant	2	0	0			

The others, being so far astern, were not timed. Thence for the East Bar Buoy, N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., three and three-quarter miles, and the race began to be very interesting as the wind being dead aft, the Torch, Luna and Venture came slipping up to the leading boats who were hugging and impeding each other, and at one time it seemed as if the little Torch would take the Buoy from either of them; Echo however drew out a little and rounded at 3h. 5m.; Secret being close on her taffrail, and Torch only 30s. astern, Luna having fallen off to 3h. 9m. 30s.; and Venture to 3h. 19m. 0s. From hence it was an easy reach to the harbour, and the big ones drew away, Echo increasing her lead of the

Secret, and Luna rather drawing upon the Torch. Venture was overpressed with a large topsail, and having made a short tack was thrown very much astern, and eventually gave up.

The buoy was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Echo	3	25	10	Torch	3	28	10
Secret	3	26	3	Luna	3	35	5

In going out of harbour for the second round Echo got away from Secret as the wind freshened a bit, the Torch fell behind. The wind outside was most capricious, and greatly in favour of the leading vessel, a cable's length making a great difference—one vessel being in a breeze, and the other in a calm, the Torch lying twenty minutes while the others had a fresh breeze. Luna gave up before reaching the Kish, which was rounded by the other craft as follows:—Echo 4h. 50m. 50s., Secret 4h. 59m. 15s., Torch 5h. 21m. 10s. The course now lay for the North Burford, which was rounded by Echo at 5h. 17m., and Secret at 5h. 24m., and from thence to the East Bar, during which Secret gradually got closer to Echo and endeavoured to pass her, but would not be permitted to do so; she had the lead and was determined to keep it. The wind now suddenly flew back to the westward, making it a dead beat against the tide and throwing the Torch so completely to leeward that she gave up and crossed the bay directly for the harbour, while the contest between the two remaining vessels became of the most exciting character, as it was quite impossible to say which would win. Echo was beautifully piloted by her skipper, and steered by her owner, and lost not an inch, rounding the East Bar Buoy at 6h. 30m. 10s., but Secret tacked too soon and failing to clear it was forced to make a half board which lost some precious seconds. She got by however, at 6h. 32m. 20s., well within her time, and it was now a flying reach for the harbour with a strong breeze on the quarter in which the power of the Echo off the wind served her well, and she increased her distance every yard of water they travelled. The flag-ship was reached thus:—Echo 6h. 52m. 45s., Secret 6h. 56m. 22s., which on the time allowance of 30s. per ton gave the race to the smaller boat by just 23s., a magnificent finish, and one much appreciated by the spectators who cheered both vessels, and their crews enthusiastically. As this was however, too close a result not to make it right that everything should be exact, a demand was put in on the part of the Echo that the Secret, which had been altered and reduced in tonnage last season, should be measured under the Club rules before receiving the prize, a request which was at once acceded to, and the result stands over for the Committee to determine. The next matches of the Club for yachts of the

4th and 5th classes are fixed for the 30th of June after the Regatta of the Royal Mersey: yachts having more than one mast are to be sailed at the Bray Regatta on the 10th of July, the prize being an extremely handsome tankard, value 35 sovs. having on the top a figure of a sailor holding the burgee of the Club in his hand, which can be taken out at pleasure, and used as a breast pin, being the same pattern as those given by the Club to the steersman of each of the winning boats during the season, as a memento of his skill and success.

The match for first class cutters exceeding 40 tons is fixed for Saturday July 14th, after the Royal St. George's Club Regatta, when it is expected that a great many of the owners of racing clippers will be congregated at Dublin, and tempted to try what their vessels can do under their own pilotage and handling: the prize being a handsome salver, value 40 sovs.

Since the above was in type we have been informed that in consequence of some alterations that were made in Secret's sternpost last year, the sailing committee were called on to measure her, and this having been done with the greatest care and attention, they pronounced her to be a small fraction over 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ ths, and therefore, by the rules of the club she is rated as 31 tons. The cup of the 14th inst, consequently passed to the Echo by only seven seconds, Secret getting second prize.

SUFFOLK MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE opening match of this club for the season took place on Monday, June 11, on Oulton Broad, when a Challenge Cup, given by the club was competed for the third time, it having been won in the first instance by the Volunteer, which had to surrender it to the Rosalind at the last match of 1866. The cup must be won by the same yacht for three successive years before it becomes private property, and the yacht must be manned by amateurs. Five yachts entered, a sixth, the La Chasse, being objected to on the ground that one of the crew was a waterman. The proprietor (Mr. Oxley, officiated as umpire in the absence of club's Commodore (Mr. Dance). The broad was sailed over five times by the following: Volunteer, I. D. Fuller; Waveney Queen, R. Kemp; Rosalind, J. Hogg; Paraguin, C. Page; and Reindeer, H. Reynolds. The signal was given to get ready at five minutes past three p. m., and at 8h. 16m. it was followed by that to start, when the Paraguin took the lead. She had soon, however, to yield that position to the Volunteer, which took and maintained the lead to the close. The Reindeer gave up in the second. The match was completed as follows:— Volunteer, 5h. 4m. 25s; Waveney Queen, 5h. 7m. 10s; Rosalind, 5h. 12m. 30s; Paraguin, 5h. 13m. The cup has thus again passed to the Volunteer.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF IRELAND.

THE annual regatta of this Club was held at Queenstown, on Tuesday the 19th June; the weather was most propitious, and the beautiful harbour presented its usual picturesque diversity of flags of all nations; a large fleet of Merchant vessels studding the Man-of-war roads, whilst off Haulbowline Island Her Majesty's ships Hastings, Frederick William, Achilles, and Liverpool, displayed their gayest array of bunting in honor of the occasion. The Admiralty pier opposite the Club-house was thronged with visitors throughout the day, and the effective arrangements of the committee afforded general satisfaction. The first match was open to yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs, and the New York Yacht Club, of 15 tons and upwards, a prize of 75 sovereigns to the first vessel, and 25 sovereigns to the second. The course was the usual one sailed at Cork—viz., twice round three flag-boats in the bay and once round the Bar Rock Buoy, winning between the flag-ship and the Admiralty Pier.

The following vessels took their stations as noon approached :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
493	Fiona	cutter	78	H. Lafone, Esq.	Fife
289	Cymba	cutter	54	E. Burke, Esq.	Fife
638	Heroine	cutter	51	J. O. Atkins, Esq.	Wanhill
83	Avalanche	cutter	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Wheeler
1566	Torpid	cutter	28	Major Longfield	Day & Co.

At 12 o'clock the starting gun was fired, and the fleet got under way in beautiful order, keeping well together down through the Man-of-war roads; on getting out to sea the Fiona however speedily went to the front as had been anticipated, and although the Heroine and Avalanche made a grand struggle for the honour of the port, the Scottish clipper had it all her own way, and an interesting and well sailed match terminated at the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona	4	37	15	Avalanche	5	8	57	Torpid	5	26	20
Heroine	5	5	55	Cymba	5	15	40				

The Fiona was declared the winner of the first prize, and the Avalanche of the second.

The second race was for a purse of 15 sovereigns, for yachts not ex-

ceeding 15 tons; this for want of sufficient entries resolved itself into a match between the Charm 12 tons, D. D. Abbott, Esq., and the Laura 12 tons, Cap. Allen; after a well contested struggle the Laura went to the front, and eventually passed the flag-ship a gallant winner.

A very interesting race was projected between the pilot schooners of the port, for a purse of 20 sovereigns, for which there started the Dolphin 105 tons, Horgan; Minnie 75 tons, Barry; Black Jack, 65 tons, Smith; and Pilot, 52 tons, Hartnell; but as the Pilot was the only vessel that completed the two rounds of the course, she was declared the winner.

Numerous rowing prizes were given, for which the launches, gigs, and cutters of H.M. ships Frederick William, Black Prince, Hastings, and Liverpool contended; the coast-guard's galley had also a prize, nor were the hardy four-oared whale boats of local renown forgotten; and a most admirable day's sport rewarded the exertions of the committee, affording much amusement to the numerous concourse that such events invariably attract from all parts of the county Cork.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THIS event came off on the Thames, (June 8th), course from Erith to the Nore and back. The prizes were very good, being a handsome silver-gilt tankard, with four pretty goblets to match, total value, 70 guineas, for the first prize; and a silver-gilt inkstand, value 20 guineas, for the second prize. The yachts not to exceed 25 tons; time for tonnage half-a-minute per ton. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Builders.
973	Niobe	cutter	41	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay	Owner
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir. W.

The vessels were at the usual trysting place off Erith Church, riding uneasily at their springs; wind about S.b.W., very light, and with a powerful sun gave but very little hopes of such a breeze as the vessels required. The gun to start was fired at 11h. 23m., when they were all smartly canvassed, the Vindex rather the slowest. The Niobe was the first to swing, followed closely by Sphinx, which had a slight lead off

the pier, but the Niobe in the Rands ran up to her and passed to windward, thus taking the lead, which she maintained by 1m, into Long Reach, and the Vindex having caught a slight breeze first came within half-a-minute of Sphinx, making it a very pretty match. Off Greenhithe the Niobe had a fresher wind which increased her lead, but the Sphinx and Vindex also receiving the benefit of the breeze drew down upon her. In St. Clements the wind fell light, which rather jeopardized the Niobe's lead, there not being more than half-a-minute between each. On rounding Broadness Point the Niobe again got a puff which sent her away merrily into Northfleet Hope, the Sphinx and Vindex about the same distance from each other. In Gravesend Reach the Niobe met with a small disaster which retarded her progress. In attempting to boom out foresail, some of her gear got adrift, and but for the watchfulness of her helmsman the Sphinx would have passed her to windward; fortunately, too, a fresh spurt of wind enabled her to shake off her rival. Vindex when abreast of the canal got a breeze, and she rattled away merrily.

Passing Ovens buoy the Sphinx and Niobe were beam and beam, and an excellent race ensued between them, their little jockeying, however, told in favor of Vindex which came on ahead, but to leeward; the Niobe being the most windward. Off the West buoy the Vindex was leading, and passing the Thames Haven the latter and Sphinx gave the go-bye to Niobe, yet nothing daunted she made a dash at Sphinx and passed her again. The Chapman was passed thus—Vindex, Niobe, and then Sphinx, at 1h. 35m.

Passing Yantlet buoy the Sphinx drew within about three lengths of Vindex, and the Niobe was about ten lengths astern. Passing Jenkyn buoy the Vindex had increased her lead; in this order they rounded the Nore light-ship:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.		
Vindex	2 23 15		Sphinx.....	2 23 38		Niobe.....	2 24 3

The rounding was well performed, and the whole shifted jibs. The tide was still ebbing, and they ran along the edge of the sand in the slack. The Vindex and Sphinx stood well to Shell Haven, and the Niobe hugged the south shore more closely than her opponents, making her first board off Thames Haven, and entered the Lower Hope with a good lead, which she kept increasing on every board. Some little play went on in the Hope; the Vindex was so close on the starboard tack when the Niobe went about that the latter was forced to slip under her stern. Then the Vindex put about, and Niobe did the same in mi-

channel, forcing Vindex to give way. After this the Niobe had it all to herself, and she was pronounced to be an excellent weatherly boat, going through Gravesend Reach with scarcely a tack, and drawing ahead of her competitors with the greatest ease, which she continued to the end. The Vindex and Sphinx were not so fortunate, and were obliged to work tack for tack back. The Sphinx made several spurts to pass Vindex but failed, and the race finished at Erith, thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Niobe	6 1 35	Vindex.....	6 9 15	Sphinx.....	6 10 20

Mr. Charlwood, (the Rear-Commodore) officiated throughout the day, the worthy Commodore being still an invalid. The Vice-Commodore, Mr. E. Edwards, who had been cruising about with his magnificent craft, the Stella, came on board the Queen of the Thames at Erith, and delivered the prizes to Mr. Gordon and Mr. Duncan, and the steamer discharged her living freight in good order and time at Blackwall.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

FRIDAY, June 22nd, was the second appearance of the members of this united and friendly club on the Thames this season, and we can truly congratulate the officers on the efficient manner in which the whole affair was carried out. There was an excellent departure from the usual style of club prizes.—The chief prize was presented by a very staunch supporter of aquatics—Mr. W. Massingham, it consisted of a very superb or-molu timepiece, and a pair of candelabra, each under a glass shade, the value of this gift was £25. For the second prize the worthy Rear-Commodore, Mr. R. Sadlier, presented four very neatly chased silver salts, value £10. The yachts were to be of 15 tons and under, one minute per ton allowed. Course from Erith to the Chapman and back. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1859	Satanella	cutter	15	Capt. P. Bennett	Aldons
1027	Octoroon	cutter	12	F. H. Lemann, Esq.	Hatcher
1249	Queen	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher

After the tempestuous state of the previous evening we were agreeably

surprised to see a calm and beautiful morning, which was no doubt acceptable to many of our fair friends—the wind at starting at Erith was about N.W.b.W. light. The gun for starting was fired at 11h. 53m. when the usual alacrity was displayed by each crew; fore and aft sails were up like magic. The Octoroon first set topsail (but only a working one), whilst her compeers luxuriated in balloons. The Octoroon was first away, and off the pier had the lead, when she hoisted a squaresail, the others booming out their jibs. Off the Gardens the Queen got the lead, and in the run through the Rands the Satanella passed to leeward of Octoroon: nearing Cold Harbour Point the Satanella got a puff which put her more in the tideway. Entering Long Reach Queen was leading, when Satanella dashed up to her and a beam and beam race ensued. Rounding Rising Sun point Queen led Satanella by about two lengths, Octoroon had gradually decreased the distance from Satanella, and eventually in St. Clement's ran up to her, rounding Broadness Point in advance of both rivals; but on gybing in to Northfleet Hope the Queen again got the lead, assisted by a slight breeze from off the south shore, which she made the most of by ploughing along merrily, leaving her two friends to contest together for the second place, which after a smart race the Satanella gained, passing Octoroon to windward. Queen passed Gravesend at 1 p.m. with stunsail set, about 1½m. ahead of Satanella, and Octoroon half-a-minute behind the latter. The same order continued till they reached the Chapman—the Queen leading and the others nearly together; the wind fell calm, it became almost a drifting match, and as no change took place we gladly timed them round the steamers at the Chapman thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Queen	2	34	15	Satanella	2	40	0	Octoroon	2	41	10

The foregoing will show how closely the match was contested, especially between the last two, it was about slack tide when they rounded, and stood over to the north shore, and worked their way along it by short tacks. The Queen and Satanella thought to carry their balloon topsails, but soon were convinced that system was impracticable, and changed them for working ones. The short boards along the shore are not always beneficial, which the Octoroon found out to her cost, for about half-way between the Chapman and Holy Haven there is a spit of sand, which we understand is gradually extending towards mid-channel—here the Octoroon seemed to show a very tender feeling towards the north shore, and on one or two tacks we certainly expected to see her brought up suddenly; this was at last accomplished, for, altho' we are assured the lead was kept going, the identical projection of the

above mentioned sandspit put a stopper on her further progress. A tug offered her services, and some three or four row boats, which came from somewhere, but *where* no one could tell. The club steamer also threw her a rope but "No!" was the reply from all of Mr. Le-mann's plucky crew, so of course we left them—the owner and his friends stretched along the after part of the deck coolly smoking their Havanas. The Queen and Satanella shifted topsails off Shell Haven, the latter endeavouring to shorten the space between them, which she succeeded in doing, for on passing Gravesend Queen was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. ahead. In Gray's Reach the Satanella drew closer to her leader, and so they continued into Long Reach with each endeavouring to out-sail the other. The wind fell light and Satanella shifted jib and topsail, which example Queen soon followed, and during the latter's progress about midway in the Reach the Satanella ranged up on the weather of Queen, which till now had been booked to win for a certainty. Gradually Satanella stole away, amid loud cheering; leaving the hitherto unbeaten rival behind, increasing her distance until rounding the flag-boat off Erith, which was performed thus:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.			
Satanella	6	45	0		Queen	6	48	0

The unfortunate Ootoroon put in an appearance at 7h. 21m., and her owner informed us that she laid at the sandbank 31 minutes. The Queen was piloted by Mr. D. Hatcher, who must certainly have felt the defeat acutely, as every impartial spectator had booked her to win. Mr. G. W. Charlwood steered the Satanella, and it was a proud feat for him to gain a victory against such a boat and picked crew. As little time as possible was lost by the worthy Vice-Commodore (Mr. C. Long) in presenting the prizes, and the return to London was accomplished in good time.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB SCHOONER MATCH.

THE schooner match of this powerful club was held on the 9th of June, and combined with it was that for yawls, a rig that seems to be obtaining much more favour among yachtsmen than formerly. The prizes offered were, for schooners over 100 tons, 100 sovereigns; under 100 tons, 80 sovereigns; and for yawls exceeding 50 tons, 80 sovereigns. Much dissatisfaction was expressed that a club with such ample funds at command should not have given prizes for the second vessels in each

class; and there is no doubt the entries were much affected by it. The course was from Rosherville to the Mouse, and back; and the allowance of time a quarter of a minute per ton between the competitors in each match.

The following vessels took their stations at an early hour:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	C. M.	Owners.	Builders.
FIRST CLASS.					
219	Circe	schooner	123	G. Harrison, Esq.	Steele
601	Gloriana	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
152	Blue Bell	schooner	170	F. Edwards, Esq.	Nicholson
SECOND CLASS.					
504	Fleur-de-lys	schooner	80	H. W. Birch, Esq.	Aldous
829	Madcap	schooner	70	J.S.Abbott-Dunbar, Esq.	Wanhill
1279	Reverie	schooner	39	J. Courtauld, Esq.	Steele
1792	Xantha	yawl	135	Lord A. Paget	Harvey
1029	Oithona	yawl	84	G. Salt, Esq.	Rife

They were moored in three lines a little to the eastward of Rosherville pier, the two yawls forming the lower line. As the time of the start approached with scarcely an air of wind to fan their fighting flags into life, there seemed little probability of their being able to accomplish the course laid down, but the laws of the Medes and Persians might vary sooner than those of the R. T. Y. C., and accordingly at 11h. 38m. 50a. the starting gun was fired, and away went the broad folds of canvas aloft with an alacrity that did credit to the several crews; hot work it was too, under a broiling sun enough to make the deck seams of a turtle frizzle. A light air from S.E. just enabled them to cant to the north shore, the Blue Bell made a short board over as if to get clear of the ruck, but the others swung to their spring ropes and got their heads fairly down the river; lazily they drove along with the ebbing tide, the crews busily engaged in setting topsails of dimensions vast and varied, and the Circe setting her irrepressible jib topsail. Below Rosherville they laid hold of a stray little breeze flirting out of E.S.E. and making it into as convenient parcels as possible, it lasted them up to Coalhouse Point, when another drifting match commenced with all save the Gloriana, which managed to husband her stock of weather until it carried her well to the front, where she lay like a painted ship on a supremely gamboge coloured lake. After a considerable amount of whistling had been executed on board the various "canoes," the Lower Hope favoured them with a tender slice of a mild nor'-easter,

jamming them hard upon a wind, when the Gloriana went handsomely to work, well hunted by the gallant little Madcap, and the stately Xantha third; it was remarked that the second class schooners had rather an uneasy time of it in their endeavour to get from beneath the cool shade of their more aristocratic sisters' canvas, as these latter bloated feminines most unmercifully "blanketed" them under their lees; but the merry little Madcap, true to her name, frolicked past them after a fashion that indicated an unmistakeably fast young lady. Just at this period a most delightful cloud of steamer's smoke spread along the river, so dense and lasting as to suggest the propriety of turning in for a nap, and affording the prospect of a delicious novelty if it ever did clear away, viz., sunrise on the Thames. When daylight did again greet our longing orbs we discovered ourselves in that romantic locality euphoniously designated Holy Haven, and at the same time the Xantha leading the fleet, with the Madcap dancing as pretty a *pas-de-mer* as ever promised to place a saucy little *two-sticker* to windward of the fleet. Warily and well was the wee barkie handled, and to windward she did eat her way so judiciously, that when the club steamer, the Prince of Wales, let go her anchor midway between the Nore and Mouse, and made the signal to round, she was on the spot plum centre, and fetched round in beautiful style, whilst the Gloriana and Xantha in a beam and beam struggle had over-run their mark, and were compelled to bear down upon the steamer with sheets eased off, just in time to see their hardy little rival flying away down wind with a lead of over five minutes. The following were the times of rounding :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Madcap.....	4 19 30	Blue Bell.....	4 56 0
Gloriana	4 24 45	Oithona	5 2 0
Xantha	4 24 55	Reverie	5 17 0
Circe	4 33 5		

After rounding the steamer, balloon topsails were sent aloft with magical celerity, the Madcap, Gloriana, Xantha, and Circe with every inch of muslin they could show aloft. Off Southend the Gloriana appeared to remember she was in a hurry to Rosherville, and shaking herself loose she soon began to leave the Xantha, and walking up hand-over-hand with the Madcap, she raced her beam and beam till they were off Southend, the gallant little ship hanging on to her more powerful rival with a tenacity that was hard to beat, but the Gloriana's two grand topsails were as good aloft as a pair of locomotives at her bow, and away she went with a lead that was equivalent to a challenge to win. The Circe now began to look uncommonly vicious, and racing

up to the Xantha took third place. A beautiful match between Gloriana, Madcap, Circe, and Xantha was sailed through the upper end of Sea Reach, and as they entered Gravesend Reach it required extreme nicety at the tiller to retain the weather gage of the winning buoy at Rosherville, as the wind fell away almost to a calm, but eventually the goal was reached after an exciting struggle, in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Gloriana.....	7	42	0	Xantha	7	56	15
Madcap	7	53	30	Blue Bell	8	6	0
Circe	7	55	0				

The others not timed.

The Gloriana, Madcap, and Xantha were declared the winners in their respective classes.

The Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, was as usual at his post on board the club steamer, the Prince of Wales, on board of which a party of nearly 500 enjoyed the pleasures of a cruise. Vice-Commodore, Lord de Ros, superintended the onerous duty of berthing and starting the yachts with his usual well-known tact and ability. The yawl match, in which the noble Commodore's vessel, the Xantha, took such a prominent part, was under the management of the senior member on board the steamer, Mr. Stokes.

Saturday, June 23rd.—About seventy members mustered on board the Oread to witness the closing match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, when *one* prize only was given, of the value of £30, for vessels of the third class not exceeding 20 tons. Only three came to their moorings, viz :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1886.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	G. M.	Owners.	Builders.
1627	Vampire.....	cutter	19	T. H. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatchers
1359	Satanella	cutter	14	Capt. Bennett	Aldous
1249	Queen	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatchers

The course was from Erith to the Nore and back. The starting gun was fired at 11h. 37m. The Satanella was first under canvas, wind S.E., including topsail; after swinging, the Queen was first, and stood to the southward, when she was forced about by a large vessel, and on t'other tack by a steamer.

The *Satanella* took the lead off Purfleet, being well to windward of the *Queen*; the latter suddenly went about and stood for north shore, compelling *Vampire* also to do likewise. In Long Reach they made several boards, and *Vampire* succeeded in getting the lead. *Satanella* shifted her jib, setting a smaller working one. Off Greenhithe the *Queen* shifted topsails, hoisting a jib header. *Satanella* kept second place. They made long boards through St. Clements; in Gray's Reach the *Queen* and *Satanella* had a little skirmishing which suited the *Vampire* as she steadily pursued her onward course, leaving them several minutes behind, and the *Queen* headed the *Satanella* 1½ min. Off Rosherville the *Vampire* shifted topsails, setting a jib-head one, the breeze increasing. The *Satanella* in the Lower Hope tried hard to over-reach the *Queen*, but was doomed to disappointment, and the trio stood on till about three miles short of the Nore, when the tide began to slacken, and the steamer let go her mud-hook and signalled for the yachts to round, which was done in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	3 47 30	Queen	3 58 20	Satanella	4 2 25

Directly they rounded, topsails were in demand. They ran up the north shore until near Holy Haven, when the *Vampire* made a long board towards the Blyth. In running through the Hope, *Vampire* in addition to a balloon topsail carried a splendid balloon jib, and was upward of 12 min. ahead of *Queen*, the second vessel. There were no changes throughout the return, but the *Queen* slightly drew down on *Vampire*. It was rather a one-sided affair, for the last named was well known to possess all those qualities which are requisite to make a first-rate clipper, many there were on board the steamer who remembered her in her youthful days contesting the laurels with her staunch opponent the *Vesper*, and others. The race was concluded thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	6 58 0	Queen	7 5 0	Satanella	7 10 0

Here finished the "Great Leviathan's" doings on the Thames for the year 1866. In the absence of the flag officers, Mr. Tatham officiated as Commodore, and right well did he perform that office, for the yachts throughout the day were kept well in view.

We cannot close the account without saying a few words in praise of Capt. Wheeler of the *Oread*, whose civility and kindness on all occasions have gained him the good opinion of all those who have passed a few hours on board the steamer he commands.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB.

THIS spirited little yacht Club sailed their opening match of the season on Thursday, 21st of June. The course was from Erith to the Chapman Light and back. Two classes contended, viz.—first class yachts of from 8 to 12 tons for a purse of 15 sovereigns, and second class yachts not exceeding 8 tons for a purse of 10 sovereigns.

The following vessels came to the starting buoys :—1st class, Octoroon, cutter 12 tons, Mr. F. H. Lemann; Clytie, cutter 12 tons, Mr. V. Wing.

2nd class, Rifleman, cutter 7 tons, Mr. W. Antill, Clara, cutter 6 tons, Mr. J. Pym; Ærolite, cutter 7½ tons, Messrs. W. Dowdall and F. E. Cooper; Novice, 6 tons, Mr. J. Gardner.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 9m. 30s., the wind at South, moderate; the Rifleman having dragged her moorings some 100 yards down the river, had thus much advantage at the start, the Octoroon very soon began to give a specimen of her powers, and off Greenhithe had obtained a considerable lead; the Clytie, Novice, and Ærolite sailed a very exciting match to Gravesend, when the Clytie went into second place, with the Ærolite third, Novice fourth, Rifleman fifth, and Clara sixth. The wind was now very light, but in the Lower Hope a nice breeze sprang up that took them into Sea Reach, here however it was evident that the Chapman could not be accomplished in the state of the tide, and accordingly the club steamer, the Metis, came to anchor about a mile above it, and the vessels rounded her as follows :—Octoroon, 1h. 13m. 45s; Clytie, 1h. 21m. 0s. Ærolite, 1h. 25m. 0s; Novice, 1h. 33m. 30s; Rifleman, 1h. 35m. 30s. The Clara bore up before reaching the steamer, as her spread of canvas was not adequate on such a light day, and against such opponents.

In gybing round the Octoroon carried away one of her bulwark stanchions on the port side, but quickly repairing damages, she still held a commanding lead. The wind now hauled up west, which gave them a beat home, the same relative positions were maintained to the end, and they passed the winning buoy at Erith in the following order and times :—Octoroon, 4h. 14m. 10s; Clytie, 4h. 41m. 0s; Ærolite, 4h. 50m. 10s; Novice, 4h. 58m. 0s.

The Octoroon, and Ærolite were declared the winners, and Messrs. Lemann and Dowdall were presented with the prizes.

The steamer Metis, with a number of members and friends on board, accompanied the match, and a capital day's sport was enjoyed, including dancing on shore at Erith, which being prolonged caused the return to town to be performed in the heavy storm that followed.

TEMPLE YACHT CLUB.

On the 4th June, a sailing match by yachts belonging to this club came off from Charlton to the lower buoy at Greenhithe and back. The entries were :—Wanderer 5 tons, Mr. Hildersley; Little Vixen 4 tons, Mr. B. Hatchman; Stella 5 tons, Mr. C. Armstrong; Silver Star 4 tons, Mr. W. Turner. Of these the Wanderer is a new boat, built for the Commodore by Biffen of Hammersmith. The Stella did not put in an appearance. The others were started at eight minutes to nine o'clock, the Star taking the lead, wind very light from N.E. Off Woolwich the positions were :—Star 1st.; Wanderer 2nd; Vixen 3rd. In Halfway Reach Vixen overhauled Wanderer serving the Star the same in Erith Sands. Off Purfleet the tide began to be felt, but the wind shifting towards the west enabled them to complete the distance, the Vixen and Star running beam and beam all through Long Reach. The buoy was rounded :—Little Vixen, 1h. 42m; Silver Star, 1h. 43m; Wanderer, 1h. 58m. After rounding, the Vixen while shifting jibs, got in irons, giving the Star a long lead, but she could not retain it. The winning post was passed :—Little Vixen, 5h. 10m; Wanderer, 5h. 23m; Silver Star, 5h. 25m. 30s. The prizes, consisting of two silver cups, were presented at the club-house by the Rear-Commodore (Mr. Antill), who accompanied the match as officer of the day in his yacht the Rifleman.

HUNT'S UNIVERSAL YACHT LIST FOR 1866.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the nineteenth issue of our *Annual Yacht List*. We have spared neither exertion or expense in ensuring its correctness, and although we cannot command success we have endeavoured to the utmost to deserve it. We have issued considerably over 1000 circulars to yachtsmen, enclosing printed forms, for the purpose of eliciting information conducive to complete accuracy, but we regret to say that an apathy most unaccountable has characterized our correspondence; we spare no trouble or time in working on their behalf, and we did anticipate a more universal response than has been accorded in aid of our efforts, and were it not for the active assistance we have received from several valuable correspondents, our object could not have been attained to the extent we consider desirable. Any inaccuracies with respect to the names or tonnages of yachts that may have crept in, are attributable mainly to the neglect of yachtsmen in not filling up and returning to us the printed form forwarded to them for that purpose; and we shall esteem it still a favor if, where such are discovered, the printed form in front of the *list* be filled up correctly and transmitted to us.

We this year give a new arrangement of the list of yachts, whereby much additional information is conveyed at one glance, that it is hoped

will prove useful and satisfactory to yachtsmen. We have received the subjoined letter from the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and inserted in our list the Signal Letters, so far as they have been appropriated to yachts, in the new Commercial Code published under the authority of the British and French Governments, and we shall be most happy to make any additions, if yachtsmen will communicate with the Registrar-General, and make us acquainted with the letters he may assign to their vessels.

(Copy.)

" General Register Office of Seamen,
6, Adelaide Place, London Bridge,
7th May, 1886.

" GENTLEMEN.

" In reply to your letter of the 3rd inst, I beg to inform you that there is no objection to your inserting in the *Yacht List* published by you, the Commercial Code Signal Letters which have been appropriated to yachts, for the purpose of making their names known at sea.

" The *Mercantile Navy List*, published by Mitchell, Gracechurch Street, every year, will furnish you with the required information.

" The enclosed pamphlet on the subject of the Commercial Code of Signals, will probably enable you to notice in the address to your subscribers, a few facts, relating to the adoption of the Code by the French Government, and of the steps taken by the English Government in the matter, which it is desirable they should know.

" I am, Gentlemen,

" Your obedient Servant,

(Signed)

" JNO. J. MAYO,

" Registrar-General."

To Messrs.. Hunt and Co.

Agreeably to the wish expressed by the Registrar-General, we have much pleasure in laying before our readers such information as the pamphlet referred to by him suggests as desirable for them to know.

" The French Government have taken a step which shows how deeply impressed they are with the value of the *Commercial Code of Signals*, and with the extended uses to which it may be applied. After a careful investigation of the principle of the system, by a commission of French naval officers, with whom Mr. Larkins of the Board of Trade was associated for the purpose of explaining the details of the new method of signalling, the Minister of Marine decided upon adopting the principle of the code. With this object, the code has been revised by a joint commission, a French translation of the Signal Book has been published, and a code list of the French Marine has just been issued, assigning to every vessel her signal letters. This translation, and the

code in question, will shortly be placed on board every sea-going vessel under the French flag, as they have already been placed on board all Her Majesty's ships.

"But so impressed were the Imperial Commissioners appointed to determine the best mode of signalling, with the great advantages which the *Commercial Code of Signals* presents over every other system, that the French Government have also adopted it for inland and distant signalling, by their numerous semaphore stations throughout the Empire, in which system of signalling the French are in advance of this country. These movements on the part of the Governments of the two leading maritime states of Europe will no doubt soon be followed by the adhesion of the remaining European Governments, as they will unquestionably be by that of America.

"At home the Lords of the Admiralty have long since placed the *Commercial Code of Signals* on board all the ships in commission, and have under consideration the establishment of signal stations round the coasts of the united kingdom; and with a view of promoting its use on board Merchant ships, the Board of Trade have now made an acquaintance with the principles of the *Commercial Code*, and the mode of working it, an indispensable portion of the examination of masters and mates for the Merchant service."

In conclusion we venture to express a hope that our Annual List of this year, will merit a continuance of that patronage which for a series of years it has hitherto enjoyed.

VOYAGE OF THE XARIFA YACHT, R.S.Y.S., 31 TONS, FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE.

THIS celebrated little craft has just accomplished a most successful run to Melbourne, considering the actual time she was at sea, and the adverse winds she had to contend with. On board of her were—Messrs. C. Parbury, (owner), W. Campbell, P. Lamb, and five hands.

*We subjoin her log, which may prove interesting to some of our readers:—

Wednesday, 28th February.—Left moorings in Farm Cove, at 1h. 16m. p.m.; light house, South Head due west, at 2h. 38m.; moderate breeze from N.E., and fine weather, set topsail; at 3h. 45m. off North Head Botany, at 3h 55m. steering S.; off Bellambi, at 7h. 25m; at 8h. 15m., wind dropped to a calm for half-an-hour; took in topsail, the wind then veered round to W.S.W., light and variable; passed Wollongong at 9h. 30m, when a heavy squall from southward came up; took in jib, foresail, two reefs in mainsail, set storm jib, and tacked to S.E., wind increasing to strong gale, with a heavy sea.

Thursday, 1st March.—At 2 a.m., there being every appearance of bad weather, tacked, and bore away for Botany Bay. Entered the heads at 7 o'clock, and dropped anchor on south side of the bay.

Friday, 2nd.—Cleared Botany Heads at 1h. 40m. p.m.; light breeze from N.E.; running under mainsail and squaresail; off Wollongong at 5h. 30m.; sighted lighthouse, Jervis Bay, at 11h. 30m., twelve miles west; strong northerly wind all night.

Thursday, 3rd.—At 8 a.m., abreast of Montague Island; took in mainsail and set trysail at 10 a.m. Wind northerly all day, till 5h. 40m. when off Green Cape, it fell to a calm, and at 8 p.m., chopped round to the southward; every appearance of bad weather. Put about for Twofold Bay; when five miles distant wind died away, and came round from the westward; steered for the southward again.

Sunday, 4th.—At 2h. 15m. a.m., it blew a gale from the southward, laid to under reefed trysail and storm jib till daylight, then beat into Twofold Bay and anchored off Boyd Town at 8h. 45m. a.m. In the evening weighed anchor, ran over to Eden and brought up close to the pier, the barque Bella Vista and schooner Scotia also lying there.

Monday, 5th.—At 10 a.m., wind again set in strong from S.W., remained at anchor all day; City of Hobart called in for mails at 11h. 30m. a.m., and left again immediately.

Tuesday, 6th.—Left Eden at 10h. 45m. a.m.; very light breeze from the East; passed Green Cape at 8h. 40m. p.m., wind came round from northward at 9 p.m.; met Wonga Wonga, steamer, at 10h. 30m.; sighted Gabo Light at 10h. 55m.

Wednesday, 7th.—Abreast of Gabo lighthouse at 0h. 40m. a.m.; wind fell to a calm at 1h. 30m., and continued so till 4 a.m., when a light N.E. breeze sprung up; set topsail at 7 a.m.; set squaresail at 12 a.m.; light breeze during afternoon from N.E.; towards evening barometer fell, took in mainsail, and set trysail and storm jib; 10 p.m., wind veered round to southward.

Thursday, 8th.—At 2 a.m., it fell to a calm, and shortly afterwards a tremendous gale from S.W. set in with a heavy sea; took in jib at 7 a.m.; hove to all day with the tiller lashed; 10 p.m., set foresail; at 12 o'clock wind died away to a calm.

Friday, 9th.—At 4 a.m., set jib and shook out reef in trysail; wind from S.W. all day; at 4h. 30m. p.m. took in trysail, set mainsail. Fresh breeze from E.N.E. all night.

Saturday, 10th.—At 0h. 30m., set squaresail. Abreast of Hogan Island, at 10 a.m., fresh breeze from N.E.; sent up topmast and set topsail; passed lighthouse Wilson's Promontory, at 3 p.m. After rounding Promontory, wind fell to a calm at 5 p.m.; took in squaresail at 6h. 30m.; light breeze during night.

Sunday, 11th.—At daylight a calm; at 11 a.m. light breeze from S.W. set in; abreast of Cape Paterson at 3 p.m.; passed Cape Schank at 7 p.m. sighted lighthouse, Melbourne Heads, at 9h. 15m.; hove to part of the night, stood off and on the remainder.

Monday, 12th.—In sight of the Heads at daylight; took pilot on board at 7h. 15m., and dropped anchor off Queenscliffe at 10 a.m., waiting for the tide.

"The cutter yacht *Xarifa*, owned and sailed by Mr. Parbury, of Sydney, and which arrived in this port some three weeks ago, continues to attract considerable observation, and cruises saucily around the bay as if in search of a rival. There is no gainsaying the fact that she is a fine vessel, and the eye of a practised yachtsman would dwell on her appearance with unmixed delight, even while suggesting that she was susceptible of some fancied improvement, in her construction or alteration for the better in her rig. There is no denying also that she is admirably handled, and the way in which 'she walks the waters like a thing of life' shows that there is perfect accord between the *Xarifa* and her commander. Her masts are thought by some to be slim and slightly out of proportion for the spread of canvas she carries, but on close inspection they will be found to be strong and substantial, and equal to any strain. That the sailing qualities of the yacht are of the highest order there can be no doubt, her triumphs over everything brought against her being an unmistakeable test, and that she is something more than a fair weather sailer, and can hold her own in the heaviest gale, was conclusively proved in the run round from Sydney to this port, when she encountered the brunt of the severe gales blowing off the coast early in March, and which inflicted so much damage on almost all the vessels caught in them. It is matter of surprise that the splendid waters of Port Philip should not boast of a single vessel of the *Xarifa*'s class.

"The *Xarifa* was built in Woolloomooloo Bay, by D. Sheehy, and was launched in September, 1863; she rates as 31 tons, and is 58ft. in length (over-all), with 12ft. 3in. beam, and when racing draws 7ft 9in. aft; she has 6ft. height of cabin. Her first race was at the Hunter's Hill Regatta, 1st January, 1864, which she lost by carrying away the hook of her throat-halyard block; and in a club match against the *Era*, an English cutter of 24 tons, although she won the race with a minute to spare, she was disqualified for receiving assistance when aground. All her other races she has won easily, defeating the schooner *Chance*, 70 tons (in a race from Sydney to Newcastle and back), by 3½ hours, the *Alerte* 56 tons, the *Vivid* 25 tons, the *Peri* 18 tons, and all the second-class yachts. Her performances may be summed up as follows:—

"Prize for all Yachts at the Anniversary Regatta, '64, '65, and '66.

"Prize for all Yachts at Hunter's Hill Regatta, '65, and '66.

"Match with the *Peri*.

"Match with the *Chance*.

"Two Club matches.

"The *Xarifa* is built of blue gum, with kaurie topsides, black-butt and honeysuckle timbers. At the last anniversary regatta the *Ella*, a yacht of eleven tons, launched by the same builder, and built on much the same lines as the *Xarifa*, won the second class yacht race with the greatest ease."

—*Bell's Life in Victoria*, 17th March.

FINE ARTS.

Two spirited additions to our Nautical Gallery of Yacht Portraits have just reached us ; the first is that of the Dagmar cutter, 36 tons, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. She is represented cruising off Osborne House under easy canvas, and it is a most admirable portrait of as pretty a cutter as Harvey of Wivenhoe has ever turned out. The details are admirably treated by Mr. Dutton, and the group on the quarter-deck quite suggestive of a Prince and Princess enjoying themselves in a princely manner. The second is that noble vessel the Xantha, 137 tons, Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, as she appeared rounding the Kentish Knock in the Ocean race of the Royal Thames Yacht Club on the 12th June, 1865. This is a most spirited picture of yachting incident, and is also handled in Mr. Dutton's ablest style. Both these are published by Mr. Foster of Billiter-St., the well-known publisher of yachting portraits, and we think will speedily find their way into every yachtsman's gallery. They are the two best portraits we have seen for some time.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- July 3.—Royal Northern Yacht Club—Regatta on the Clyde.
 7.—Royal London Yacht Club—Second and 3rd Classes, Erith to Nere,
 10.—Bray (Ireland) Regatta.
 10.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club—Schooner Match.
 10.—Sailing Barge Match—Thames.
 11.—Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Regatta.
 12.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Wroxham.
 12.—Royal Dee Yacht Club.—Regatta.
 14.—Prince Alfred Yacht Club.—First-class Match.
 17.—Royal Cork Yacht Club—Regatta at Queenstown.
 18.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta—Hull.
 19.—Southampton Regatta.
 20.—Kinsale Harbour Regatta.
 21.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Regatta—Erith to Chapman and back.
 23.—Royal Dee Yacht Club.—Match.
 23.—Swansea Bay Regatta.
 24.—Great Yarmouth Regatta.
 28.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta—Southampton.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GOLDEN GLORY.—The remaining chapters have come duly to hand, but must remain over for the present.

ROYAL MERSEY REGATTA.—We beg to thank our correspondents, T. and J. for their accounts, which shall be inserted next month.

Letters on Ocean matches, R.T.Y.C. Prizes, Secret's performance, &c., standing over for want of space, shall have an early attention.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1866.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.*

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER VII.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO DI COMPOSTELLA.

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim thither gone."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DAY succeeded day and the Guendolenians were still weather bound in Coruna. It seemed as if the clerk of the weather had issued as his programme "The performance to be repeated daily 'till further notice,"—storm, rain, casino, storm, skittle-billiards, rain, spunchado, storm, vino tinto, rain, cigarros, storm and rain, and so on monotonously. "Rain, rain, go to Spain," saith the old nursery distich, but so far as the northern provinces of that country are concerned it is quite unnecessary for British moisture to betake itself thither. It is only too well supplied with the raw material. I have experienced those Killarney *showers*, which are not dignified by the name of rain until they have lasted a fortnight: I know something of the way, "the water comes down at Lodore" (out of the skies I mean.) Torquay is a moistish kind of place in autumn and spring, and no one but a Scotchman can brag much of Scotch weather at

* Continued from page 307.

any time of year, but of all the rain by which it has been my lot to be drenched, commend me to Gallician rain for concentration, penetration, and duration. With the exception of one solitary hour at Santiago, when it only drizzled, (I like to be accurate,) there was a steady down-pour for the nine days and nights that we were in the province, and as we only got fine weather at last by sailing to the southward in search of it, I should hardly be surprised to hear that it is still raining away merrily at Coruna.

"Too much pudding," we are told "will choke a dog," and though I cannot affirm that any of us ever witnessed the asphyxiation of the "friend of man" by this means, we began to comprehend and apply its metaphorical truth. That inward policeman "Fidgets" got hold upon us and issued his stereotyped mandate "you must move on!" and this notwithstanding much kindness and hospitality on the part of our new military friends. It was from one of them that emanated the brilliant idea of a pilgrimage to Santiago di Compostella, the shrine of the patron saint of Spain, by which we became entitled for ever after to affix the cockle shell in front of our "Lincoln and Bennett's," by as clear a right as pilgrims to Loretto claim the palm branch, or those to Mecca the title of Hadji!* The notion was irresistible and while the iron was hot, we struck.

It was on the morning of the sixth day that we stowed ourselves into the omnibus-shaped diligence drawn by eight mules, which promised to convey us to Santiago in six hours, (but didn't,) and a more than usually musty, fusty affair that diligence was. Every place was full and the odour of close Spaniards, not the most agreeable bouquet in the world, had to be resolutely smoked down. To this there was no objection, since all mankind, most of the womankind, and a large proportion of the childkind in Spain are smokers, that is to say, if sucking at those attenuated little screws of tobacco-flavoured paper, or paper-flavoured tobacco called cigarros can be dignified with the name of smoking. These unconsidered trifles of cigarros must not be confounded with the dignified cigar of home consumption. That form of tobacco is rarely seen in Spain and when met with is very inferior in quality, and is called "puro." The honest pipe too is almost unknown. At any rate between British meerschaums and Spanish cigarros, the steam was soon up

* Can it be, that the black rosette in front of our own Bishop's hats is a faint reflection of the cockle shell. If so I doubt if many of the bench have earned the right to use it.

and the pressure so great that even the Spaniards were obliged to open some of the windows, and so the coach was deodorised.

Our travelling companions were pleasant good tempered fellows, all of the coarser sex, and consisted in a priest, a bagman, a merchant captain, and a farmer. Strenuous efforts were made to bring us into conversation, nor were we backward in our endeavours to talk, but dialogue must be limited when the interlocutors have to pass a dictionary to and fro, and take an immensity of trouble to compose sentences of no particular consequence when elaborated, at all events the desire to be friendly was manifested, and soon we were on the best terms imaginable.

What seemed to amuse the Spaniards most was the interest we took in matters quite novel to us, but with which they were of course familiar, I however put it to the most "*nil admirari*" of stay-at-home readers if they would not turn round and stare, should they happen to meet a man walking along the public road thatched with straw from his neck down, as completely as any cottage roof!" Such however is the mackintosh of the district, and (so we were told,) keeps out the rain perfectly, while it is far better ventilated than the best "Cording." At the end of one of the long stages we caught a peasant thus attired, and on overhauling him, much to his astonishment, found that the garment in question consisted in a caped cloak made of twine netting into the knots of which the straw is somehow interwoven.

Our next travellers' wonder was of a different character consisting as it did of a noise. A mournful, groaning, monotonous noise at first, but as we approached its cause, *Crescendo, crescendo*, until at last when we were abreast of it, it reached such a horrible *fortissimo* that the drums of our ears were in danger. Make an imaginary tot of all the pipers of all the highland regiments playing different tunes at once, ringing day in a pigstye, and a yard full of sawyers all sharpening their implements, and you will arrive at a faint idea of the climax of howls, groans and shrieks, that fell on our ears as we passed the cause, and found it to be—nothing more exciting than a train of ox arabas laden with raw hides and pursuing their odorous way to Coruna. *Parturient montes!* had not the same diabolical chorus occurred several times on our way to Santiago and given us an opportunity of proving the fact, we could never have believed that merely ungreased axles could have produced so appalling a din, but

so it is, grease is too valuable a commodity to throw away upon wooden axles; it is here the substitute for butter, consequently the wheels are allowed to groan, squeal and shriek *à discretion*, and how it is that they escape catching fire is a problem but half explained by the extreme slowness of their evolutions.

In spite of these novelties and the balmy influences of tobacco, wet weather, tame scenery and lazy mules exerted a depressing influence over the spirits of all, conversation flagged and the day like the "weary Alexandrine

"Dragged its slow length along."

Darkness came on and still we jolted along to the same tune of whip cracking and execration which seems indispensable to all foreign Jehus. We were packed together like pilchards in a cask, and our poor limbs had long passed into a state of numb-torpidity. The priest, happy man, fell asleep with his head resting on my shoulder, I had not the heart to dislodge him, although the honor of being his pillow was far from agreeable for olfactory and other reasons, but let him sleep on, wishing from my heart that I too could do likewise. The nominal hour of arrival passed, so did another, and still no signs of the habitations of man. Every now and then the darkness of our lumbering, jolting, Gehenna would be dispelled for a few seconds by somebody striking a match to consult his watch, or light a fresh cigarro. Its transient gleam flickered on seven faces of mute suffering. I say seven, because the priest still slumbered peacefully on my shoulder. We were beginning to think that the next time we undertook a pilgrimage, it should be in the orthodox way with cockle hat and shoon, and if necessary with peas in the latter, rather than again undergo the *peine forte et dure* of the diligence, when, oh joy! a house was detected crawling slowly past us, then another and another; they became continuous, our wheels rumble over pavement, through streets, so contracted as to fit our conveyance much as a rifle barrel does its bullet. A little more shouting, swearing, whip-cracking, and at long and at last the mules we pulled up reeking and steaming before the door of the Parador San Miguel. We were in Santiago di Compostella.

Unfortunately the Parador San Miguel, though the goal of the diligence was not ours; the Spanish officers when furnishing us with some letters of introduction, and much good advice, as to the best method of prosecuting our pilgrimage, had warned us against

this very hotel, and had strongly recommended another called the *Fonda Viscayna*, consequently neither the blandishments of mine host, nor the drenching rain were able to move us from our fixed purpose. To the *Fonda Viscayna* would we go and no where else. But if we were determined, so also were the *Miguelites*, who finding words unavailing took advantage of a moment's negligence on our parts, and when we looked round, lo, our baggage was all gone ! This was not to be borne, so breaking up the palaver, we searched the house from room to room, until we recovered it, took it on our own lusty shoulders, and stalked forth triumphantly into the unknown streets of Santiago, followed by what we had reason to believe impolite and objurgatory language.

We had proceeded about twenty yards, as one might say promiscuously, when we heard a quick step behind and a voice calling after us, and on turning round recognised a young man who during our squabble with the hotel folk, had leant against a post and smoked his cigarro without taking any part in the dispute. He now stopped us, and gave us to understand that our road lay in exactly the opposite direction.

We were softened. Here at least was one countryman of the *Cid*, *Rodrigo Diaz*, in whose breast some of the chivalry of ancient days still lingered. "Thanks generous youth, accept this peseta and therewith drink the health of four noble caballeros Ingleses, and confusion to the sordid proprietor of the *Parador San Miguel*." He took it and was gone !

Nothing doubting, on we went following the direction indicated, but no building offering accommodation to man or beast gladdened our eyes. We met a few belated passengers, but in every case at sight of us they fled amain, and no wonder ; what good purpose could bring four such desperadoes out at such an hour. At length we arrived at an open square into which several streets debouched, and here we were completely at fault ; monasteries, churches, and prisons seemed to shut us in on all sides, presenting in their ghostly outlines more of a hostile than a hostel appearance, as Ben Bolt remarked with ill-timed levity. Depositing our burdens on the plashy flags, we sat down on them and held council.

Tom Bowline thought we had better return to the *San Miguel* ; Ben Bolt opposed this notion as pusillanimous ; Bill Binnacle proposed that we should shout *Fire ! Murder ! Thieves !* which seemed

to promise well until we remembered that a certain amount of acquaintance with the Spanish language was indispensable to produce the desired consternation.

But Dick Marlingspike had a veritable inspiration "I vote" quoth he, "that we get out of the rain." A short reconnoissance led to the discovery of a gloomy arch-way, floored with that kind of pavement known as petrified kidneys, and hither we dragged our impedimenta and re-seating ourselves smoked the pipe of disgust in silence for a while. "Oh for Pleeceman X!" sighed forth Bill Binnacle, but not a footfall was to be heard.

"It is no use," said Ben, "there's nothing for it but to pick out the most tender-hearted paving stones and make our beds thereon."

"Ugh," growled Tom Bowline, "one might as well try to sleep on a harrow. Hurrah! here's a door-step, a first-rate bed, good night boys. Tell boots to call me at nine!"

A silence of five minutes.

"Ben," cried Dick.

"What is it?"

"Could you eat a hot lobster, washed down with mulled port?"

"Confound you go to sleep," grunted Ben; and everybody laughed at this outrageous notion of sleep, in the midst of which Tom Bowling hissed out in a loud whisper; "Silence everybody! somebody's coming, let's take him prisoner and make him lead us to the Viscayna."

The opportunity was too precious to be lost, a word or two of assent passed round, and then a dead silence was maintained, lest our quarry should suspect our vicinity and flee like the others. Yes surely, a footstep—and coming this way—flick, flack, along the wet pavement—flick, flack,—flick, flack,—then a sonorous clearing of the throat, such as one hears from folk on the best terms with themselves. Splish, splash, he has trodden in some pool, and we can hear his muttered anathemas; nearer and nearer comes the victim, he is close at hand, we *must* have him!—then the faint light of the sky was obscured by a passing portly obstruction, with a rush the Philistines were upon him, and lo! we had caught a priest!

In his first trepidation the poor padre turned him to flee, but in doing so, discovered that his retreat was cut off in the rear. Fight was out of the question, and to shout for assistance never seemed to

occur to him, or perhaps terror took away the power to do so; at all events, all he did, was to gasp out some entreaties in Spanish and when he found we understood nothing thereof, surrendered at discretion. "Mon Pere," said Dick in his blandest tones and best Anglo-French, "we are no thieves, but English gentlemen, who have lost our way, and only require that you will kindly conduct us to the Fonda Viscayna."

Our Prize understood a little French, and never, I suspect, esteemed so highly the value of that (in Spain) rare accomplishment as when it enabled him to gather the sense of the foregoing harangue. He took out his pocket handkerchief, wiped the dews of terror from his brow, took a great breath of relief, a huge pinch of snuff, looked at us one after the other, and in the fulness of joy that he had not fallen among thieves, burst out laughing, in which we joined; and in a few minutes were all the best of friends and on our way to the longed for hotel.

It took us some time to arrive there, and no wonder, our good Samaritan, our worthy descendant of the Cid, upon whom in our extreme softness we had bestowed a peseta, turned out the biggest blackguard among all our enemies the Miguelites, and had actually turned us away from the direct road to the hotel into the lowest slums of the town. However, under the guidance of our jolly priest, in process of time, we did at last stand before it, and there we released the captive of our bow and spear with many thanks.

The outward appearance of the Fonda Viscayna was not encouraging, being of a cavernous, decayed appearance, and possessing an odour as of straw mattresses, in which mice have long dwelt. A melancholy oil lamp dimly pointed out a broad staircase of oak, massive and carved, but worm-eaten, dust encumbered and spider festooned. Up this we wound our way, until our further progress was arrested by a wooden partition in which a thick oak door was set. Here we knocked and shouted so long for admission, that a horrible suspicion began to arise that we had been sold again, and that this was no hotel, but some ghost haunted, deserted monastery. After some time however, these fears were dispelled, and our woes and wanderings brought to an end for that night. A light gleamed hopefully through the joints of the partition, bars and bolts were withdrawn, and a buxom Spanish woman in extreme *deshabille* bid us welcome, and ushered us into the interior of the hotel. Soon

the whole house was astir, fires a-blaze, supper frizzling on the high altar, which does duty for a range in Spanish kitchens, and between dry clothes, olla podrida, (even that was delicious under the circumstances,) a hot mull, and finally clean beds with spotless and well aired sheets, we made the latter end of the night a glorious contrast to its commencement.

Few English visit Santiago, it being quite off the highways, and scarcely in the bye-ways of Europe, consequently its inn-keepers are still unsophisticated. What would the Manager of The Grosvenor think of such a bill as was presented to us on leaving the Viscayna! without making any terms, calling for, and getting everything we wanted; for bed, board, liquor, service, everything, (no extras!) we were charged four pistrinas each per diem, a sum in our money equal to three shillings and four-pence sterling. Nothing could exceed the attention and civility of these model hosts, and although the *chef* was not without reproach in that fatal matter of garlic, the cookery, after we had explained our abhorrence of that terrible herb, was clean, copious, and eatable. As we were only waiting for a shift of wind to prosecute our journey southward, which might come at any moment, no one thought of wasting much time in bed next morning. Ben had brought his Photographic apparatus and was burning to be "up and at em", but who could photograph in such weather? On pulling aside the curtains, we found the day promising to be just such another as its predecessor, the sky one even stir-about tint, and the rain falling doggedly. Is this the way we asked in which St. James rewards his votaries? Was it for this we left Coruna, with its snug club, its billiard table, its pleasant fellows, to flatten our noses against the streaming panes of the Viscayna, in dreary contemplation of the three spouts opposite, which monotonously plashed their tributary streams into the gushing river below? No, that way lay madness, better far to chance a ducking, and go forth to see whatever was to be seen; accordingly after due course of breakfast, water-proofed cap-a-pie, we sallied forth, and made our first call on Don Francisco S—, the principal of the Escuela Normal, a gentleman of high mark and consideration in Santiago, to whom we had been accredited by our military friends at Coruna; at his approach all doors fly open, all *contignes* are relaxed. Better still for us, a general facility in languages, and a sincere admiration for English literature had enabled him to

weather all the headlands in our harsh tongue, so that we could freely communicate with one another, nor dread the loss of our ideas while hunting about for the means of expressing them.

Our first visit, as etiquette demanded, was to the Patron Saint of Spain, and him we found at home in a state of great splendour and gilding. The Cathedral is a fine long pile of building, (if a person with no architectural knowledge may be permitted to say so,) and stands in a commanding position; its south front forms one side of a large flagged Plaza or Square, of which the other sides are made up of the Ajuntamento or Town Hall, the Escuela Normal, and the hospital originally founded for the benefit of pilgrims, but now open to the general public.

The interior of the Cathedral with its congeries of lofty pillars losing themselves in the obscurity above, was impressive, and would have been more so, but for the repulsive amount of stage frippery which abounded; nor have the Priests of Santiago any need to descend to theatrical properties, paste jewels, and Dutch metal bullion, for the liberality of the devout in past ages has exhibited itself in magnificent presentations of gold and silver shrines, crucifixes, candelabras, &c., so that his saintship is possessed of a very respectable service of real plate on his buffet.

As for Saint James, or rather his effigy; it is a very rude affair indeed, roughly cut out of some soft stone, and coloured and gilt more floridly than artistically. On *fete* days the pilgrims are conducted to the rear of this figure, and are allowed the privilege of embracing the saintly calves,—I trust they are edified.

I cannot say that the answer provided for that inconvenient class of pilgrims, who *will* ask “informationous” questions, and insist on hearing how St. James fixed on Santiago as his last home, is altogether satisfactory in a historical point of view, being a story partaking largely of the cock and bull nature. We hear that after his martyrdom, a miraculous vessel was chartered to convey the holy corpse over the sea part of its journey, and that the land transport was effected by a pair of rampageous wild bulls *Rarey*-fied for the occasion by the sanctity of their load, and that between these two means of conveyance, the body was brought with much difficulty and many adventures to the spot where now stands the high altar. However this may be, it is clear that in the good old times, when it was not unfrequent for the sceptre to be temporarily exchanged for

the pilgrim's staff, and when the scallop-adorned cape was considered an honorable covering indeed, Santiago was the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of Western Europe, and the afore-mentioned buffet of plate attests most significantly to the general belief in its being in very deed, the last resting place of the apostle.

The great bell tower is said to be three hundred and twenty feet high, and the writer believes it unquestioningly, having toiled to the summit at a great expense of breath : on our way thither we passed the great bell, one of the lions of the place ; it is a weather beaten, verdigris eaten, old tintinabulum of doleful accent, and uncertain sound. I have a suspicion also, from some discordant observations of his, that he is not quite right in his head ; indeed it seems a *specialite* among Spanish bells to go cracked in early youth, in consequence of which on high days, when Spaniards are jubilant, their towns remind one of some great rivetting yard.

Leaving the belfry, (which constitutes a good half-way house to wait for one's breath, which somehow does not come up stairs as fast as one's-self), we insinuated ourselves into a series of stone corkscrews, up which we wound to the point of vertigo, when they suddenly came to an end, and common ladders took their place—we were in the cupola ; forward was still the word, until the domed roof grated on our backs, and we squeezed ourselves through an aperture that was a tight fit to some of us ; and found ourselves in the little pepper pot, which forms the top of all.

"You would be charmed," gasped Don Francisco, as he pointed through the small windows against which the wind and rain beat dismally, "with the view from this spot on a fine day."

We believed him, but it was a perfect act of faith on our parts ; the view as seen by us consisted chiefly, in a misty representation of some red-tiled house tops down below, a damp jackdaw catching the influenza on an adjoining pinnacle, and five panting gentlemen who had arrived at an altitude of three hundred and twenty feet to enjoy that extensive prospect. It was a truly English proceeding !

"All that is wanting," remarked Ben Bolt, "is to pencil our autographs here, *more Brittenico*—that will make the thing completely idiotic."

We performed that degrading ceremony, and then turning our backs on the scene of our exploit, we did as the Scotchman did, "jeest went bock agin." After the Cathedral we *did* the University,

the Hospital, the Town Hall, and other objects usually supposed to be interesting to the tourist tribe, but this chronicle doth not aspire to the dignity of a Murray's Handbook, and as space in the *Fachting Magazine*, and the reader's patience, have alike their limits, so the educational, medical, and municipal statistics of Santiago must find another historian; suffice it to say, they strongly resemble similar home institutions flavoured with garlic, but although they shall not take up the reader's time, they consumed a great deal of ours—and the shades of evening began to close round us, before our kind and indefatigable *cicerone* allowed us to retrace our steps to the Viscayna.

I take it for granted that the sun rose upon the following day, but I have no reason beyond a general belief in the unchangeable laws of nature for making such a statement. This was to be the day for photography, but anything more gloomy and un-actinic cannot be imagined. The sou'-wester sent its sheets of rain in squally drifts against our window, and not a break was to be seen in the clouds, Ben became desperate! He had made up his mind to get photographs, and photographs he would have! As well as we could make out from the landlord, the diligence which was to take us back to Coruna, would start from our old enemy the Parador San Miguel at two o'clock, so there was no time to be lost, breakfast was swallowed, a porter provided and forth we sallied, the result being some half-dozen negatives, not all so bad as might have been expected. At one we returned to the Viscayna, allowing as we thought ample time to put on dry clothes, pay our bill and be conveyed to the diligence. Little did we expect the scene that greeted our arrival. The whole house was in an uproar, everybody talking or rather bawling together, the landlady tearing her hair, the landlord wildly gesticulating, the "boots," or the Spanish equivalent for that functionary "*carrajo-ing*" everything and everybody, the chamber-maid weeping, in fact the whole staff of the hotel in excitement and confusion. What could it be all about? It seemed as if we were somehow concerned in it, but how? that was the mystery! At this juncture the door opened and Don Francisco de S. appeared on the scene. The murder was soon out, we had missed the diligence, and our host in his anxiety to serve us, had on his own responsibility, and relying on our punctuality, booked and paid for our seats, which were now forfeit. And this was the cause of our unpunctuality—in Spanish *Dos* means

two, and *Doce* twelve. We could only count as far as two! We had been warned that the diligence would start at *doce* o'clock, which we interpreted from the similarity of sound as "two" *Hinc illas lacrymas*. Well, the wind was still south-west, and the loss on the diligence tickets a matter of a few pistrinas, so after all there was no no very great harm done, and by degrees the commotion subsided.

Next day we resigned ourselves to the horrors of the diligence, and in due course found ourselves back among our Corunian friends. All was as we had left them, storm, rain, skittle-billiards, and spunchado, vino tinto, and cigarros,

"Ah, no more of that Hal, an' thou lovest me."

Better far since favourable gales would not come to us that we should go and search for them. One farewell symposium on board Guendolen with our Spanish friends in acknowledgment of much past kindness, and then close reefed, we left the hospitable port, and close hauled commenced our tussle with the elements. How we came off in the contest will appear hereafter.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of this well-known Club commenced on Thursday, the 21st of June, and considerably more than the usual amount of interest was excited by the fact, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the future Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, was the guest of the Commodore of the Club, S. R. Graves, Esq., M.P., and had come from London not only to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the exciting contests for which the matches of this Club are celebrated, but had graciously consented to present the cup, given by Her Majesty the Queen, to the successful clipper.

The fleet of yachts which studded the anchorage of the Sloyne, displaying the red, blue, and white ensigns of the different yacht clubs, fully equalled if not exceeded any similar assemblage of the pleasure navy that we remember on previous occasions, and amongst them were vessels from every yachting station in the three kingdoms, foremost amongst which we recognized the most noted canvas-backs of the day, whose names have become world famous as exponents of the skill of our yacht builders, and whose crews appear destined to perpetuate that dashing band of thorough "*canvas*" tars, which steam is making giant strides to convert into grimy stokers: truly the nation is indebted

to yachtsmen if but for this alone, for were it not for our yacht fleet our eyes would be seldom gladdened with the stalwart, bronze featured, wiry limbed, spick and span smart seamen, that of old were the pride of every seaport ; but steam is making sad havoc not only in the trim appearance, but in the physical qualifications of the general run of our erstwhile athletic and active tars, "*ecce signum*" not a man could be found amongst the crew of the Great Eastern the other day, capable of shinning up a stay and casting off a tail block.

The getting together of such a noble fleet of yachts speaks trumpet tongued for the exertions of the officials of the club, and that the Royal Mersey is well officered, the high position it now occupies amongst yachting circles amply testifies. There is an old saying that you may provide the water for the steed, but you cannot make him drink ; so you may provide prizes to be sailed for, but to secure the attendance of yachts to compete requires somewhat more diplomacy than the tyro in yachting can well understand ; it requires active and enthusiastic officers to visit other stations, to canvass yacht owners, and in fact to persuade them individually that the regatta will be a total failure, unless their popular persons and much admired vessels are present, whilst on the other hand a sly inuendo that to be absent is to confess one's-self unknown, not unfrequently decides a host of waverers.

We have so often described the broad and noble estuary of the Mersey, with its miles upon miles of docks, from which countless "top-gallant masts" and "royals," displaying the flags of every people on the habitable globe, tower aloft into the azure vault, until the eye becomes giddy with the ceaseless waving of so many gaudy pennons. We have so often presented our readers with pen and ink sketches of the noble ships that ride upon its surging ever restless bosom, outward-bound to every creek and channel, harbour, and bay that keel hath cleft or man floated upon ; we have so often sung of the beauties of the Dingle and the woods of Eastham, of the distant Welsh hills, and the Lancashire Witches, that we shall merely ask the imagination to travel back to the "old old story," and revel amongst thousands of gallant barks, from the trim little red sailed shrimper to the stately liner, from the fussy tug boat to the majestic Cunard, from the serial looking clipper yacht to the massive grandeur of the man-of-war ; adorn all with the most brilliant colours that many-dyed bunting can fling to the winds, surround the picture by a back ground of busy city, emerald woods, flower surrounded villas, castellated mansions, and dark blue hills ; clothe decks, and landing stages, and piers, sandy beaches, and grassy slopes with myriads of human beings, float the air with the martial fanfare of many trumpets

and the resonant roll of drums, and let thousands of scintillating stars, eye flashing even in broad sunlight, mark the orbits wherein revolve countless witches of normal Lancashire; to these add triumphal arches vying in elegance and floral beauty, the loud hum of a surging multitude, the thunder of artillery, the cheers which mark the progress and announce the welcome of a British Prince and a Sailor, amongst a city of sailors, and some idea may be realized of Liverpool *en fête* at the regatta of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club.

The meeting was opened by the Club on Thursday, with a merry little fleet of third class yachts, just as veteran entertainers present their guests with an oyster or two, to excite a *goût* for the banquet to follow; a purse of 30 sovereigns for the first, and 10 sovereigns for the second, brought the following to the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
725	Kittiwake	cutter	29	Capt. Iremonger	Owner
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1486	Stanley	cutter	15	J. Gibbons, Esq.	Wilson
20	Alexandra	cutter	15	G. W. Hamilton & A. Bald	Mill Iron Co
834	Magnet	cutter	12	W. J. Conlan, Esq.	Holden
1680	Vision	cutter	9	A. Richardson & G. A. Holt	Ferrest

The course was from the Prince's landing-stage down the Queen's Channel, (in every respect the Liverpudlians are loyal) to the Pillar Beacon, thence to the Fair-way Buoy of the Victoria Channel, back to the Pillar Beacon, and up the river by the Queen's Channel.

The morning was lovely, a thorough gem of June, but alack and alas—"twas easy to say blow on, but where was the wind to come from?"—as Mr. Artemus Ward observed, "'twas clinched sumwhar's and wouldn't kum!" However, at 9h. 55m. the Commodore's gun hove casks and springs to the vasty deep, just a westerly "imagination" played fitfully in the canvas, and the Torch with one of those old fashioned notions of her's went away with the lead, closely followed however by her competitors; the saucy little Vision next gave notice of motion, and relieved the Torch from the fatigues of her position, but the Scottish lassie quickly recovering herself advanced to pay the respects of the deputation to the Crosby Light Ship, so far however, and no further,

"A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest."

A flat calm set in with that intense virulence which tests the upright qualities of vessels so severely, as well as the genius inventive in modes.

of propulsion ; some tried the virtues of "sweeps", and others of mud hooks, so the match was abandoned and ordered to be sailed upon the ensuing Monday.

Another gem of June, another faint nor'-wester, and Friday was launched for the display of what promised to be as thorough an exhibition of yachting science, skill, and pluck, as even Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, Prince of the blood Royal, Master of the Trinity Board, and Captain in the Royal Navy might experience a glow of national pride in witnessing ; the prize was the magnificent cup presented by Her Majesty the Queen—value 100 guineas, a prize which is valued by yachtsmen, not so much for its intrinsic worth, as an heir-loom to be handed down to future generations of yachtsmen, and this particular one, possessing the enhanced value of being presented to the fortunate winner by her Royal Son, we seldom remember such intensity of purpose displayed to obtain possession of any similar trophy. At an early hour the following splendid fleet of clippers took their stations, the Snipe being the westernmost or windward vessel :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1457	Snipe	yawl	39	P. B. Drinkwater, Esq.	Wanhill
1654	Vindex (iron)	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Iron. Co
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
103	Banshee (iron)	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
590	Glance	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1007	Phryne	cutter	55	T. L. Arnot, & P. Ramsey	Hatcher
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
934	Mosquito (iron).....	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.

The *Hirondelle* 71 tons, Lord H. Lennox, and the *Lulworth* 80 tons, G. Duppa, Esq., were entered but had not arrived up to the time of starting. Were *Hunt's Yacht List* to be scrutinized from A to Z a finer fleet of racing yachts could not be selected, and many a veteran yachtsman as he scanned the fighting flags at the starting buoys, brought vividly to mind reminiscences of hard fought battles and wet jackets, and wild moments of triumph in former days, for the pride of the canvas backs lay before him, every ship save the *Vanguard* was privileged to wear the classic laurel on her silken banner, and had carried off noble trophies in the teeth of many a fierce gale. The *Mersey* had as champions the *Snipe*, *Banshee*, and *Glance*, the latter one of the most successful yachts afloat ; the *Clyde* was represented by the invincible *Fiona*, the brave old *Mosquito*, the heroine of a hundred matches, and the no less formidable *Phryne* ; whilst the *Solent* sent the *Vanguard* a most promising

yearling, and the Royal Thames Burgee was worthily represented by the well-known Vindex, and the as equally celebrated Christabel. But where we are constrained to ask were our Irish friends, that not a single banner was flown for the honor of the "ould" green isle, amidst this bonny fleet of ocean flyers? have the time honoured Royal Cork lost their ancient cunning? where were the vaunted timoneers of Dublin Bay? have the Vikings of Belfast resigned the sceptre of the north?

The Duke of Edinburgh embarked on board the Alert steamer, which the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board had placed at the disposal of his Royal Highness, and was accompanied by a select circle, including Commodore Graves, Esq., M.P., Commodore Lord Alfred Paget, Admiral Evans, Rear-Commodore Tetley, General Sir John Jones, Earl of Caithness, Lord Henry Lennox, Hon. Col. Liddell, Hon. Eliot York, Lord R. Grosvenor, Mr. Kendall,—chairman of the pilotage committee, &c. The "Great Northern" steamer, Capt. Stokes, was chartered by the Club, and was crowded by members and their friends: on board her Major Bourne, Mr. P. B. Drinkwater, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. H. Melling, discharged the official duties in the absence of the higher officers, who were in attendance on the Prince, and most efficiently and courteously did these gentlemen fulfil their respective offices.

The course was the usual one so well known in Liverpool Bay; at 10h. 40m. a gun from the club steamer proclaimed the commencement of the struggle, the wind was very light at N.N.W., which gave a dead beat to the Pillar Beacon, the start was very beautiful and splendidly effected by all, and the appearance of the vessels as they canted off from their starting buoys, presenting an apparently solid wall of canvas flashing in the sun, was imposing in the extreme, a mighty cheer burst from the spectators ashore and afloat, and what with the lightning like movements of the active crews, the rushing of the steamers in their wake, and the crowding and cheering of the spectators that hurried along the dock paths to accompany them to the last point of vantage; such a sensational appearance as the Mersey and its banks presented, has not been witnessed since the day on which Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort visited Liverpool. The vessels were all under large working canvas, but with the wind so light, except the very beautiful spectacle they presented working short tacks down Channel, there were not very many points of interest to record, beyond the fact that the Mosquito, Banshee, Fiona, and Vindex fought every inch of water for the lead, which was eventually taken by the veteran Mosquito, and they passed the Pillar Beacon the first time in the following order:—Mosquito, 12h. 55m. 40s.; Fiona, 12h. 56m. 30s.; Vindex, 12h. 59m. 40s.; Banshee, 1h. 0m. 50s.; Vanguard,

1h. 3m. 30s.; Phryne, 1h. 7m. 40s.; Christabel, 1h. 10m. 30s.; Glance, 1h. 16m. 10s.; Snipe, 1h. 24m. 10s.

Balloon topsails and jibs were set for the reach to the Nor'-west light-ship, on which the Vanguard passed the Banshee, and the Christabel forced her way through the Phryne's lee, the ship was rounded in the following order :—Mosquito, 1h. 39m. 0s.; Fiona, 1h. 44m. 10s.; Vindex, 1h. 49m. 0s.; Vanguard, 1h. 51m. 30s.; Banshee, 1h. 57m. 22s.; Christabel, 2h. 0m. 10s.; Phryne, 2h. 7m.; Glance, 2h. 31m. 0s.; Snipe, —.

The wind becoming still lighter the committee decided on shortening the course, by only going round the Bell Beacon once, in order to save the tide home, and the vessels were communicated with to that effect : but the weather oft defeats the best calculations, and the calm still prevailing it is needless to weary our readers with details of the various tactics employed by the several competitors to catch every little cat-paw that offered a probability of reaching the goal, all were unavailing, it was evident the match could not be completed before 9h. 30m. p.m., so it was appointed to be sailed on the following Monday : many of the vessels did not succeed in reaching the Mersey until after midnight. In the mean time the Duke of Edinburgh and party went on board the Nor'-west light-ship, and from thence visited the Trinity Board Station on Hilbre Island at the mouth of the Dee, from whence they proceeded up the Horse Channel to Liverpool.

On Saturday, the 23rd June, three prizes were sailed for, viz., £100 for first class yachts, of 40 tons and upwards ; £75 for schooners and yawls ; and £50 for vessels under 40 tons : the following fine fleet made their appearance early at the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
£100 CUP.					
934	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.
643	Hirondelle	cutter	71	Lord H. Lennox	Wanhill
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Ir. Co.
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1097	Phryne	cutter	55	T. Arnott & P. Ramsey	Hatcher
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
104	Banshee	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones
493	Fiona	cutter	78	R. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
£75 CUP.					
752	Leah	yawl	102	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill
1328	Rowena	schooner	61	G. M. Mc Corquodale, Esq.	Fife
1457	Snipe	yawl	30	P. B. Drinkwater, Esq.	Wanhill
£50 CUP.					
1379	Secret	cutter	33	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
590	Glance	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
29	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. G. Hamilton & A. Bald	Mill Ir. Co.

At an early hour the Duke of Edinburgh left Wavertree Grange, the seat of his host, Commodore Graves, M.P., and accompanied by the same distinguished party as on the previous day, proceeded on board the Club steamer *Great Northern*, where he was received by Rear-Commodore Tetley, and a numerous circle of ladies and members. His Royal Highness minutely inspected the five splendid prizes offered for competition, and Rear-Commodore Tetley, who is perhaps one of the best practical yachtsmen afloat, afforded the Prince much interesting information on yachting sport, with which he was apparently greatly gratified; afterwards the Royal party proceeded in the *Alert* to witness the start, as the Duke's engagements compelled him to proceed to the Duke of Sutherland's seat to meet the Prince of Wales in the afternoon.

The starting gun was fired at 10h. 50m., and the 14 vessels got away in magnificent style, the Prince being loud in his expressions of delight at the pleasure which such a splendid sight afforded him, and certainly it was one of the finest scenes imaginable to a sailor's eye.

The wind was at S.S.E., and balloon sails were set of almost fabulous proportions for the run down Channel, the tiny hulls looking like mere black specks beneath the piled up mountains of snow white canvas. They sailed in remarkably close order until nearing the Rock Light, when the *Banshee* showed in front with the *Christabel* and *Vanguard* in close attendance, the *Vindex*, *Mosquito*, and *Fiona* hard in their wake; the *Rowena* leading her class and the *Secret* ahead of *Glance* and *Alexandra*. Off New Brighton the wind veered round freshly to N.N.E., and balloon canvas disappeared rapidly for a turn to windward; the *Fiona* now began to pick her way daintily to the front, disposing of her rivals one after another with remarkable precision, well hunted by the *Banshee*, *Christabel*, and *Mosquito*, the *Secret* retaining the lead in her class; and the *Leah* disposing of the *Snipe* and *Rowena*. The Pillar Beacon was rounded for the first time in the following order:—*Fiona*, 1h. 7m. 38s.; *Banshee*, 1h. 10m. 0s.; *Christabel*, 1h. 10m. 35s.; *Mosquito*, 1h. 11m. 29s.; *Vanguard*, 1h. 14m. 45s.; *Vindex*, 1h. 15m. 22s.; *Phryne*, 1h. 17m. 22s.; *Secret*, 1h. 19m. 58s.; *Hirondelle*, 1h. 21m 50s.; *Glance*, 1h. 23m. 29s.; *Leah*, 1h. 24m. 0s.; *Snipe*, 1h. 29m. 12s.; *Rowena*, 1h. 34m. 20s.; *Alexandra*, —.

It was a reaching, running, and beating race in going to Nor'-west light-ship, and to the two Beacon Buoys, and as our space warns us to be brief, and no very important changes took place, we must omit the times they severally rounded these marks, merely noting the most striking incidents: the *Fiona* continued increasing her lead, and the renowned phenomenon of the Clyde looked as like winning, as if

she had already passed the flag-ship, so that as far as the prize was concerned it might as well be regarded as settled, but a splendid race was sailed between the Mosquito, Banshee, and Christabel, it being a matter of seconds between them at nearly all the buoys and marks, the Banshee proving herself uncommonly good on a wind, there were also some pretty bits of sailing at times between Vanguard, Phryne, and Vindex. The Phryne carried away her balloon-jib tack at one period, and the Mosquito her balloon-topsail tack ; on the run home up the Queen's Channel, the Christabel after a hard struggle wrested the second place from the Mosquito.

In the schooner and yawl match the Leah had it all her own way, as also had the Secret in her class, and they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times :—Fiona, 7h. 10m. 28s.; Christabel, 7h. 28m. 4s.; Mosquito, 7h. 30m. 42s.; Banshee, 7h. 37m. 20s.; Vanguard, 7h. 39m. 11s.; Phryne, 7h. 58m. 36s.; Secret, 8h. 49m. 21s.; Leah, 8h. 49m. 45s.; Hirondelle, 8h. 56m. 2s. The Vindex, Glance, Snipe, Rowena and Alexandra were not timed.

The prizes were duly presented, with some very apposite remarks, by Rear-Commodore Tetley, to the owners of the Fiona, Leah, and Secret. Of this race we have to remark that the Fiona proved herself perhaps the best cutter of her tonnage that ever has been built, for she had the fastest and best fleet of cutters in the world against her, with a considerable amount of time to allow to each, and that too in weather by no means calculated to develop her best powers. The Leah has undoubtedly proved that the skill which has rendered the name of Wanhill so world-famed is still in its zenith, and as a further proof of it the brave old Secret achieved a triumph over the Glance, that adds one of the brightest laurels to the many wreaths she has already won.

On Monday, the 25th June, the Queen's Cup was again competed for, additional interest being infused by the arrival of the celebrated Lulworth from Cowes, and the Fiona was thus afforded an opportunity of proving herself unquestionably the fastest cutter in the world.

For many years it has been an article of yachtsmen's belief, that no vessel of 80 tons, or near it, could make the customary allowance of time to fast 50 or 60 ton cutters, unless under circumstances of weather that would enable the larger vessel to triumph, from the great additional power imparted by her superior tonnage, when contending in a gale and with a heavy sea running ; that this opinion was warranted previous experience goes to show, but the Fiona seems to prove after all that tonnage is not so much involved in the question, as the form of hull, and the skill of the builder in masting that hull, and the favorable

disposition of the centre of effort of his sails, and the ballast carried ; that this has been most skilfully achieved by Fife in the construction of the Fiona there cannot be a doubt, for in her performances so far she is as lively as any 50 tonner in light weather, and if appearances go for anything she will take as equally an able part in heavy weather.

At an early hour the following fleet took their stations, and certainly without exception it was one of the grandest fleet of racing cutters we ever witnessed at the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir. Co.
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
104	Banshee	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1097	Phryne	cutter	55	T. L. Arnott & P. Ramsay	Hatcher
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
934	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.
812	Lulworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
643	Hirondelle	cutter	71	Lord H. Lennox	Wanhill

There was a very light air at south, so that balloon canvas was set by all ; at 11h. 26m. a beautiful start took place, all getting away in splendid order ; the Mosquito, Fiona, and Christabel endeavoured to make a burst through the ruck, and the latter succeeded ; but the Phryne took the lead off New Brighton, with the Lulworth second, the Christabel placing herself third ; the Mosquito next made a move and collaring the Christabel and Lulworth, challenged the Phryne ; at this moment however, the wind flew round to N.W., jamming them all upon a wind and somewhat changing the aspect of affairs ; the Phryne and Mosquito went at it with a will, in came balloon sails and up went the working canvas, the Christabel made a bold dash and wrested second place from Mosquito ; the Fiona now shook herself loose and sailing through her fleet placed herself third. After passing the Formby lightship the Christabel came with a rush upon the Phryne and collaring her took the lead, her example was followed by the Fiona, Mosquito and Vanguard, all of which successively passed the Phryne, and they rounded the Pillar Beacon the first time in the following order :—Christabel, 1h. 13m. 45s. ; Fiona, 1h. 14m. 35s. ; Mosquito, 1h. 15m. 40s. ; Vanguard, 1h. 16m. 0s. ; Phryne, 1h. 16m. 10s. ; Banshee, 1h. 18m. 12s. ; Vindex, 1h. 18m. 50s. ; Lulworth, 1h. 19m. 0s. ; Hirondelle, 1h. 22m. 0s.

It will be seen from this timing that the leading vessels were very

close together ; going for the Nor'-west light-ship, the Phryne passed the Vanguard, and the Vindex passed the Banshee, in rounding the light-ship the latter's bowsprit caught the Vindex's topmast backstay, and the Hirondelle on the Banshee's port quarter, being unable to bear away ran full aboard of the Vindex, splitting the latter's mainsail with her bowsprit and cutting down her port bulwarks, thus placing the Vindex *hors-de-combat* ; going down for the Horse Channel Beacon with the wind abeam, the Mosquito ran through the Fiona's lee into second place ; after rounding this mark it became a dead beat to Pillar Beacon, when the Fiona went to windward in the most extraordinary manner, and weathering the Christabel challenged the fleet to win ; the Vanguard also displayed her powers by weathering the Mosquito ; upon the run back to the Horse Channel Beacon, the Mosquito beautifully handled succeeded in again wresting third place from Vanguard : on the second turn to windward for the Pillar Beacon the Fiona still held her lead, and the Mosquito made a long board to the westward to look for a better wind, but alas ! she sailed into a glassy ocean, where the air was serene in the sultry solstice of summer, and became a waif of the tide, bidding farewell to her chance of the Royal prize. In the mean time the Fiona and Christabel watching each other like wary sea hawks, and catching a suspicious air having a strong aroma of east in it, went about on the port tack, and Eurus favored them with a nice breeze which placed them well to windward, whilst all the other vessels were jammed down to leeward ; the Pillar buoy was passed for the last time in the following order :—Fiona, 5h. 22m. 30s.; Christabel, 5h. 28m. 30s.; Phryne, 5h. 27m. 18s.; Vanguard, 5h. 28m, 40s.; Hirondelle, 5h. 34m. 30s ; the remainder not timed.

The wind hardened down to S.E., and freshened considerably, so that it became a dead beat back to the river, the Fiona improved her lead considerably and looked all over a winner ; the Christabel sailed a very game waiting race, trusting to that chapter of accidents commencing with the motto, "there is many a slip, &c," the Vanguard was also in waiting on both ; as they entered the river the fates seemed to favor Christabel, as she got into a vein of wind that enabled her to point so high, as almost to look like a certainty of triumph after all, consequently the amount of excitement created by this slice of good luck was intense, but the tide that should have led her on to fortune was not taken at the proper flood by her pilot, and when she tacked after Fiona for the flag-ship she had over-run her mark, and had to ease her sheets and bear away, to stem the fierce speed of the sea rushing up the river, but the Fiona handled to a nicety laid for her mark in beautiful style, and unmistake-

ably defeated the Christabel. The time at the ship was—Fiona, 7h. 5m. 48s.; Christabel, 7h. 12m. 28s.; Vanguard, 7h. 14m. 52s.; Phryne, 7h. 19m. 3s.; Banshee, 7h. 21m. 12s.; Lulworth, 7h. 23m. 44s.; Hi-rondelle, 7h. 26m. 32s.; Mosquito, 7h. 35m. 30s.

The Fiona was declared the winner by 40 seconds, and considering the class of vessels and their tonnage, that she had to contend against, and also the weather in which she achieved this triumph, it was one of the most remarkable performances in our yachting chronology that has ever yet been recorded, and stamps the Fiona as being—so far as she has to the present performed, the most perfect racing yacht that has ever been built.

A protest was entered by the owner of the Christabel against the Fiona's being awarded the cup; we have always set our faces against protests, unless warranted by a flagrant, designed, and wilful infraction of the general sailing rules; we have long and persistently advocated the necessity for the formation of a yachting tribunal similar in its constitution to that of the Turf Club, and this is another of the many instances in which its calm deliberations would be of infinite service in deciding a question materially affecting the well being of yachting, and allaying feelings that otherwise cannot fail of producing injurious effects. We do not presume to impugn the decision of the committee of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, nor yet the motives which actuated Mr. Kennard, but until we have a well digested code of universal sailing regulations, and a strictly impartial body of yachting men to administer them, protests will flourish, and sailing committees and competing yachtsmen, and the interests of our finest national pastime, will suffer proportionally to the end of time. The general impression abroad seems to be that the protest was solely made in reference to the size of the Fiona's flag, but Mr. Kennard's letters throw another light upon the subject; we subjoin the correspondence to which this most unpleasant termination to an otherwise highly successful regatta has given rise, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions after considering calmly both sides of the question.

The match for the third class yachts, postponed from Saturday, took place immediately after the race for the Queen's cup had been started.

The following yachts came to the buoys:—(the Kittiwake not starting this time in consequence of her owner, Captain P. A. Iremonger, being obliged to leave Liverpool upon urgent business.)

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1486	Stanley	cutter	17	J. Gibbons, Esq.	Wilson
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
20	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. G. Hamilton & A. Bald	Mill. In.Co.
834	Magnet	cutter	12	W. J. Conlan, Esq.	Holden
1690	Vision	cutter	9	A. Richardson & G. Holt	Byrne

At 12h. 45m., an excellent start took place, the Alexandra taking the lead, but the Torch very soon convinced her competitors that the speed she has given so many convincing proofs of, had not suffered under the management of her new owner, for taking the lead off the Rock Light she maintained it throughout, with the Alexandra and Magnet second and third. Their time at the flag-ship was ; Torch, 5h. 55m. 0s.; Alexandra, 6h. 11m. 0s.; Magnet, 6h. 18m. 0s.; Stanley, 6h. 22m. 0s.; Vision, 6h. 29m. 0s.

We have to congratulate the officers and members of the club who officiated at this regatta, on their excellent arrangements ; and the efficiency with which they were carried out contributed in no small degree to the success achieved.

Committee's decision on Mr. Kennard's protest.—Fiona the winner by 40s., but Christabel protested against her on account of the size of her flag, the sailing regulations requiring a yacht of the first-class to carry a flag 3ft. 6in. hoist by 4ft. fly. Fiona's flag was afterwards measured by the committee, and found to be 9in. short in depth and 7in. the fly, and after investigating the protest, they awarded the prize to Christabel.

[The following letters appeared in *Bell's Life*, from which we have extracted them.]

MR. EDITOR.—I have just returned from Liverpool, and whilst there took a lively interest in the Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta. Of course you have had a full account of all that passed from your own correspondent. What do you think of Mr. Kennard's protest as to the flag of the Fiona being too short, and thereby disqualifying her ? Is not this sharp practice, and is it the spirit with which gentlemen owning yachts should compete with one another ? The matter is made much worse, I think, by the owner of Christabel stating that his crew had urged him to protest. Surely a gentleman should not endeavour to screen himself from the responsibility of his actions by statements such as these ! A few lines in your next impression, giving "your views of such proceedings," would do much good. The Fiona won the Queen's Cup and the Mersey Cup fairly and honourably by her merits alone, and the masterly manner and judgment with which she was handled. The yachtsmen in Liverpool are most indignant at the owner of

Christabel, and I am sure when the circumstances become known here and elsewhere the same feeling will predominate. If he retains the Cup it will do him infinite harm; his reputation will suffer, and the owner of the *Fiona* have still the gratification of knowing that his boat was the winner of the Cup, wrested from him by a frivolous, unfair, and unsportsman-like objection. I have since heard that the flag of the *Christabel* has been measured and found too small; but I believe that this was not discovered in time.

Yours, &c.,

BLUE WITH WHITE CROSS.

MR. EDITOR.—From the description given in the Liverpool paper of the yacht race for the Queen's Prize of the Mersey Regatta, it would appear a general opinion existed that my protest against the *Fiona* taking the prize was frivolous. I think it due to myself to explain how the matter really stood, and I shall be much obliged if you would allow me to do so by the aid of your valuable paper. In the protest in question I objected to the *Fiona bearing out her sails*, which you will observe, from the enclosed sailing regulations, is contrary to the club rules under which we were sailing, and as that vessel arrived at the winning flag only a few seconds over the time she had to allow the *Christabel*, I considered myself entitled to make such a protest. To this I added, by the way of fortifying my case, that her distinguishing flag was within the regulation size, leaving it for the committee to decide the whole matter on its merits. These gentlemen thought fit to overrule my first, and gave the prize to the *Christabel* solely on account of the latter objection. Not wishing to retain a cup awarded to me on such grounds, I wrote on the following morning to the owner of the *Fiona*, offering to sail the match over again. I understand my letter was not fortunate in reaching that gentleman before leaving Liverpool, and I am still awaiting his reply.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. KENNAED.

Falkirk, June 28th, 1860.

Owner of the *Christabel*.

[This letter came too late to appear with the account of the regatta. If the committee overruled the "bearing out," and Mr. Kennard does not claim on the ground of the distinguishing flag, why sail again] *Ed. Bell's Life*.

MR. EDITOR.—At the foot of my letter you were good enough to insert in your last publication you ask, "Why sail again? My object in proposing it was that, as I considered the Sailing Committee had in the one instance gone beyond their powers in not investigating into the merits of my protest against "*bearing out*," and in the other case had carried the letter of the law too far, in disqualifying a vessel solely on account of the size of her flag: it appeared to me the best way out of the dilemma. The owner of the *Fiona* has since declined my offer, and as I do not wish to retain a cup on legal grounds only, there is nothing now left me but to hand the cup over to the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, to deal with as they may think expedient.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. KENNAED, Owner of the *Christabel*.

LLANDUDNO OCEAN MATCH.

THE day after the Royal Mersey Regatta, Tuesday, June 25th, Mr. P. B. Drinkwater, in conjunction with other gentlemen got up this affair. The prizes were a cup, value £30 for first boat, £10 to the second of a different rig, and the sailing regulations those of the Mersey Club, except that the yachts should be in cruising trim, that there was to be no restriction as to friends or canvas, but no extra hands were to be allowed—a time race. The following came to the start:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Builders.
417	Enid.....	cutter	57	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
590	Glance.....	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1379	Secret.....	cutter	30	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1457	Snipe.....	cutter	40	P. B. Drinkwater, Esq.	Wanhill
20	Alexandra.....	cutter	15	J. G. Hamilton & A. Bald	Mill. Ir. Co.
1680	Vision.....	cutter	9	A. Richardson & G. Holt	Forrest

The course was from Liverpool by the Crosby and Queen's Channels passing the Pillar Buoy on the port hand, and sailing between the pier Llandudno and the flag-boat, leaving the pier on the port hand. The start, originally intended to take place to the south of Birkenhead Landing stage and the Albert Dock Warehouses, was eventually effected from the Sloyne at 11h. 10m.

The wind was very light at about S., which led the boats down to the Rock Light. Secret was first to feel the wind, and got in advance, followed by Enid, with Snipe astern of her, then Glance and the little ones. Snipe soon set a square sail, with a raffy over it, that drew her ahead, and she took and kept the lead down to the Rock Light, Secret being ahead and clear of Enid, which was covered by Glance. Just off New Brighton the wind came round to the N.N.E., a nice fresh breeze, which Enid was last to receive. Snipe quickly lowered away her extra muslin, and prepared for the beat to the Pillar buoy, an example quickly followed by the rest, who all close hauled. Snipe soon had her laurels wrested from her, and fell in the rear, Enid giving signs of her weatherly qualities by overhauling all her boats. At 12h. 48m. on tacking to star-board, she had winded Secret and took the lead, which she retained to the conclusion of the match. The time of rounding the Pillar Buoy was :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Enid.....	1 25 0	Glance.....	1 28 30	Snipe.....	1 34 30
Secret.....	1 29 26				

The little ones were not timed. Glance and Secret set their balloon

ibs on rounding, the former being fortunate to get the weather gauge of Secret. Both boomed out extra canvas—the Glance her largest working jib, Secret her balloon foresail, setting it first from her main-mast afterwards from her topmast head. Enid had no ballooners on board, which was rather a disadvantage, and Glance must have suffered, too, from the loss of her balloon topsail. She and Secret now went at it tooth and nail, the latter trying every now and then to pass to windward of Glance, who invariably bored her up, Enid meantime enjoying the fun, and slipping away from the two. Again Secret would forge up under Glance's lee and try to run through it, but in vain ; and so close were they to each other, that Glance sent a broadside of oranges right into Secret, which was received with great satisfaction by her crew, who lost no time in disposing of the *materiel*, but did not return the fire from want of ammunition of the same sort. Thus, for four hours, the two boats kept almost stem and stem together. On approaching the Orme's Head the breeze had almost died away, and the tide was beginning to set the boats down to the S.E. The Rowena schooner acted as flag-boat on the occasion, and just as the yachts were entering the harbour a boat was sent off from her, which hailed the Enid, and directed her, Glance, and Secret to pass between the flag-boat and the shore, leaving the former on the port hand, thus, in effect, countermanding the printed sailing regulations, which provided that the pier should be left on the port hand. These three yachts accordingly followed the direction thus verbally given, Enid finding it hard enough, from the way the tide was making, to screw herself round the flag-boat ; whereas, had she taken it as originally intended, it is a question whether she would not have taken her time off both. The Snipe did not come in for 38 minutes after Enid, and whoever was acting on board the flag-boat neglected (as we understand) to apprise Snipe or Alexandra of the alteration at the finish, so they both went round the flag-boat according to the printed regulations, and claimed the prizes. No less than five protests were sent in, but that of the Snipe having been decided in her favour by a gentleman appointed for the purpose, it did not become necessary to consider the others. The Snipe was accordingly awarded the Cup, and the £10 prize given to the Alexandra. The following is the official time at the finish :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Enid	5	41	0	Secret.....	5	50	0	Alexandra.....	7	10	0
Glance.....	5	49	0	Snipe.....	6	19	5				

It is only right to add that the owner of the Snipe, in the handsomest manner, offered the cup to be sailed for again next day by the Enid, Glance, and Secret, but their engagements in other quarters prevented his offer being accepted.

THE ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WHEN Mr. Artemus Ward on his travels first beheld the scenery of the Clyde, he gave a huge gape as if about to swallow the big Cumbrae—Millport and all, and the words “Kon—siderable, Some!” were heard to gurgle in his throat as he rushed below to the steward for a “smile” to recover himself. In the midst of the wondrous land and seascape which struck that synecdochical joker with such “smitin 4ce,” the Royal Northern’s held their annual meeting on the 3rd and 4th July, the rendezvous being the ancient and renowned town of Largs, “jeest richt ayont the twa Cumbraes!”

A splendid fleet of schooners, cutters, and steam yachts made an early appearance from the various anchorages in Gourock, Holy-loch, Gair-loch, Wemyss and Rothsay Bays, amongst which we observed the Valetta, s.s., Commodore the Hon. G. F. Boyle; the Varina, s.s., Vice-Commodore Sir M. S. Shaw Stewart, Bart.; Condor, cutter 130 tons, Rear-Commodore W. Houldsworth; Selene, schooner 273 tons, D. Richardson, Esq., and many others which our space will not permit us to emunerate, but the principal of which will be found amongst the lists of entries. H.M.S. Jackall and Goldfinch, and cutters Harriet and Prince Albert were likewise cruising about during the regatta. The saloon steamer Leven accompanied the matches with a numerous party on board, and the club yacht the Æolus, moored off Largs, discharged the duties of flag-ship.

The first prize contended for was a purse of 100 sovereigns, for which the following vessels came to the start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
812	Lulworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
934	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.
1097	Phryne	cutter	55	Messrs. Arnott & Ramsey	Hatcher
216	Christabel	cutter	52	A. O. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
104	Banshee	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones & Co.
1096	Phosphorus	cutter	50	J. Addie, Esq.	Hatcher
1654	Vindex	cutter	44	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill In. Co
973	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher

It will be perceived by the above list that the roving racers were on their grand rounds, as it presents a nearly similar arrangement to Liverpool. The course was from the flag-ship off Largs to Skelmorlie buoy, thence to Toward Point buoy, round a flag-boat off Mount Stuart, and

back to Large ; twice round all marks and once more to Mount Stuart and back. A fresh westerly breeze prevailed, varied occasionally with rain squalls ; the starting gun was fired at 11h. 35m. 16s., when a famous start was effected, the Fiona taking the lead at a rare pace, followed by the Mosquito and Christabel, the remainder close in their wake ; it was a hard struggle for the Skelmorlie buoy, but the Fiona held her own gallantly, on the turn to windward for the Toward buoy she carried away her topsail during a fresh squall, and notwithstanding her crew worked as a yacht's crew can, to repair damages, the fleet were upon her at once, when the Mosquito went to the front, with the Lulworth second ; the Banshee overhauled Christabel, and the Phosphorus and Vindex passed Phryne. On the second round the Banshee took third place from the Fiona, the Niobe passed the Christabel, and the Phryne collared the Vindex. The veteran Mosquito had now obtained a commanding lead, and it was rose nobles to ninepence on her ; during the last struggle to Mount Stuart and back the Lulworth did all she knew, and the Banshee's crew sent her along the "goodest" they could ; the Fiona seemed to sulk with her crew, but the Mosquito had her tiller evidently greased, and her bowsprit straight on end, for she went away at the head of the fleet like a prairie colt on the stampede, looking as young and frisky as when 17 long years ago, she slipped off the picturesque spot she was "raised" upon at Millwall. The Phryne carried away her gaff and bore up, and the Vindex passed the Phosphorus ; they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order, the Mosquito being hailed with loud cheers. Mosquito, 5h. 36m. 7s.; Lulworth, 5h. 39m. 55s.; Banshee, 5h. 45m. 45s.; Fiona, 5h. 47m. 22s.; Niobe, 5h. 54m. 34s.; Christabel, 5h. 55m. 40s.; Vindex, 5h. 58m. 40s.; Phosphorus, 5h. 59m. 44s.

The second race took place for a purse of 30 sovereigns, for which the following vessels started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
763	Leobia	yawl	38	D. J. Penney, Esq.	Wanhill
687	Isabel	yawl	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.	Wanhill
317	Denburn	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
401	Ellida	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
810	Luna	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
590	Glance	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1735	Wave-crest.....	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton

Additional interest was imparted to this match by the Ellida and

Denburn, the latest productions of Fife, sailing their maiden race. They made an excellent start at 11h. 51m. 37s., the Denburn going away with the lead, the Wave-crest second, and Ellida third; the Glance however soon began to teach the young ones a lesson, and working right out of her fleet took the lead beautifully, the Ellida sailing a remarkably good second, and the Leebia which is possessed of uncommon speed taking third place. On the second round the Denburn deprived the Leebia of third position, the Glance went right away from her vessels, and without further change of position they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order :—Glance, 4h. 51m. 19s; Elida, 4h. 58m. 7s; Denburn, 5h. 8m. 29s.; Leebia, 5h. 12m. 21s.; Isabel, 5h. 26m. 5s.; the remainder not timed.

The third race for a purse of 20 sovereigns brought the following vessels out :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1560	Swallow	cutter	18	R. Pirrie, Esq.	Wanhill
597	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Fulton
	Venture	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Rogers

They started at 12h. 15m. 27s., the Torch however soon asserted her right to the title she has earned of the champion light weight of the Clyde, and notwithstanding her well sailed antagonists gave her plenty of work at the outset, she gradually disposed of them, and won eventually as she liked; the Swallow having carried away her rudder at Mount Stuart, bore up midway. They arrived at the flag-ship thus :—Torch, 5h. 13m. 38s.; Glide, 5h. 25m. 39s.; Venture, 4h. 33m. 40s.

Wednesday opened with calm and showers; but at noon a fresh sou'-westerly breeze sprang up, and at 11h. 30m. the following vessels started for a purse of 50 sovereigns.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
973	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
812	Lulworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
216	Christabel	cutter	52	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1097	Phryne	cutter	55	Messrs. Arnott & Ramsey	Hatcher
1096	Phosphorus	cutter	50	J. Addie, Esq.	Hatcher
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
934	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.
104	Banahoe	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones & Co
1654	Vindex	cutter	44	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. In. Co

The *Mosquito* and *Lulworth* led alternately at the commencement, but the *Fiona* soon made her way through the fleet, and seemed determined to redeem her lost laurels of the previous day, taking the lead from the *Mount Stuart* buoy on the first round of the course, with *Mosquito* second, *Lulworth* third, and *Banshee* fourth, these positions were maintained respectively during the remainder of the race, the rest of the competitors being considerably astern at the finish; they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order:—*Fiona*, 5h. 21m. 10s.; *Mosquito*, 5h. 29m. 48s.; *Lulworth*, 5h. 31m. 33s.; *Banshee*, 5h. 33m. 9s.; *Niobe*, 5h. 39m. 21s.; *Phosphorus*, 5h. 43m. 5s.; *Christabel*, 5h. 48m. 44s.; *Vindex*, 5h. 48m. 0s.; *Phryne*, 5h. 50m. 31s.

The issue of this race was another remarkable proof of the extraordinary speed possessed by the *Fiona*; and her continued success confirms her as being quite a phenomenon in the yachting world; she presents the extremely rare fact of a racing cutter of heavy tonnage, defeating, under all circumstances of weather and tide, the most renowned and tried clippers, of the tonnage that has hitherto been proved amongst first-class vessels, as the most successful where allowance of time is made: we look anxiously forward to her performance in a strong gale, triumphing in such she may well challenge the world.

The purse of 70 sovereigns for schooners and yawls brought the following to the start.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
752	<i>Leah</i>	yawl	98	J. W. Cannon, Esq.	Wanhill
7	<i>Aglais</i>	schooner	45	F. Powell, Esq.	Steele
763	<i>Lesbia</i>	yawl	38	D. J. Penney, Esq.	Wanhill

They started at 12h. 47m. 0s., *Lesbia* leading, but the issue of this race was not left long in suspense, as the *Leah* soon went to the front, and the *Lesbia* having carried away her gaff-topsail yard, the former took a long lead of the *Aglais*, and won with ease. The flag-ship time was *Leah*, 6h. 7m. 3s., *Aglais* not timed.

A purse of 30 sovereigns brought to the start the following vessels.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1583	<i>Torch</i>	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
317	<i>Denburn</i>	cutter	31	S. King, Esq.	Fife
401	<i>Ellida</i>	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
590	<i>Glance</i>	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1735	<i>Wave-crest</i>	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
	<i>Venture</i>	cutter	15	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Hogers

The start took place at 12h. 41m. 40s., the Torch leading, followed by the Denburn and Ellida. The Glance however pursuing her tactics of the previous day, soon began to move through her fleet and deprived the Torch of the lead, the Denburn and Ellida were the only vessels that made any sailing of note, and after the first round the Wave-crest and Venture bore up. The times at the flag-ship were ; Glance, 5h. 47m. 39s.; Denburn, 5h. 57m. 53s.; Ellida, 6h. 0m. 43s.; Torch not timed.

Several well contested yachts' gig and men-of-war cutter races concluded the Regatta, which was one of the best attended aquatic meetings held in the Clyde for many seasons.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ONE of the most numerous fleets of yachts that has ever been seen in Kingstown harbour, assembled there to witness the Royal St. George's Regatta, commencing on Wednesday, July the 11th.

The first race was for Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 sovereigns ; the following fine fleet displayed their fighting flags at the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yacht	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Builders
973	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay Esq.	Owner
104	Banshee	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1096	Phosphorus	cutter	50	J. Addie, Esq.	Hatcher
984	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare
812	Lulworth	cutter	82	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
417	Rnid	cutter	56	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill In. Co.

The usual success which attends the matches of this popular club, and which the able officers and committee are unsparing in their exertions to attain, seemed at one period of the morning likely to be marred from want of wind ; cannot some of our *Savans* come to the rescue of perplexed committees with an invention for bottling wind ? what a relief it would be on the morning that dawns with but doubtful prognostics of the "raw" article, to be enabled to serve out by the dozen, single or double "stout" neatly wired up for such occasions. Just before the start however, a southerly wind sprang up, a nice working breeze, that

raised the spirits of the competitors to sailing pitch, and caused the working canvas to fly aloft after a fashion, that implied a spirit of mischief afloat. Precisely at 10h. 52m. the nervously awaited for gun reverberated across the harbour, when the vessels canted away smartly, the Fiona allowing the body of the fleet to get clear, and the Enid apparently with a new topmast jammed in the cap was unable to get her topsail set in time; the Phosphorus was all life in a moment and dashed away with the lead, which the Vindex hotly disputed with her, and these two rounded the harbour flag-boat, the Banshee and Sphinx went at it together like good uns, when the Mosquito with a tender regard for the flag-boat, and thinking the Sphinx was the softer rock of the two, gave the latter a friendly shove on the starboard quarter, which sent her round the mark much quicker than she anticipated, and the Fiona just getting room for her bowsprit launched in between both and the flag-boat and established herself on their weather. The Phosphorus, Vindex, and Niobe made a short board on the port tack into Scotchman's Bay to weather out the Dalkey flag-boat, whilst the remainder continued on the starboard tack for some time longer, the Fiona walking past her vessels in superb style, and never starting sheet or tack until close to her mark, when she had the Phosphorus in the toils; after rounding this boat, the Fiona took the lead, with the Phosphorus second and Niobe third, running to the Kish light-ship with the wind free the Fiona drew ahead, and the Lulworth and Banshee passed the Sphinx and Mosquito, it was a beam and beam struggle between the four last, in couples, as they approached the ship, which they rounded together; from this point to the Bailey flag-boat the Lulworth passed Vindex, Niobe, and Phosphorus at great speed, and challenged the Fiona, but the Scottish lassie was not so easily frightened, even by the pride of the Solent, and looked all over "thistles and thistle down;" after rounding the Bailey boat the Banshee passed the Phosphorus and Niobe, and took third place; the same relative positions were maintained to the harbour flag-boat; commencing the second round of the course in the turn to windward to the Dalkey flag-boat, the Fiona still maintained her lead, and the Mosquito passed the Niobe and took fourth place; no further change of position occurred worthy of note, save that the Fiona kept gradually and steadily going away from her antagonists, and her great speed stood her in good need at the conclusion of the race, as upon closing the harbour flag-boat she carried away her topmast backstay, and had to let go her topsail halyard to save her topmast: had she been closely pressed at this juncture nothing could have saved her, but she was well able to spare the upper canvas and finish the match under

her main-sail, the remainder of the fleet being almost becalmed at the East Bar flag-boat. They arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Fiona	3	12	0	Niobe	3	43	40
Lulworth	3	34	31	Vindex	3	44	40
Banshee	3	35	3	Phosphorus ...	3	49	8
Mosquito	3	36	50	Sphinx and Enid not timed.			

Taking the course sailed at 40 nautic miles—this must be at the rate of 9 knots an hour in light weather.

The second match was for a Prize of £30 open to all yachts under 40 tons, for which the following vessels started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
590	Glance	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
1379	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq	Wanhill
378	Echo	cutter	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill

The start took place at 11h. 41m. 0s., the Glance at once taking the lead, as if determined to have her revenge on the Secret for the defeat she sustained from her at Liverpool ; the course was the same as that for the larger vessels ; the Secret and Echo sailed a very close match, the Echo holding second position all through ; the Glance continued increasing her lead throughout the match, and won cleverly, and the Secret defeated the Echo on time for second place ; the following was the order of arrival at the flag-ship :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glance	4	30	43	Echo	4	45	20	Secret	4	47	42

The third race took place between yachts of 15 tons and under, for a prize of 20 sovereigns. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
20	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. G. Hamilton & A. Bald	Mill. In. Co
1853	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife

They started at 12h. 30m. 0s. round the short course, but the Torch speedily went to the front, and maintaining the lead on both rounds won as she pleased. Time at the flag-ship Torch, 4h. 21m. 33s.; Alexandra, 4h. 34m. 38s. Torch winning by 13m. 5s.

Second Day.—On Thursday the 12th July, the same fleet of first NO. 8.—VOL. XV.

class cutters started for a purse of 100 sovereigns, the *Fiona* taking a commanding lead with the *Lulworth* second, after completing the first round of the course however, it fell flat calm; the schooners and yawls, and the second class cutters also started for their respective prizes, but all were becalmed and did not reach the harbour until midnight; the matches were consequently appointed to be sailed the following day.

On Friday morning at 10h. 40m. 45s. the *Banshee*, *Mosquito*, *Niobe*, *Lulworth*, *Enid* and *Vindex* started for the 100 sovereigns. The *Fiona* having carried away her topmast in a squall when entering the harbour the previous night, and the *Sphinx* having also suffered damages, both remained at their moorings. There was a fresh breeze at S.S.W., and the *Lulworth* at once took the lead, with the *Vindex* and *Banshee* next; on the first round of the course the *Mosquito* mastered the *Banshee* and *Vindex*, and took second place, threatening the *Lulworth*. On the second round the latter vessel still leading, after rounding the East Bar flag-boat, stood in close hauled for the land, jealously watched by the *Mosquito*; the land breeze they were looking for however failed them, and the *Vindex* making a most judicious cast down the Bay got the wind all away from the southward, and became mistress of the position, rewarding her crew for their weather wise caution by winning cleverly; the following was their time at the flag-ship:—*Vindex*, 2h. 36m. 50s., *Lulworth*, 2h. 37m. 35s., *Banshee*, 2h. 40m. 33s., *Mosquito*, 2h. 41m. 48s. The *Niobe* carried away the jaws of her gaff, and the *Enid* her main rigging, which accidents threw both these fine vessels out of the race.

For the £40 prize the *Echo*, *Glance*, and *Secret* started at 11h. 22m. the *Echo* took a fine lead, with the *Secret* in close attendance upon her, and the *Glance* well up. Shortly after starting the *Secret* was struck by a heavy squall which compelled her to let go her topsail halyards and lower her foresail, but the shroud eye seizing of her main-rigging giving up, she was forced to bear away for moorings. The *Echo* in the mean time forced the pace on the *Glance* which she led round the Burford Buoys, here the *Glance* unfortunately carried away her topmast, after which the *Echo* increased her lead, and was to all appearance the winner, when unfortunately another of those knotty cases arose, which too frequently mar the harmony of sailing matches; the flag-boat moored at the East Bar buoy had left her station as the competing vessels approached, the *Echo* very properly rounded the buoy which marked the position the refractory flag-boat should have occupied, whilst the *Glance* adopting literally the orders on her sailing chart, pursued the boat, which she passed when nearly off the Pier heads, and going for the flag-ship received the winner's gun

On the arrival of the *Echo* her owner claimed the cup as having duly sailed over the prescribed course, but the committee decided that the match should be re-sailed on Monday the 16th of July. We sub-join the correspondence which has appeared upon the subject, and shall only observe, as we have done on previous occasions, that it is an additional instance of the necessity for a universal Code of Sailing rules, in the framing of which all such cases should be provided for, as there are precedents sufficient to warrant a special rule with regard to the flag-boats and marks of a regatta course, respecting which the rule at present generally acted upon is anything but comprehensive or satisfactory.

Two prizes for schooners and yawls, £75 for the first vessel of either rig, and £50 for the second of a different rig to the winner, brought but a small number to the starting buoys, the *Gertrude* schooner and *Snipe* yawl; although they started on the previous day, declined on this. There were therefore but the *Egeria* and *Pantomime* schooners, and *Leah* yawl, however from the antecedents of these vessels a well contested match was anticipated. The starting gun was fired at 11h. 35m., but during the interval between the preparative, and it, the *Egeria* and *Pantomime* whilst easing their springs to be in readiness, carried away the moorings; being occupied in recovering them when the gun did fire, the *Leah* went away with a commanding lead; on the beat down to the Dalkey flag-boat, the *Pantomime* on the starboard met the *Egeria* on the port tack, the crew of the latter conceiving they had room to do so, and in accordance with the provisions of the rule providing for such circumstances, held on their tack, but the *Pantomime* hoisted her ensign in the rigging as a protest that she had been compelled to bear away, the *Leah* held the lead round the Kish light-ship; there was now a strong breeze and on the run to the Bailey flag-boat, the *Egeria* raced up to windward and abeam of the *Leah*, which was in difficulties with her topmast rigging, and had to haul down her topsail, the latter attempted to prevent her formidable antagonist going to the front, but the *Egeria* would not be denied, and during this little battle the *Pantomime* ran through the *Leah*'s lee into second place, the match became now very exciting, a rattling breeze sending these fine vessels along in grand style, the *Pantomime* sprung her cross trees and tiller in the strong wind, but soon had them fished again; in the beat to windward for the harbour flag-boat, the *Egeria* increased her lead on both her antagonists, and looked all over as if she meant to win; rounding the Kish light-ship the second time, they gybed, and the *Pantomime*'s main-topmast-backstay giving up, she with much difficulty saved her topmast; the *Leah* went along in splendid style, fighting every

inch of water with her formidable competitors in the most clever and determined manner. At the East Bar flag-boat the Egeria had it all her own way, having obtained a tremendous lead over her adversaries, but one of those land flaws of wind which frequently prevail on the inshore part of this course, headed her off and forced her to make a tack, which enabled the Pantomime and Leah to come up with her; but she was too far ahead for anything barring a tornado to affect her prospect of winning, and they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Egeria	3 2 54	Pantomime....	3 11 39	Leah.....	3 12 30

The accidents which both Pantomime and Leah suffered from, no doubt interfered materially with their position at the finish. According to the above time it will be seen that the Egeria defeated both after making their allowance of time, but upon the Pantomime's protest against the Egeria being considered by the committee, they decided that the Egeria should have given way, and accordingly awarded the first prize to the Leah on time, and the second to the Pantomime.

On Saturday, July 14th, a very handsome silver challenge cup, value 100 sovereigns, presented by the flag officers for vessels belonging to the club, to be won twice in succession, yachts to be sailed in cruising trim. The following vessels started.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
198	Cecile.....	schooner	190	Marquis of Drogheda	White
1783	Witch.....	schooner	92	T. G. W. Sandford, Esq.	Fife
384	Egeria	schooner	156	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill

The course to be a sea-going one, and chosen 'by the committee, was for this year round the Islands of Lambay and Rockabill, and returning round the Kish light-ship, a distance of about seventy miles. They started at 9h. 36m., with a light air of wind from S.S.W., the Witch kept the lead for a short time, when the Egeria took up the sailing, with the Cecile second; they rounded Rockabill in the following order: Egeria 12h. 14m. 45s., Cecile 12h. 23m. 0s., Witch 12h. 38m. 0s., the Egeria still further increased her lead on the beat to windward down to the Kish light, which she rounded at 4h. p.m., her competitors hull-down to leeward; at six o'clock she was off the pier heads, and had to anchor in a calm to avoid being carried up the bay by the flood tide, however at 9h. 12m., she managed to get into harbour and round the flag-ship, thus winning the challenge cup for the first year.

The following correspondence relative to the Echo's claim for her prize we extract from *Bell's Life*.

MR. EDITOR.—I shall feel much obliged if you allow me, through the medium of your journal, to state my reasons for having refused to run a second time for a prize given by the Royal St. George's Yacht Club at their late regatta, which I felt that I had already fairly won. On entering my yacht, the Echo, for the race, I was given a chart of the course, which I was told I should sail round three times and finish at the flag-ship. The Glance and Secret started with me. The Echo took the lead and kept it, but on going the third round, the flag-boat, which had been anchored inside the east bar buoy, had hauled down her flag, weighed anchor, and sailed for Kingstown Harbour; but as the East bar buoy was marked on the chart which I had received from the committee outside the place where the flag-boat was stationed, I went round it, leaving it on my port hand, as if it had been the flag-boat, thereby making sure to go round the course; and I felt perfectly convinced that I was acting correctly, because on two former occasions, at a regatta given by the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, the same flag-boats left their places before the races were finished, and the yachts that sailed the course, though not marked by the flag-boats, were awarded the prizes; and what made me doubly confident that I was doing right was the fact that the yachts receiving the prizes on those occasions were boats belonging to the St. George's Yacht Club; and, of course, I could not think the committee would have decided in their favour, if they had the slightest doubt on the subject. With regard to the Glance, she was considerably astern of me, did not go round the course, but sailed towards a vessel that had been a flag-boat, but, of course, had ceased to be so when she hauled down her flag and got under way, and at the time the Glance passed her she was close to Kingstown Harbour. The following is the correspondence which took place between me and the committee of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

Yours, &c.,

THE OWNER OF THE ECHO.

21, Westland-row, Dublin, July 18, 1866.

21, Westland-row.

"To the Committee of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

GENTLEMEN.—As I understand you are anxious for some arrangement to be entered into between me and the Glance, such as racing again for the cup, I beg to inform you that it is not my intention to race for some time, having declined to go for the Prince Alfred match this day, I will, therefore, feel obliged by your letting me have your decision with regard to my claim for the cup. The Echo is the only yacht that went the course as marked on your chart. If through the neglect of your servants, a flag-boat be absent, and that the spot is marked by a buoy, is there any honourable course open to me but to steer outside that buoy, and thus make certain of

having gone over the entire course? If I could have had a doubt on the subject your decisions in the cases of Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Batt, I conceive left me no alternative. The *Glance*, being considerably astern, took advantage of the absence of the flag-boat, and thus shortened her course by one-third of the last round.

"If, gentlemen, your decision be in favour of the *Glance*, we must then consider what security there is for any leading yacht winning a race, if committees be not responsible for the acts of their servants or their servants be not parties above suspicion.

"I am, &c.,

"WM. I. DOHERTY."

"*Royal St. George's Yacht Club, July 14, 1866.*

"SIR.—The disputed race between the *Echo* and *Glance* is postponed, and will take place on Monday, July 16, at half-past ten a.m.—By order,

"JAMES CURRAN, *Secretary.*"

"*Wm. I. Doherty, Esq.*"

"*Royal St. George's Yacht Club, July 15, 1866.*

"SIR.—In reply to your communication respecting the disputed race between your yacht, the *Echo*, and the *Glance*, I am directed to inform you the committee regret that it is out of their power to alter the decision of the 14th inst. already communicated.

"I am, &c.,

"JAMES CURRAN, *Secretary.*"

"*Wm. I. Doherty, Esq.*"

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THE fourth match of this club, for yachts of the fifth class not exceeding 7 tons, was sailed for on Saturday June 30th; prize an oak barrel mounted in silver, value £5, with a breast pin for steersman. Course, round South Burford and East Bar Buoys, about 11 miles. Time allowance, 60 seconds per ton, to be steered by members, and only one paid hand allowed to each. The following started at 2h. 45m:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
	Viper.....	cutter	4	J. O'Connell, Esq.	
941	Myrrha	schooner	6	A. Faulkner, Esq.	
970	Nickomi	cutter	6	Capt. Bookey	Stow

The wind was S.W.b.W., a fair sailing breeze accompanied occasion.

ally by showers during the match. Viper and Nickomi set jib headers, the schooner a maintopsail, and they all canted off on the port tack jibing their booms over as they went outside of the harbour. The wind was pretty well abeam, but southed more as the craft got into the bay. Nickomi kept away to the southward of the schooner, who began to headreach on her as well as the latter one who fell considerably into the rear. The wind southed still more on approaching the South Burford Buoy which was jibed round thus:—Myrrha 3h. 27m. 0s., Nickomi 3h. 29m. 30s., Viper 3h. 37m. 30s. They now reached up the bay for the East Bar Buoy, and the wind coming on fresher Viper doused her topsail. At 3h. 34m., a heavy shower came on, which forced Nickomi and the schooner to douse their topsails also, the latter doing her work well, with Nickomi hanging close astern, but unable to pass her either to windward or leeward. At 3h. 48m. the schooner set her topsail again, when the shower passed over and dropped Nickomi something, who set her topsail again at 3h. 55m., appearing to be rather short handed, as it might have gone up some ten minutes sooner. Nickomi was now coming up fast on the schooner, and looked as if she were going to take the lead; but the schooner had the legs of her, and got away again in the puffs, when the breeze freshened up. Viper still astern, carrying on gallantly with her whole mainsail, and taking, as it struck us, a far straighter course for her mark than the other two. The East Bar Buoy was then rounded thus:—Myrrha 4h. 22m. 10s., Nickomi 4h. 23m. 0s., Viper 4h. 34m. 0s.

The little ones now prepared for a beat back to the harbour. Nickomi sent down her topsail, which did not set particularly well, and they all stood on the starboard tack. The schooner, oddly enough, commenced dropping Nickomi again, who at 4h. 35m. went on the port tack, and made a long board of it away to the northward for the purpose of rounding the West Bar Buoy, which she understood formed one of the marks to be passed in the race at 4h. 37m. The schooner tacked and followed Nickomi, holding on longer than she might have done, and at 4h. 48m. she went about on her tack for the harbour, the Nickomi a few minutes after. Viper did not follow either of the leaders, but stood a very long reach into Scotchman's Bay, to leeward of the harbour, having to make two boards after to fetch it. The following is the official time of the finish at the flag boat, the Enid, which acted in that capacity for the day:—Myrrha 5h. 5m. 30s., Nickomi 5h. 9m. 12s., Viper 5h. 18m. 0s.

But for the mistake of Nickomi in going round the West Bar Buoy, it would have been a very close thing at the finish.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

On Saturday, July 7th, was considered to be the last of this Club's appearance this season; but it will be seen hereafter that the Amateurs had a day. On the present occasion the morning looked far from promising, there was a louring appearance overhead which prevented the attendance of many ladies who usually patronise these matches; and the preceding day (Friday) having been very changeable made them the more doubtful of the voyage, however as we neared Erith, a change came over the scene, and the wind hauled round to N.W., just strong enough to give the yachts a fair start.

The prizes were a silver jug with four goblets value 30 guineas for the first, and 10 guineas cash for the second. These were expected to produce a good entry by yachts under 25 tons; but the following only entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts,	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1027	Octoroon	cutter	12	F. H. Lemann, Esq.	Hatcher
1628	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1359	Satanella ..	cutter	14	Capt. Bennett	Aldous

The course was intended to be from Erith to the Nore, but it will be seen that Southend only was the furthest point gained.

The yachts were anchored as usual opposite Erith Church; the preparatory gun was fired at 11h. 13m. and the start at 11h. 25m. The Octoroon was very smart in getting under lower sails, and was first away, when up flew topsail; Satanella followed suit; whilst Vampire appeared sluggish, and was some seconds in getting into trim. Off the pier the Octoroon set (the new introduction in racing on the Thames,) a topmast stunsail which she boomed out. The Vampire set a squaresail that assisted her much, and she flew past Satanella to windward taking second place. Just below the gardens the three were within a length of each other—Octoroon leading, but Vampire ranged up to leeward, and they ran beam and beam for a few minutes. In Long Reach the stunsail and squaresails were taken in, they being closer hauled, and Vampire making good weather, drawing ahead gently and cautiously with a slight freshening breeze. Octoroon followed second with Satanella waiting on her within half-a-minute time. The Vampire jibed into St. Clement's, round Stone Ness point, and was through the reach

several minutes ahead. The Octoroon and Satanella had a spin together, in fact they seemed not to heed the leader.

Off Grays Satanella attempted to pass the Octoroon to windward, but the latter was too wary, therefore they once more ranged side by side, until seeing a chance she slipped under the Octoroon's lee, and so became second vessel. Vampire was at Gravesend town pier when the others were off Northfleet dockyard. In this order they proceeded until nearing East Tilbury, when Octoroon having previously hoisted her stun'sail went ahead of Satanella. Here to the great surprise of all—the latter ran up a similar sail—and various were the speculations as to where it came from. The sails are no doubt very useful at times, but they require great attention—otherwise they become an injury.

The Octoroon off the Owens buoy was leading the Satanella a few lengths, the Vampire ploughing ahead free and independent. Nearing the Mucking the Satanella again ran up to Octoroon, and a good match ensued—the former at length got the advantage and took second place in the race ; but to expect to overtake the Vampire was quite out of the question. No further change took place, and the steamer for rounding fired two guns, and brought up midway between Southend and Nore. The yachts rounded in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	2 21 30	Satanella	2 30 45	Octoroon	2 31 15

They had struck their balloon canvas before rounding, and were prepared to beat back. From nine to ten minutes between the leader, and her compeers, made the match to all appearances safe for the Vampire, but still the Satanella stuck to her work with tact and resolution, whilst the Octoroon did not at all realize the anticipations of her admirers during the turn to windward on the homeward course, both her antagonists very much increasing their lead on her. The same relative positions were maintained to the termination, and they arrived at the winning buoy at Erith as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	6 24 15	Satanella	6 37 0	Octoroon	6 46 5

Commodore Arcedeckne, whose pretty schooner Violet was gaily dressed, promptly presented the first prize to the Vampire, and the second to the Satanella, and the club steamer the Queen of the Thames landed her Company at Blackwall after a very agreeable day.

AMATEUR SAILING MATCH.

WE are glad to see Amateur, or as they were styled at their organization, "Corinthian" sailing matches, again revived; we have always advocated these matches, but hitherto the difficulties of getting crews together has proved a fatal bar to their becoming more general at our aquatic meetings: it is therefore much to the credit of the Royal London Yacht Club, thus to endeavour to make them an "institution" on the Thames.

On Monday, the 9th July, the following vessels manned by amateurs, took their stations in Erith bay, to contend for a purse of 20 sovereigns to the first, and 10 sovereigns to the second vessel, with silver presentation tankards to each member of the winning crew.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1627	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1359	Satanella	cutter	15	P. Bennet, Esq.	Aldous
327	Dione	cutter	13	T. Field, Esq.	Harvey
240	Clytie	cutter	12	S. Harwood, Esq.	Marshall
825	Mabel	yawl	19	Lord de Ros	Aldous

The gun was fired at 11h. 27m. Os., when the gentlemen "Salts" displayed most creditable skill and smartness in weighing anchor and setting canvas.

The Dione got away with the lead, the wind being at S.W., but the Mabel quickly overhauled and deprived her of that honor; going away very fast she obtained a commanding lead into Long Reach where the wind died away, and for a short time it became a drifting match; again however a breeze favoured them when a very pretty struggle ensued in Gravesend Reach between the Dione, Satanella, and Vampire, during which considerable knowledge of effective tactics was displayed, and the three vessels collared the Mabel, when the Vampire was cleverly taken to the front, notwithstanding the determined opposition of her antagonists; the Satanella after some very pretty play with the Dione went into second place, the Mabel becoming fourth, and without further change they reached the Nore which was rounded thus:—Vampire, 2h. 28m. Os., Satanella, 2h. 31m. 40s., Dione, 2h. 34m. Os., Mabel, 2h. 42m. 40s., Clytie, 2h. 50m. Os. The Dione's crew here seemed to be in some difficulty shifting jibs, but eventually the "triangular event" was squared, and some uncommonly neat handling took place on the beat to windward home, the Vampire's crew seemed to be on the best terms

with their vessel, and sent her along in tip-top style, indeed all the vessels were excellently handled ; the *Satanella's* crew set all their nautical lore to work, but still could not get on sufficiently intimate terms with *Vampire*, to effect a change of position, and after a capital match, replete with sport and amusement to the lookers on as well as those engaged, they arrived at the flag-ship thus :—*Vampire*, 8h. 1m. 30s., *Satanella*, 8h. 20m. 0s., the remaining vessels were not timed. Commodore Arcedeckne accompanied the match in the *Violet*, having a large party on board, as did also Vice-Commodore Edwards in the screw yacht *Stella*, the *Minstrel* yawl, and the *Gloriana* and *Reverie* schooners.

The prizes were duly presented to the successful crews, at the monthly meeting of the club on Monday the 16th, who were congratulated on their effective display of amateur seamanship.

The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the crew of the *Vampire* :—T Cuthbert, (owner), A. Cox, H. Whitbread, H. N. Walker, L. Shadwell, T. J. Walton, J. T. H. Yates, J. T. E. Royan.

CLYDE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of this club took place at Rothessay on Saturday, the 7th July. The day was somewhat dull, but the wind was all that could be desired for the smaller class of yachts that contested. The bay presented a very lively appearance from the large turn-out of yachts on the occasion and the water swarmed with small boats. Among the yachts in the bay were the *Valetta*, s.s., Commodore the Hon. G. F. Boyle ; *Black Eagle*, s.s., A. Sim, Esq ; a screw steamer belonging to Mr. Young, Glasgow ; H.M.S. *Jackall* ; H.M. cutter *Harriet* ; schooners *Aglaia*, 40 tons, F. Powell, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the club ; *Fiery Cross*, J. Stirling, Esq.; *Bedouin*, R. Kerr, Esq.; *Tana*, R. Thom, Esq.; yawls *Lesbia*, D. J. Penny, Esq.; *Osprey*, J. G. Hamilton, Esq.; *Isabel*, A. E. Bryne, Esq.; cutters *Crusader*, N. B. Stewart, Esq.; *Queen*, C. Henderson, Esq.; *Coolin*, T. Stevens, Esq.; *Phryne*, D. Law, Esq.; *Swallow*, R. Pirrie, Esq.; *Thetis*, J. Spencer, Esq.; *Emily*, A. Teacher, Esq.; *Ripple*, J. C. Boyd, Esq.; *Torch*, G. B. Thompson, Esq.; &c. A purse of 30 sovereigns, open to yachts not exceeding 40 tons. In this race it was expected that the famed old Mersey cutter yacht *Glace*, the new cutters, *Ellida*, *Denburn*, *Wave-crest*, *Luna*, and the yawls *Isabel*, and *Lesbia*, would enter and form an interesting race. The *Glace* we understand was willing, but it was hinted that her late performances at Largs in carrying off the two prizes of £30, had made others chary at competing with her.

It was also expected that the fine Southampton yacht *Niobe*, which contested in the large class cutter races at Largs with vessels double her size,

and was fourth in point of time both days, she however, had sailed the night before along with the Fiona, Mosquito, Lulworth, Banabee, Vindex, Christabel, and others for the yachting contest at Bray, Kingstown.

Several of the other second sized racing yachts also left the Clyde, and the Clyde Yacht Club was thus disappointed in not having entries for the race.

Purse of 20 sovereigns, open to yachts not exceeding 20 tons For this race there were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
1286	Ripple	cutter	12	J. C. Boyd, Esq.	Fulton
512	Flora	cutter	15	J. Turnley, Esq.	

The Commodore, considering that the entries in this match were not satisfactory, the race was not started.

A purse of 15 sovereigns, open to yachts not exceeding 10 tons. The following entered :—

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
67	Armada	cutter	8	B. B. Bell, Esq.	Fife
735	Lady Alice	cutter	8	Nelson Boyd, Esq.	Owner
465	Fairy Queen	cutter	8	J. Grant, jun. Esq.	
	Glance	cutter	8	Capt. M'Alpine	
450	Excelsior	cutter	6	D. Bryce, jun. Esq.	Boag
1205	Pilgrim	cutter	8	R. C. Graham, Esq.	Morris

Course from flag-ship in Rothesay Bay round a flag-boat off Ardbeg point, thence round Toward Bank buoy to a flag-boat off Ascog, and into Rothesay Bay, three times round the course.

This race was very interesting as two of the yachts were built from amateur's lines, and running against one of Fife's cracks. The Lady Alice is a new boat, this being her maiden race, she was built from the designs of her owner, Mr. Neilson Boyd, of Carrickfergus, she is a fine, smart, weatherly little craft, and although fourth at the start overtook and passed all the others, coming in first at the end. The Armada is the other Amateur built yacht and was well handled during the day.

The race started at 12h. 10m, Pilgrim leading, followed by Armada, Fairy Queen, Lady Alice, Glance and Excelsior. Armada got to windward of Pilgrim and passed to the front, but was passed while shifting jibs by the Fairy Queen. In the run to Toward buoy the Lady Alice took third place. In rounding this buoy the Armada was so close to Fairy Queen as to nearly touch her, in the beat up to Ascog the Lady Alice showed herself more than a match for any of them in going to windward. The yachts passed the com-

modore, completing the first round as follows:—Fairy Queen 1h. 38m. 39s., Lady Alice, 1h. 38m. 58s., Armada 1h. 41m. 52s., Glance 1h. 54m. 55s., and Excelsior 1h. 59m. 42s.

The Pilgrim and Excelsior coming into collision gave up at this stage. in the second round after passing Toward Bank buoy, the Lady Alice passed to windward of Armada, the Fairy Queen keeping up her balloon jib on the beat up to Ascog was carried away to leeward, and from being first she was third going round Ascog flag-boat, Lady Alice leading, followed closely by Armada, the Lady Alice kept position to the end of the race. In the next round the Lady Alice increased her distance ahead, and they came in the final round as follows:—Lady Alice 4h. 43m. 43s., Armada 4h. 48m. 41s., Fairy Queen 4h. 53m. 57s., and Glance 4h. 59m. 17s.

The Lady Alice was loudly cheered on coming in, and Mr. Boyd on going on board the commodore's steamer, was warmly congratulated on his success.

The next race was for a purse of 5 sovereigns. Open to yachts not exceeding five tons. Second prize £2 10s. The entries were Gipsy King, Brunette, and Fern. The Gipsy King led throughout and greatly increased her distance. She was scarcely in the category of a yacht, being in fact an open-boat. After the first round the other two gave up. There were several rowing races, and in the evening a very fine display of fireworks took place.

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB MATCHES, NOVA SCOTIA.

THE opening matches of the season for the first and second class challenge cups, took place on the 21st of June last, and created more than usual interest on account of their being contested by the fastest yachts in the club. The wind and weather were most auspicious. The Wellington (which was kindly placed at the service of the sailing committee, by the Commissary General Routh,) was moored off the club property at Richmond. The committee consisted of J. Strachan, Esq., J. Pugh, Esq., James Pryor, Esq., H. W. Albro, Esq., and A. W. Scott, Esq., Secretary. Ample accommodation was provided, and a very agreeable company, among whom were several Canadian and English gentlemen, partook of the hospitalities of the club.

The starting signal was hoisted at 11h. 30m., a.m., and the yachts took up their stations on the eastern side of the Wellington in the following order:—

Names of Yachts.	Class.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Falcon	second	schooner	7½	J. R. Wallace, Esq.
Kate	second	sloop	8	G. Drillio, Esq.
Wave	first	sloop	21½	D. H. Pitts, Esq.
Petrel	first	schooner	14½	Wm. Hare, Esq.
Lurline	first	sloop	10	Lieut. Webber, R.A.
Whisper	first	sloop	14½	Dr. Davies, Vice-Com.
Blanche	first	schooner	16½	Lieut. Sievwright, R.A.

Owing to a new plan having been adopted of drawing for positions when entering with the Secretary on the day previous, the confusion that formerly prevailed was on this occasion entirely avoided, and each yacht took up her station with the greatest precision. In accordance with the club regulations, the wind being south-west, the course announced by the umpires was,—No. 3, from starting point to and passing in-shore of a flag-boat off the Lunatic Asylum, leaving the flag-boat on the starboard hand; thence passing to the eastward of Point Pleasant buoy, to and around Mar's Rock Buoy, leaving the said buoy on the port hand; thence to and passing the flag-boat off the Lunatic Asylum, leaving the said boat on the port hand; thence to the committee's vessel, and ending by passing between the said vessel and the eastern shore. The starting gun was fired at 12h. 7m. 30s., and the start was effected in beautiful style, the Petrel being first under weigh, moving off with the very sound of the gun, quickly followed by the Whisper and Wave. Intense interest was now excited, as the three leading yachts had proved themselves clippers in many a hard contest, but had never been pitted against each other before. The Blanche not having her racing canvas on, was unable to compete with her better prepared antagonists. Still she was admirably handled and proved herself possessed of weatherly qualities and speed.

The Lurline got off in good style, and was also well sailed.

The pretty little Kate and the well-known Falcon, in the second class followed close on the competitors in the first class.

The Petrel, sailed by Augustus Allison, Esq., maintained the lead she had taken, closely pressed by the Whisper, sailed by E. Mosely, Esq. On board the latter were Dr. Davies, the Vice-Commodore, and the Secretary, the Commodore Hon. B. Wier, being on board the Wave, and the Captain, James A. Moren, Jun., in the Petrel.

All the yachts had gaff-topails set, and the Whisper, in addition, set her squaresail, which did her good service, although not thought so by some of the old hands.

The run down to the flag-boat off the Lunatic Asylum, was quickly accomplished,—the yachts keeping the same positions gained by them at the start.

The flag-boat was rounded in the following order:—Petrel, 12h. 20m. 30s.; Whisper, 12h. 21m. 0m.; Wave, 12h. 23m. 8s.; Lurline, 12h. 25m. 6s.; Blanche, 12h. 26m. 9s.; Falcon, 12h. 27m. 10s.; Kate, 12h. 28m. 16s.

On rounding the flag-boat, the yachts were close hauled, and the struggle of the day commenced. The Petrel, admirably handled, seemed determined to maintain her advantage, notwithstanding all the skilful efforts of Eben Moseley, of the pretty Whisper. Every yachting tactic was brought to bear, but the schooner dashed gallantly forward, seemingly bent on preserving her well-merited reputation. For upwards of a mile the struggle was continued, the two yachts not being more than ten feet apart, the Whisper being astern of but slightly to windward of the Petrel. After passing George's Island, the wind freshened, and the sloop being enabled to lay up closer, gradually forged ahead of her antagonist. On opening the

North West Arm, the wind increased greatly, the Wave quickly overhauled the Petrel, and took the second position in the race. Had the race been further seaward, the Wave would have greatly benefited thereby, as she could carry whole canvas, where the others must have reefed.

Mar's Rock buoy was now reached, and rounded in the following order :—Whisper, 1h. 8m. 0s.; Wave, 1h. 9m. 45s.; Petrel, 1h. 12m. 0s.; Blanche, 1h. 15m. 15s.; Lurline, 1h. 27m. 20s.; Kate, 1h. 30m. 0s.; Falcon, 1h. 34m. 16s.

Sheets were now eased off, gaff-topsails and squaresails set, and the homeward stretch commenced. The Wave tried hard to overhaul her saucy leader, but without success. The Wave is evidently out of trim, for her sailing fell far short of her usual speed. Her new owner has not had time to become acquainted with her. There is no doubt but she will give a good account of herself at the next club match.

The flag-boat off the Asylum was again quickly reached, and rounded as follows :—Whisper, 1h. 48m. 0s.; Wave, 1h. 50m. 6s.; Petrel, 1h. 51m. 45s.; Blanche, 1h. 54m. 8s.; Lurline, 2h. 6m. 14s.; Kate, 2h. 9m. 25s.; Falcon, 2h. 13m. 15s.

The Whisper had it now her own way, and the beautiful craft bounded gaily along with a seeming consciousness of having beaten competitors so worthy of the effort

She is now abreast of the committee's vessel, and all hands are waiting for the gun. The white puff followed by a loud report, announces her the victor, and her crew, than whom better never manned a yacht, give vent to their enthusiasm in three rousing cheers.

The following is the time of arrival of all the contesting yachts :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Whisper	2	4	44	Lurline	2	25	45
Wave	2	5	40	Kate	2	28	0
Petrel	2	10	55	Falcon	2	32	30
Blanche	2	13	30				

The whole distance of 15 miles was accomplished in 1h. 57m. 14s.

The Whisper now retains possession of the first-class Challenge Cup, having won it twice in succession. The Kate arrived first in the second class, but having sailed the wrong course, forfeited her claim to the cup, which was accordingly adjudged to her opponent the Falcon. Thus ended one of the best contested matches that ever took place in our harbour, and the Royal Halifax can congratulate themselves on the perfect success of their opening match—nothing whatever having occurred to mar the harmony which prevailed on the occasion. The arrangements were admirable, and from the Commodore to the Secretary ; all appeared to vie with each other in promoting the interests of the club.

The old yachting spirit appears to be reviving among the Haligonians, for at a large and enthusiastic meeting of the club, held on Wednesday evening, 25th June, no fewer than 12 new members were added to the list.

A subscription list has been opened to procure funds for erecting a suita-

able Club-house, with boat houses, &c., on the club property at Richmond. His Excellency gave his heartiest approval to the undertaking; subscribed the very handsome sum of 100 dollars, and expressed a wish that every young man in Halifax would join an institution that was so well calculated to produce a moral as well as physical benefit.

After the termination of the races the Commodore, officers, and a number of the members of the club, visited H.M.S. Favorite, (iron-clad) where they were most hospitably entertained by Lieut. Barron, Lieut. Crease, R.N.A., Dr. Alex. Scott and other officers of that fine vessel.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- Aug. 2.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club—Regatta at Carnarvon.
 2.—Carrickfergus Regatta
 6.—Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta—Southsea,
 7.—Lowestoft Regatta
 7.—Royal Yacht Squadron—Her Majesty's Cup.
 8.—Royal Irish Yacht Club—Commodore's Cup, second heat.
 8.—Royal Yacht Squadron—cutters.
 9.—Royal Yacht Squadron—£100 prize
 9.—Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club—Regatta at Oulton.
 13.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Regatta Week.
 15.—Brighton Regatta.
 15.—Lyme Regis Regatta.
 18.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Ryde to Cherbourg
 21.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club—Ocean Match, Cherbourg to Ryde
 22.—Exmouth Regatta.
 23.—Torbay Royal Regatta.
 24.—Carlingford Regatta—(probably).
 26.—Bangor Regatta—Ireland, (probably).
 28.—Royal Western Yacht Club—Regatta at Plymouth.
 30.—Folkestone Regatta.
 30.—Dartmouth Royal Regatta,
 Sept.—4.—Royal Cornwall Regatta.
 5.—Dover and Cinque Ports Regatta.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There was a very large attendance of yachts at the Bray Regatta on the 10th of July, and the entries for several prizes extremely good, but owing to the wind falling, and calm setting in, none of the matches were concluded; a similar fate befel the Prince Alfred Club first class matches on the 14th of July at Kingstown; also the Royal Cork second class matches on the 17th of July; we therefore await our complete reports of these postponed regattas.

Several other articles stand over for want of space.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1866.

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

THIS meeting commenced on Tuesday, Aug. 7th, with the schooner match for the Queen's cup, value 100 guineas. The course was from Cowes Castle to the eastward, keeping outside all buoys on the shoals, except the Middle and Stourbridge, round the Warner light-ship, back through Cowes roads to the southward of the Brambles, round a flag-boat off Lepe, and thence between the castle and flag-ship, twice round. The Squadron, although numbering such a fleet of schooners, does not seem to succeed in securing many entries for these matches, any more than others of our yacht clubs; indeed it would appear as if our yachtsmen when they become schooner owners, regarded it as a retirement from aquatic racing life, the correct end and solace to an active "cutter" existence, and only to be indulged in upon rare occasions, when the old "Adam" can no longer be suppressed. It was no slight disappointment to those who love a good rattling day amongst the weighty "two-stickers," and whom the large fleet assembled, together with the favorable aspect of the weather for trying conclusions, led to expect a lengthy array

NOTE.—Our readers will be good enough to observe, that the change made this month in the usual manner of heading our pages, has been rendered necessary, in order to comply with the Act 18th Vic, cap. 2.

Owing to numerous applications received from our patrons abroad, we have complied with the legal forms, and our Magazine has been duly registered for transmission to Foreign Countries and the Colonies.—ED.

of fighting flags, to witness only the following prepared to do battle for the Royal gift,

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1059	Pantomime	schooner	140	Col. W. T. Markham	Ratsey
1898	Shark	schooner	175	Earl of Cardigan	Wanhill
384	Egeria	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	Wanhill
672	Intrepid	schooner	75	Count F. Du Monceau	Ratsey

The weather was all that a genuine salt-water yachtsman could desire, promising fully to test the qualities of vessels and crews, and afford an opportunity for the display of skilful tactics and sound handling. It was blowing a fresh gale at W.S.W., and the tide against the wind roused up a tidy sea, that promised to take the gloss and gilding off dandy jackets and brass bound caps. The starting gun at 10 a.m., got them quickly under canvas, the little one close-reefed, with a jib-headed main-topsail and storm jib, whilst the heavier ladies were satisfied with one tuck in their canvas, and set square-headed main-gaff-topsails. The Intrepid went away with the lead, but the gallant little vessel's bolt was soon shot; for with a slashing gale over the taffrail, weight and power were irresistably developed, and the three heavy weights swept majestically to the front, sending the brine dust before them in misty clouds. The Egeria quickly challenged and took the lead, Pantomime and Shark beam and beam until they reached the Warner, when the former drew slightly ahead: the light-ship was gybed round at the following times,—Egeria 10h. 52m. 10s.; Pantomime 10h. 53m. 10s.; Shark 10h. 53m. 20s.; Intrepid 10h. 57m. 35s.

It soon became evident that barring the sticks were swept out of her powerful rivals, the Intrepid had not the ghost of a chance in such weather: on the beat to windward for Lepe, the Pantomime held a fine wind, seeming to have a pull in that respect on Egeria, and threatened her for the lead as they approached Cowes Roads; here she attempted to make a board to port, but just as she hove in stays a weighty sea struck her on the port bow, throwing her in irons, and the Egeria drew ahead clear: the sea they now encountered, and the gale still freshening, made everything "grin" again; the Shark in stays filled her jib, and away went her jib-boom just as she commenced making play with Pantomime; the latter at the same time

carrying away her bobstay: the Lepe flag-boat was reached by the Egeria at 12h. 48m.; Pantomime 12h. 52m. 30s.; Shark 12h. 56m. 30s.,—the Intrepid bore up.

They went down wind again in beautiful style, going through Cowes roads at rare speed and passing the flag-ship thus—Egeria 1h. 0m. 57s.; Pantomime 1h. 4m. 48s.; Shark 1h. 8m. 30s.; the Egeria sent her topmasts down on deck, and hardened down another reef in her fore and stay-sails; a slashing struggle now commenced between Egeria and Pantomime for the Warner, this was the crisis of the match, if the former could not make her time good off the Pantomime in this run, it was evident from the latter's performance to windward on the first round, that she would have the Egeria in the toils on time: on they went, the Egeria launching from sea to sea as tho' she meant to take flight bodily, making much better weather of it under her shortened canvas, but the Pantomime sailed her knot for knot as game a barkie as ever laid tiller in rest; the Shark drawing up on both: the light-ship was gybed round the last time as follows,—Egeria 1h. 45m. 20s.; Pantomime 1h. 49m. 40s.; Shark 1h. 53m.

Beautiful handling was displayed on the last beat to windward, the Egeria still ahead of her time working through Cowes roads, and the Pantomime sailing every inch of water most carefully; here the Shark's peak halyards appeared to be gone, and she was forced to bear up, her mainsail being split. As they approached the Lepe flag-boat the Pantomime began to look very dangerous, overhauling the Egeria rapidly; the latter made a short board here that enabled her determined rival at once to get on terms with her, and the flag-boat was rounded by the Egeria at 3h. 57m. 50s., and Pantomime at 3h. 59m. 45s. It was all over now but shouting, the Pantomime was well within her time, and unless she turned turtle, or kicked her tiller under her bobstay, nothing could keep the Queen's cup from her plate locker; the Egeria however was handled gamely to the last, not a chance being thrown away, and the flag-ship was passed

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Egeria	4	6	1		Pantomime.....	4	7 59

The latter having to receive 3m. 25s. from Egeria, and being only 1m. 58s. astern, was declared the winner, with 1m. 27s. to spare.

This was as well contested a match as has been seen at Cowes

for a very long time, and but for the unfortunate tack made by the *Egeria* at Lepe, which was partly owing to her fore and main-sheets having got adrift when gybing round the *Warner* the last time, and not having been properly trimmed afterwards, it is more than probable Mr. Mulholland would have scored a companion cup to the Queen's, won by him in 1865.

On Wednesday the 9th, the club prize of 100 sovs. was divided into three purses,—70 to the first, 20 to the second, and 10 to the third vessel; for these the following came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
643	Hirondelle	cutter	68	Lord H. Lennox	Wanhill
890	Menai	cutter	80	Lieut.-Col. Lloyd	Ratsey
812	Lulworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
1366	Rosebud	cutter	38	Sir B. Chichester	
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous

The sky was overcast, presaging rain, and a stiff W.S.W. wind, gradually increasing, promised plenty of work and wet jackets before the match was concluded. At 10h. 30m., they were under canvas and away with the flash of the gun, all having single reefed mainsails, the large vessels with square headed gaff topsails, the *Christabel* and *Rosebud* setting jib-headed topsails, and the *Vanguard* with a wholesome regard to the shadows of coming events, having her topmast on deck. The latter took the lead, with the *Menai*, *Lulworth*, *Hirondelle*, *Christabel* and *Rosebud* in consecutive order; they ran down to the *Warner* Lightship very fast, *Vanguard* and *Menai* beam and beam; down came topsails and topmasts as they neared the ship, which was gybed round in the following order:—*Menai*, 11h. 30m.; *Vanguard*, 11h. 30m. 10s.; *Lulworth*, 11h. 30m. 25s.; *Hirondelle*, 11h. 31m. 40s.; *Christabel*, 11h. 32m. 15s.; *Rosebud*, 11h. 39m.

On the beat to windward from the ship, the *Menai* left her vessels very fast, and the *Hirondelle* soon disposed of the *Lulworth* and *Vanguard*, the former not holding anything like a good wind; shortly after the *Christabel* mastered the *Vanguard*, and the *Lepe* buoy was rounded in the following order:—*Menai*, 1h. 5m.; *Hirondelle* 1h. 8m., *Christabel*, 1h. 12m. 5s.; *Vanguard*, 1h. 15m. 50s.; *Lulworth*, 1h. 18m. 40s.

They had now a slashing breeze with every prospect of its increasing, and launched away down wind at a famous pace, passing the flag-ship and completing the first round of the course at the following times:—Menai, 1h. 25m. 33s.; Hirondelle, 1h. 29m. 29s.; Christabel, 1h. 33m. 50s.; Vanguard, 1h. 35m. 39s. the Lulworth and Rosebud bore up; the gale still freshening as they ran for the Warner, the Menai seemed determined to force the pace on her smaller antagonists, and accordingly sent aloft her gaff-topsail, an example which the Hirondelle's crew rivalled in smartness, Christabel and Vanguard carrying on under their lower canvas: the Light-ship was rounded for the last time thus:—Menai, 2h. 14m. 30s.; Hirondelle, 2h. 18m. 35s.; Christabel, 2h. 21m. 45s.; Vanguard, 2h. 24m. 35s.

With topmasts housed and everything made snug, they prepared for a regular dusting match back to Lepe, every minute bringing a fresh hand to the bellows of a strong south-west gale, and a heavy sea getting up that gave them a very coarse time of it indeed; the Christabel was forced to bear up for Ryde; Menai went along like a steamship, her tonnage and power enabling her to burst up through the seas at a speed, which her antagonists, although gallantly sailed to the last could not accomplish; the flag-ship was reached in the following order.

	h.	m.	s.		£
Menai.....	4	8	40	First prize	70
Hirondelle	4	16	23	Second prize	20
Vanguard	4	29	48	Third prize	10

On Thursday an open handicap match for three purses of the respective values of £70, 20 and 10, round the Isle of Wight, brought the following vessels to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Handicap.
68	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	0m. 0s.
809	Lufra.....	yawl	205	Lord Ponsonby	0 0
1059	Pantomime.....	schooner	140	Lient.-Col. Markham	23 29
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	164	F. Edwards, Esq.	14 34
384	Egeria.....	schooner	161	J. Mulholland, Esq.	20 2
1582	Titania.....	schooner	184	Earl of Rosse	16 35
675	Iolanthe.....	schooner	83	Capt. Miller	34 41
812	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	12 1
216	Christabel.....	cutter	52	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	23 56

There were nineteen entries, but only the above nine accepted the handicap.

At 10h. 30m. a rattling nor'wester took them away, a short and a long leg to windward out through the western entrance of the Solent; it was a magnificent sight as these nine fine vessels worked from shore to shore, each handled with the nicety of yachting seamanship; the renowned old Arrow was the first to show in front, and grey haired mariners of the Island sea wagged their battered and storm-stained sou'-westers portentiously, as they prophesied "that t' Squire 'ud make it warm for t' others fore sunset!" But the veteran clipper was not long allowed to hold her proud position, for the Lufra's crew sent her up to windward, as fast as a rigger would pass a serving mallet, gallantly the Arrow met her rush, but the giant yawl went steadily to work, and going down the back of the Island took the lead in grand style; but there were flyers in the wake of Lufra and Arrow as fully bent on victory, the Blue Bell, Egeria, Pantomime, and Titania soon gave evidence of their powers, piling up the canvas cheerily and making the wave caps fly like thistle-down before them; the Lulworth, Christabel, and Iolanthe sailing a cautious waiting race ever on the watch over the chapter of accidents, for it was evident the leaders were overpowering them. On rounding the eastern end of the Island, the Lufra still held a fine lead, with the Titania and Arrow fighting every inch of water in her wake; on entering the Solent the latter left her powerful antagonist and made a long board over to the main-shore, the indications of a stronger wind being rife in that quarter; the Blue Bell had by this time drawn ahead of the fleet astern, with the Pantomime and Egeria next in order, and the three looking remarkably dangerous on the time allowance; the Lufra worked steadily along the Fair-way passage, not giving a chance away to her competitors, and very fortunate in holding the vein of true wind, which the Arrow did not improve by her journey landwards; steadily and resolutely however the Blue Bell, Egeria, and Pantomime stuck to their work, and the flag-ship was passed in the following order and times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lufra	4	43	30	Egeria	5	0	0
Arrow	4	48	0	Pantomime	5	1	3
Blue Bell	4	51	11				

On the allowance of 14m. 34s. from Lufra to Blue Bell the latter won 1st prize.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced on Wednesday, July 18th, the weather on both days being fine with a cloudy sky, and fresh N.E. wind, which being a soldier's wind on the Humber was so far unfavourable for bringing out the weatherly qualities of the yachts. The committee engaged the steamer Doncaster to accompany the races with the members and their friends on board, and the excellent band of the Rifle Volunteers added to the pleasure of the visitors, by giving them an opportunity of doing the light fantastic. As usual the liberal Commodore Lord Londesborough gave a sumptuous luncheon on board, but was unable to be present on the occasion. The programme included two races on Wednesday, one for a piece of plate value 60 guineas, and a second prize value 10 guineas, open to yachts belonging to any Royal Club, and the other for yachts belonging to the Royal Yorkshire Club under 20 tons. This last race did not fill having only one entry, the *Ivy*. The course was down the Humber, round the Bull lightship off Spurn, and back, inside of a flag-boat off the Humber Dock basin, a distance of over 40 miles. Ships track to be kept. The entries were as follows.—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
72	<i>Astarte</i>	cutter	75	W. Battersby, Esq.	Day & Son
1530	<i>Surf</i>	cutter	54	J. Tempest, Esq.	Fife
401	<i>Ellida</i>	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	Fife
1354	<i>Sapphire</i>	cutter	27	A. Bannister, Esq.	
1627	<i>Vampire</i>	cutter	19	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
694	<i>Ivy</i>	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	Marshall
1359	<i>Satanella</i>	cutter	15	Capt. P. Bennett	Aldous

Astarte and *Vampire* did not arrive in time owing to the light winds. At 11h. 14m. Os., the gun was fired for starting, and *Ellida* sprang off with the lead setting her canvas very smartly, speedily followed by the three smaller boats, *Satanella* with her balloon jib, and all with balloon topsails set. *Surf* who had by mistake commenced making sail before the gun fired and had to lower away again, hung at her spring, head to wind for a few seconds, but when fairly off gave proof of her speed and intentions by overhauling *Sapphire*, *Ivy*, and *Satanella* successively, and giving hot chase to *Ellida*, and they passed the Hebbles light :—*Ellida*, 11h. 29m. 20s.; *Surf*, 11h. 29m. 56s.; *Satanella*, 11h. 30m. 15s.; *Ivy*, 11h. 32m. Os.; *Sapphire*, 11h. 32m. 30s.

On keeping away past Paull, *Surf* and *Ellida* set their balloon jibs, and an exciting bit of jockeying commenced, as *Surf* trying to pass to

windward of Ellida was neatly stopped, and then keeping away she tried to go through her lee several times without success, again and again Surf luffed sharp across Ellida's stern to cover her, but each time her wary opponent was too quick and bored her up into the wind. In vain she edged Ellida close to the weather buoys and then luffing up tried to get her to pass the wrong side, it would not do; and mile after mile Ellida held her fast, and as her skipper said, "having got hold of her he meant keeping hold of her as long as he could." Meanwhile the pretty little Satanella staggering along under her big ballooners was of course enjoying this fun immensely, as marking out a straight course for herself, she at one time absolutely took the lead of her powerful competitors. Killingholme was passed by the three leading vessels:—Ellida, 12h. 5m. 10s.; Surf, 12h. 5m. 20s.; Satanella, 12h. 5m. 40s.

Abreast of the upper Burcom buoy the wind freshened, blowing in puffs and flying about within a few points, forcing the vessels as near the wind as they could carry balloon canvas, and here where the channel widens Surf keeping well away, drew through Ellida's lee. Satanella with her deck half under water was now fast dropping astern, although she struggled gamely to maintain her position, while Ellida, a very powerful sister to Kilmeny, seemed to hold on well with Surf in the puffs, though dropped as the wind lightened. Surf bore N.b.E., from Grimsby at 12h. 37m., and three minutes later Ellida was on the same bearing. It was now evident that if the wind held fresh the race lay between Fife's two boats, the one; a splendid representative of the old fine weather school, the other, though considerably inferior in size, his latest specimen of the newest and more powerful style of racer. The yachts jibed round the Bull lightship as follows:—Surf, 1h. 11m. 0s.; Ellida, 1h. 13m. 10s.; Satanella, 1h. 20m. 37s.; Ivy, 1h. 22m. 15s.; Sapphire, 1h. 28m. 20s.

The wind now freshened, and the Ellida appeared to stand up to her canvas better than the Surf, whose balloon topsail did not seem to stand as well as it ought to have done. When passing the Clee Ness buoy however, the yard went in the slings and was replaced by her large working topsail. The wind now becoming rather shy, Ellida shifted balloon canvas for working sails, and Surf also shifted to working jib; Satanella, now a long way astern, seemed to have quite enough wind as she had shifted to working jib and jib-headed topsail, and hauled up under the north shore to look for a slice of luck, as nothing else could save her time on her leaders, all the other yachts running up against the tide on the south side. Ivy now appeared in difficulties, as she took her topsail in and housed her

topmast, shortly afterwards however again getting it up and re-setting the sail, during which she was passed by the Sapphire. We afterwards heard she carried away the topsail halliards. The wind fell rather lighter and very shifty as the Surf got abreast of Stallingborough, and she gained on her second, being some five minutes ahead off Killingholme, but having 12 minutes to allow, the chances were against her gaining seven minutes in the short distance to be traversed. Ellida now luffed close into the Holme Sand and keeping along it with scarce a couple of feet of water under her keel, she got a slacker ebb than Surf, and at Paull was right abreast of her and well to windward. It now appeared the Ellida's race to a certainty, any odds being offered on her on board the steamer with no takers, as from her weatherly position she appeared certain to weather the Elbow buoy easily and then get a clear run up to Hull, while it appeared extremely doubtful if Surf could weather it without a tack. The wind now became scant and puffy, at times nearly calm and favoring each alternately. Now however, just as Ellida's crew were congratulating themselves on their victory, only having four miles to go, and Surf still having all her time allowance to clear, her sails collapsed and hung listlessly, scarce giving her steerage way, and the ebb tide still running strong set her astern down the river; while the Surf with her sails just asleep slipped past the buoy, and then seeming to take a lease of the wind, she set her balloon jib and walked away at a great pace as she stood for the Hebbles; poor Ellida meanwhile with scarce a breath of wind, struggling to get past the selfsame Elbow buoy that proved so fatal to her owner's chance in the Cinderella, when winning easily two years ago, had the mortification of seeing her big antagonist heeling over to a fine breeze, showing her copper on the weather side, and with her grand balloonier bellying out, pulling with twenty horse's power, pass the Hebbles lightship, a distance of little more than a mile from where she lay becalmed, twenty-one minutes before her. When she got the breeze it was too late, her chance was gone and the old proverb of the cup and the lip received another exemplification. She gained a little in the run up as the Surf got less wind off the docks; some of the remaining yachts had to make a tack or two off Paull, while Surf and Ellida in the whole race did not once go about, a rather unusual occurrence on the Humber. The yachts were timed round the flag-boat as follows:—Surf, 4h. 48m. 29s.; Ellida, 5h. 6m. 24s.; Satanella, 5h. 29m. 8s.; Sapphire, 5h. 33m. 4s.; Ivy, 5h. 33m. 43s.

The prizes were presented on board the steamer by the Vice-Commodore, A. Bannister, Esq., to the owners of the Surf and Ellida, and were

suitably acknowledged, Mr. Tempest most handsomely complimenting the owner of the Ellida on his boat and the manner she had been sailed. She is a brand new vessel and though beaten by Glance both days at the Royal Northern Regatta, before she was properly in trim, yet from her performances on the Humber she is likely to prove among the best of her class, though the Surf is scarcely fair company for a 30 tonner. She is a very powerful looking craft and appears rather short and high out of water, when compared with the slender and elegant Surf.

The second and concluding race of the club took place on Thursday the 19th, unusual interest being manifested on account of the yachts being entirely manned by gentlemen amateurs, members of Royal or other clubs, or officers in H.M. Navy. The course was the same as on the previous day; sails close down until the starting gun, and the prizes were a very handsome time piece of the value of 20 guineas, and a six guinea salver for the second boat. The following yachts came to the scratch; Surf, Ellida, Sapphire, and Ivy. The Surf and Ellida agreed to allow the other two a-minute a ton, and Surf allowed Ellida, and the Sapphire the Ivy, half-a-minute. The wind was north-easterly and fresher than on the previous day. Before starting Surf housed her topmast. The preparatory gun was fired at 11h. 31m., the second five minutes later when the yachts at once slipped; Sapphire and Ivy were first under sail, Surf third, and Ellida last, appearing to be rather weakly manned. Sapphire and Ellida set square-headed topsails, the others contenting themselves with lower canvas; Surf at once went to the front and the Hebbles was passed thus:—Surf, 11h. 52m. 20s.; Ivy, 11h. 53m. 40s.; Sapphire, 11h. 54m. 8s.; Ellida, 11h. 54m. 1½s..

Ellida now began to make play by overhauling and passing to windward of Sapphire and Ivy, who set her topsail. Here however, one of the Ellida's crew in easing the mainsheet a little, let the end slip, and away it went unreeving through the block and towing astern, the boom going forward against the rigging, and while it was being secured—Surf who was going magnificently took a strong lead. However, just as the sail was again trimmed, the Surf carried away her gaff about 4ft. from the jaws, and was of course put *hors de combat*, and after cruising about under her headsails most of the day was picked up by a tug and towed up to Hull. Off Stallingborough the Sapphire and Ivy finding too much wind and sea, sent down topsails and struck topmasts, in doing which Ivy's jammed in the crosstress, obliging her to luff up to get it down, when she was passed by the Sapphire. Ellida carried her topsail with a spanking breeze until below Grimsby, when

to avoid risk she took it in, however, keeping the topmast on end. Just before jibing round the Bull her amateur crew shifted jibs for a smaller one very smartly. The Bull floating light was rounded as follows :— Ellida, 1h. 35m. 40m.; Sapphire, 1h. 40m. 10s.; Ivy, 1h. 42m. 6s.

The wind was now decidedly fresh from the N.E., and the steamer Doncaster, though a large boat was pitching about in a manner that completely destroyed the interest of most of the fair sex in the race, and in fact some of her passengers of the stronger sex were very far gone. The gentlemen on board the competing yachts got salt water bathing enough to last them some time, and when hauling up to weather the Clee Ness buoy, the Ellida's weak crew of nine had great difficulty in getting the sheets aft, and she lost some little ground in consequence. However, she set a jib-headed topsail to make up for it, and quickly increased her distance, running up over the ebb at a great pace. From Killingholme to Paul was a dead beat, short tacks, the Channel being very narrow with a sharp bend, and the last of the ebb always runs strong here, holding the leading vessels, while those astern come through with a slacker tide. Here the Sapphire closed a little with the leading vessel, but nothing to make Ellida uncomfortable, as keeping the lead going and working her head-sheets very well, she worked through the bend, and rounding the Hebbles she eased her sheets, and ran home an easy winner by nearly a quarter of an hour, after deducting the large time allowance of a-minute a ton. The arrivals were timed as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Ellida	5	55	9		Sapphire	6	12	22		Ivy	6	25	5

Sapphire taking second prize by 8m. 13s; after deducting Ivy's allowance. This is the second amateur race won by Mr. Duck consecutively, the last being in 1864, when the Cinderella won, and both races have been great successes. The following gentlemen composed the crew of the winning yacht, G. N. Duck, Esq., the owner, and Messrs. W. R. Garthorne, H. W. R. Smith, C. E. Sanderson, E. C. Twiss, A. Malam, J. L. Fearn, T. Backhouse, P. Mercer, and — Buckley. We hope next year to see this flourishing club throw open more of their races to stranger yachts, as for instance this year the plucky little Satanella came all the way from London, and the only race she could enter for, was on the first day against such craft as the Surf and Ellida, rather a forlorn hope for her, while the small class race being confined to members of the club had only one entry, and consequently was not sailed, and the amateur race was confined by the same rule. This is scarcely the way to induce yachts to come from a distance, and we are

convinced were this altered, the entries would be much more numerous and afford more sport to the good people of Hull.

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

THIS regatta got up in a most spirited manner by a few local gentlemen took place on Monday, July 23rd, but was unfortunately the day before that at Yarmouth, or it would have had at least two more entries, the Vampire and Satanella. The prizes to be run for were £30 for the first yacht, £10 for the second, and £7 for the third, as owing to the paucity of entries the large and small class races were thrown into one. Half-a-minute per ton allowance. Wind fresh from the N.E., a reaching wind for the whole course. Course down river round the lower Burcom buoy, then up round No. 8 black buoy, down round the Bull light-ship, and up inside the flag-boat off the pier: ship's track to be kept. The following yachts put in an appearance:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1354	Sapphire	cutter	27	A. Bannister, Esq.	Fife Marshall Fife
1530	Surf.....	cutter	54	J. Tempest, Esq.	
694	Ivy	cutter	18	Capt. Cator, R.N.	
401	Ellida	cutter	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.	

In the absence of their owners Surf was sailed by E. Squire, Esq., and Ellida, by W. R. Garthorne Esq. Shortly before the race the 75 ton cutter Astarte passed with three reefs down, bound up to Hull on her way to Norway. The yachts were stationed in the order above, Sapphire being to windward. The starting gun was fired at 11h. 14m. Os., when Sapphire and Ivy were first away with topmasts struck, quickly followed by Surf under single reef and second jib, and Ellida with whole mainsail, jib-headed topsail and second jib. Surf at once took the lead and set a jib-headed topsail after a good deal of trouble owing to the sheet fouling. At the pace all were going they soon ran down against the flood to the Burcom buoy, which Surf and Sapphire overshot, and Ellida staying close round it, across Sapphire's stern, took the lead, Ivy following suit. Surf now put on steam to regain the lead, and edged down on Ellida to cover her and at length succeeded, passing close on her weather, the whole lee side of her deck under water, while Ellida the whole day never put her lee rail under. Both were hard at work wetting sails, and at last weight and length told, and the splendid Surf went away from her little sister boat, showing a side of

copper that would have done for a mirror. Sapphire had now set a jib-headed topsail, but with Ivy was fast dropping astern and to leeward. No. 8 buoy was rounded as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf	12 4 20	Ivy	12 11 10
Ellida	12 5 14	Sapphire	12 12 46

The two first staying close round it, the other two having to continue their reach some distance before they could weather it. The wind was now abeam for the run down, and Surf shook out her reef and set a balloon foresail, and all four set big working topsails, and soon after Ellida and Surf balloon jibs. Surf now seemed to be in her element and made the running at a tremendous pace; at the Ness buoy she was 8m. ahead of Ellida, the pace being too great for the other two who were a long way astern. The Bull was rounded thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf	1 22 45	Ellida	1 32 25	Ivy	1 48 35

Sapphire not timed.

Surf was slow in handling her balloon jib, and after rounding lost some precious seconds before she got her working one set, while Ellida's balloonier was cut away and got in and the other one set in a trice, her crew evidently seeming aware under the circumstances that seconds were worth sovereigns. Any little advantage however Surf lost by this, was made amends by her carrying the wind back to the Ness buoy a little more free than Ellida, who had some difficulty in weathering it without a tack. When round, Surf with her sheets checked bowled away for the flag-boat, her lofty pile of canvas laying over at an angle of 45 degrees, and Ellida just weathering the buoy gave chase to save her time (12 minutes). Speculation was now rife as to whether she could do it. Bang went the gun from the flag-boat as the Surf ranged up under her stern, and watch in hand we breathlessly awaited the result. Eight, nine, ten minutes and still some distance to go; the little beauty seemed to feel her danger, ten and a-half, eleven, and twelve seconds after she luffed round, and had saved her time by 48 seconds, or as the Surf has this year entered at a ton less than her former size, having apparently *shrunk in washing*, only by 18 seconds, a very near squeak.

The arrivals were timed as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Surf	2 2 9	Ivy	2 35 39
Ellida	2 13 31	Sapphire	2 39 25

The prizes were presented on board the committee steamer, to the representatives of the first three yachts, by Lieut. Sutcliffe, the treasurer of the regatta committee, and in the evening the proceedings were pleasantly brought to a close by a ball at the Royal Hotel.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ON Tuesday the 17th of July the fine fleet of racing clippers which had been prospecting the "diggins" in St. George's Channel and the Northern waters for the past month or six weeks, assembled to ascertain the truth of the rumour, that a saucy little clipper had hoisted the Red burgee with the golden crown, and was prepared to do battle against the rose and thistle, for the honour of the wee green shamrock ; we are glad to see that the yachtsmen on the Irish stations appear determined to keep some of their fine prizes at home, for it does seem somewhat strange that with all the advantages they enjoy, so many of their cups find their way across channel, and in recent years to the Clyde ; it looks well however, to see the gallant and veteran Admiral of the Royal Cork at length breaking the spell, and we look forward to many other Irish blue jackets following the example, and making our Thames, Clyde, and Solent clippers look sharply after their laurels. Time was when the racing canvas-backs of Cork bore all before them, and the harp on the burgee was as world famous as the banner of the Vikings ; time was too when Dublin Bay was as difficult a spot of water to extricate a cup from, as roving racer might care to face ; we look forward with pleasing anticipation to the revival of their ancient prestige, for the spirit with which the yachtsmen of these ports enter into sailing contests, is worthy of more brilliant success than they have enjoyed for some years past. They have the material wherewith to deserve it, and the experience now gained, and which their Clyde brethren have shewn them the way to profit by, ought to enable them to command it.

The sailing matches were inaugurated, as has been the custom from time immemorial, by a match between the famous hookers, that from the old head of Kinsale to Cork, seem to grow upon the waves of the Atlantic, for no matter when or where a homeward-bounder makes the land, be it high noon, or the dark little hour before daylight, let the hurricane rage, or the sea be like a painted lake, a South Coast hooker, or ten, or a score, is as sure to turn up as a flock of Mother Cary's off the Cape. One of the most exciting features of this match consists in the almost absolute certainty of the competing vessels being lashed together as the struggle approaches the flag-ship, and all the phases of a naval engagement being gone through with a vivacity and approach to reality, that fully impresses timid spectators of the truth of the aphorism, that "absence of body" is often preferable to "presence of mind!"

The genuine business of the meeting commenced with a purse of 100 sovereigns, for which the following first class cutters took their stations:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill Ir. Co.
973	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
326	Dione	cutter	44	Admiral French	Hatcher
812	Lulworth	cutter	82	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman
104	Banshee	cutter	50	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones
984	Mosquito	cutter	61	T. Houldsworth, Esq.	Mare & Co.

The course has been sailed over by so many of our readers, as to render any details superfluous, further than to say that the usual magnetically stationed and irrepressible hookers, (vide above) to the number of three, marked the sea-route in the bay, and the Bar Rock Buoy formed the turning point at the end of that "Avenue of ships" called the Man of War Roads.

With a light easterly breeze blowing a very good start was effected, all the vessels piling up canvas after a fashion that meant work, and on the short beat to the Spit Light, it was a matter of difficulty to pick out the leaders, but as they tacked to weather that Light of many Nations, the Fiona and Niobe just managed the wee few feet to windward, and opened the ball, with the Vindex, Mosquito, Lulworth, Banshee, and Dione within "biscuit exchange" of each other; the Fiona looked as if she meant making short work of it, but just as her crew settled down in their berths there was a sharp report, a heavy flap of canvas, then a wild rattle and a crash aloft, and away went her topmast, the weather topmast stay gone, and the giant sail appearing resolved upon a general smash; but her gallant crew soon muzzled the refractory canvas, and set to work with a will to repair damages and rig a jury mast; in a moment however the leading vessels of the fleet swept by her, the Vindex and Mosquito making a rush at Niobe, but the little Itchen witch danced away merrily, the Fiona still keeping ahead of the Lulworth and Dione: as they got more out, the wind veered southerly and became fresher, when the Vindex went to the front, but almost immediately the Mosquito, going along at a slashing pace, passed Niobe to windward and racing abeam of the Vindex, after a brief tho' determined bit of fight went to the front; the Banshee following suit dashed through the Niobe's lee, and the Dione began to take significant liberties by placing the Lulworth astern of her. The Mosquito took the western flag-boat in beautiful style, closely followed by the Vindex and Banshee. The wind in the bay again hauling up East, made it a dead turn to windward to the other flag boats, and small head sails replaced

the large running canvas ; various judgment was displayed in hitting off the shortest rhumb line for the western boat, the southern only receiving as much respect as a mark for the proper side of the road might command. To the surprise of all the Fiona made her appearance in the midst of the fleet, going under the Niobe's stern just as the latter had established herself a formidable second to the Mosquito's lead ; all were now working on the line of bearing of the leading vessel, save the Banahee, which made a long board to south-east to get the range of her mark : another hand to the easterly bellows kicked up a refreshing little sea, and sent the Fiona flying up to windward as if she had a screw under her lee quarter ; just at the eastern boat she collared the Mosquito and excited no little astonishment by leading the fleet round it, sparing them all a topsail ; many of her competitors with that true appreciation of pluck and skill which distinguishes yachtsmen, gave the well-sailed barkie three rattling cheers. It now became a running race for the harbour mark, and balloon canvas sent them down wind at a rare pace, the Fiona, Mosquito, and Banahee leading the fleet: the Mosquito closed on Fiona, the latter endeavouring to put the blanket on, but the wary Mr. Walker, (christened Timotheus the timorous), from his aversion to such heavy garments, declined the honour intended, and after a few clever feints to puzzle the Fiona, as to whether the stopper or blanket was trump card, made a bold dash and again resumed the lead. In the Narrows entering the harbour the Dione joined issue with the Vindex, and after a pretty display of tactics between both, succeeded in forcing a passage to windward of the latter; she then challenged the Niobe, and the first round of the course was completed at the Bar Rock Buoy in the following order and times :—Mosquito 2h. 53m. 0s., Fiona 2h. 56m. 0s., Banahee 3h. 2m. 45s., Niobe 3h. 6m. 0s., Dione 3h. 6m. 45s., Vindex 3h. 8m. 0s., Lulworth 3h. 9h. 10s.

Going out of the harbour the second time, the Dione passed the Niobe, and the Lulworth went ahead of Vindex, and settling into this order the pace was a very fast one to the western boat again, the wind hardening down true ; the Fiona surprising all hands not a little by the grand struggle she was making under but three sails, for the patch of a jib-headed topsail she was enabled occasionally to show, was next to useless. Very beautiful and careful handling was displayed on the last turn to windward, the Mosquito still maintaining her lead, although on more than one occasion the Fiona cut her way into the wind in a manner that proved the possession of weatherly properties not to be surpassed; but the Mosquito was watched and tended in a style that would take a vast amount of knowledge to beat. On their return for the

harbour the wind became very light, and it looked much as if the race would terminate as many have during the season ; perhaps in the recollection of the most ancient mariner never have calms put a stop to so many matches as during this eventful 66. But the Mosquito seemed to carry a stock in her sail room, for in the narrows of the harbour she left a sparkling white streak astern of her, going up through the Man-of-war roads, like a sperm whale after feeling his first iron, leaving the Fiona, Dione, and Banshee whistling vainly for a wind, until she was close on the flag-ship, at which they arrived in the following order and times :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Mosquito	7	15	29		Fiona	7	26	9		Dione	7	27	9
The rest not timed.													

The Dione made a gallant fight against her two formidable rivals, and displayed powers of sailing that mark her as likely to prove a remarkably dangerous light weight.

The second race brought the Storm, Torpid, and Secret to the buoys, for a purse of 40 sovereigns. Only one round was completed, the Torpid leading ; on commencing the second the Secret was just enabled to collar the Torpid, when it fell flat calm ; the Torpid was fortunate enough to bear up in time, but the Secret had to battle the match through the long night, on the lazy heave of the broad Atlantic, and like many of its predecessors in the Channel this match stood over.

On Wednesday, the second day, there was very little prospect of a match, a flat calm prevailing all the morning ; however the following managed to get to the starting buoys, the prizes being 75 sovs. for the first and 20 sovs. for the second vessel,—Vindex, Niobe, Fiona, Lulworth, Banshee, Dione, and Mosquito. With a very light southerly wind they were enabled to start at 12 o'clock, the Vindex taking the lead, with the Niobe and Banshee disputing second place; the calm prevailed true to seaward, with a murky haze ; occasionally a stray vein of wind would permit them to make little spurts of sailing, but altogether it was a chapter of chances; eventually the Fiona caught a light air that enabled her to go to the front, and then she began moving along like magic for some time, but at the harbour's mouth the flood tide was the only motive power, and this brought her up to the Bar Rock Buoy, when she let go an anchor, the sun killing the wind, and putting an end to the match for this day ; the remaining vessels did not regain the harbour until very late.

The second match was that postponed on the previous day, for 40 sovereigns, between the Torpid, Secret, and Storm ; but the owner of

the Secret entered a protest against the Torpid, on the ground of having bore up on Tuesday before the time prescribed for the match had expired—viz., 9 p.m., and it appearing that the Storm merely entered to make up the required number, the committee awarded the Secret a walk, or rather a "drift," over the course.

On Thursday, the Vindex, Niobe, Fiona, Lulworth, Banshee, Dione, and Mosquito, again started for the £75 and £20 prizes. There was a capital wind from nor'-west, and at 11h. 5m. they made a beautiful start, the Lulworth evincing signs of life that took her competitors by surprise; she went away with a strong lead, the Niobe, Banshee, and Vindex next in order, but after rounding the Spit the Fiona and Mosquito made a rush together, and the Dione following suit, a beautiful struggle ensued, during which Mosquito established herself on the weather of Fiona, and seemed determined to hold the latter in the toils to the last; the Lulworth preserved her lead round the three flag-boats, the Fiona drawing slightly ahead of the Mosquito, and the Dione held her own with a display of speed and excellent handling sufficient to point her out as the floating danger of the day; going in for the harbour they had to make long and short boards, and at length the Fiona got on terms with the Lulworth, eating her out of the wind, and keeping the western land well aboard, as if she had a pilot that knew of the little secrets which lurked about the bluff points and green valleys with that westerly wind, she worked every breath of air with keen judgment and took the lead in slashing style; the Vindex also shewed her acquaintance with these peculiarities, and was sailed so excellently well as to bring the Dione to terms, and these two light weights began to exhibit unmistakeable indications of mischief; the Mosquito had also mastered the Lulworth and taken second place, as they approached the Bar Rock buoy the Fiona carried away her topmast-stay, but had it all to rights again in a very few minutes, and the buoy was rounded in the following order:—Fiona, 2h. 29m. 0s.; Mosquito, 2h. 36m. 50m.; Lulworth, 2h. 37m. 20s.; Vindex, 2h. 41m. 0s.; Dione, 2h. 46m. 0s.; Banshee, 2h. 59m. 15s.; Niobe, 3h. 2m. 0s.

On the second round in the Bay, the wind became variable, shifting to all points of the compass, but at length the Fiona fetched a sou'-wester which enabled her to leave her vessels hand over hand, opening space in the sea-scape that permitted several cables lengths to lend enchantment to the view. The Lulworth took second place from the Mosquito at the Eastern boat, and the Vindex challenged the latter for the Western boat which she took from her; then commenced a struggle, with the westerly wind off the land again, that demanded the nicest

handling and keenest look out. Near the harbour entrance the Fiona lost the wind, whilst astern strong blasts from the valleys were sending the Mosquito, Dione, and Vindex up on her at a speed that made the hearts of her crew beat quickly ; on they came carreening to the puffs with every stitch of canvas at nine knot tension, whilst the poor Fiona's was flapping idly to the mast ; hugging the land with a tenacity that bespoke the experience of a veteran, the helmsman of the Dione did not let a catpaw escape him, and the Vindex keenly alive to a good example, was foaming along in her wake, the light weights saw they had their powerful antagonists in the toils, and determined to make the pace hotter than wholesome for the vessels ahead, rattling clean full thro' puffs, gliding across belts of calm, and defily picking her way into stray veins of wind, with a skill and smartness that set the crews of the Fiona and Mosquito a whistling propitiatory overtures to the fickle goddess ; at length the Fiona woke up from her enforced lethargy, and the Mosquito tried hard to turn the luck, but both just a trifle too late ; the Dione and Vindex were reeling off the miles with an expertness and alacrity that could not be beaten, and they arrived at the flag-ship thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	6 31 36	Dione	6 37 34	Lulworth	6 42 44
Mosquito	6 37 0	Vindex ..	6 39 34		

Niobe and Banshee not timed.

The Dione and Vindex being both within their allowance of time, were declared the winners.

The Carroll Challenge Cup was sailed for at the same time, by vessels belonging to the Club only. For this prize the following vessels started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
83	Avalanche	cutter	50	J. Wheeler, Esq.	Owner
638	Heroine	cutter	51	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	Wanhill
574	Gertrude	schooner	68	M. & T. Hayes, Esqrs.	Wanhill

An admirable start was effected, and after an excellently contested race, in which the vessels encountered all the chances and changes we have described in the previous matches—the Gertrude again came in successful, and this being her second victory, she now becomes the possessor of this hard sailed for prize.

KINSALE HARBOUR REGATTA.

THIS popular meeting which generally forms an admirable conclusion to that of Cork, but not so well attended as we have seen it on previous occasions, was held on Friday, July 20th. Kinsale is a most picturesque little seaport, not only in its approach from seaward, but when fairly inside ; in fact a romantic little nook of the sea, having quite a foreign look about it ; Kinsale is distinguished in the annals of yachting, rather more unusually than many other trysting places, having in day's long past suffered siege, storm, and capture from a fleet of roving yachtsmen, the full and true particulars of which will be found in a former number of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.

The weather proved no exception to the rule of 66 ; the sun at furnace heat, and wind lying about all in heaps struck motionless.

The Colthurst prize of 50 sovereigns failed to procure an entry on the first day, the Fiona and Dione seeming to have deterred the other flying notabilities of the starting buoys, so that failing a first-class start, the interest of the day culminated in the match for 20 sovereigns between the smaller yachts :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1840	Zuffa	cutter	10	E. Hargrave, Esq.	Hennessy
749	Laura	cutter	10	Capt. Allen,	
209	Charm	cutter	11	D. D. Abbott, Esq.	

The course was as usual round the Bulman buoy and Sovereigns Islands, back to the harbour. These evenly matched little clippers started at two o'clock, the Zuffa at once displaying the death's head head and cross bones at the front, with the Charm second, and Laura third; before reaching the Bulman however, the Laura went into second berth, and the wind at S.W., gave them a dead beat to the Islands, during which the Laura resolutely tackled the hardy Zuffa and a very pretty bit of sailing ensued, the Laura however miscalculating the room she had to weather Zuffa upon one occasion when on the port tack, forced the latter to bear away, when a little moral force persuasion not convincing the Laura's crew which was port or which starboard tack, upon a recurrence of forgetfulness, the Zuffa adopted physical force—or perhaps more technically speaking “ram force,” and under a full head of starboard steam, ran “death or glory” into *la belle Laura*; after a warm exchange of sentiments and profuse good wishes for future

welfare, each followed her own devices, which resulted in the Laura rounding the Sovereigns a length ahead of Zuffa, the Charm sailing a reserved and solitary third; whether the Zuffa had suffered a lesion of her integument, or partial fracture of the suture, during the delicate attentions bestowed to Laura, or whether the super-lateral junctions were innocent of reeming iron and caulking mallet, she appeared to suffer from a dropsical infirmity that necessitated constant *bail* from her crew to ensure her appearance at the flag-ship; true to her flag however, she again took the lead from Laura round the Bulman, but when near the flag-ship the latter made a final dash for victory, here further complications arose, the Zuffa carrying the policy of *uti possidetis* to its fullest extent, and favoring the Laura with practical proof that evoked a similar display of *fortiter in re*, resulting in the Laura securing the winning gun; the Charm coming in third; however the competing vessels so complicated their cases by appeal to the committee, that the latter body became so involved in the mysteries of Vatel, Puffendorf, Grotius, and similar *Savants* in maritime conundrums, as to find it necessary to pronounce the match *deceptio visus*.

On Saturday, July 21st, a light southerly wind having brought the Storm to the rescue, the entry was made up for the 50 sovereign prize, and the following made their appearance at the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
326	Dione	cutter	45	Admiral French	Hatcher
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1509	Storm	cutter	36	J. Graham, Esq.	Fife

They started at one o'clock with a very light S.W. wind, and under large canvas, the Dione exhibited undoubted speed in the light weather, and on every point of sailing, and was admirably handled, leading the invincible Fiona round all the marks, the Storm making a very unpretending but still clever fight. After rounding the Sovereigns Islands the last time with a considerable lead, the Dione was becalmed, and there being not the slightest symptoms of wind to enable it to be completed, the match was abandoned, much to the disappointment of all those who anxiously watched the concluding set-to between these unmistakeably fast and beautifully handled clippers; a rather unusual circumstance at Kinsale, as rough seas and boisterous winds are the rule, not the exception, in those latitudes.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

SOUTHAMPTON has at length aroused from her apathy in yachting matters, and appears to have shared the impetus given to aquatic affairs in the Solent this season : on Saturday, July 28th, the Royal Southern Club cast aside the spell which has hung over them for so many seasons, and Southampton Water once again presented somewhat the appearance of the olden time. The weather however was sadly against sport, that indispensable requisite for match sailing, wind, being conspicuous by its absence.

A purse of 50 sovereigns for first class cutters, brought out the Vanguard, Sphinx, and Niobe ; and a piece of plate, value 40 sovereigns secured an entry of the Avoca, Virago, Flying-fish, and Rosebud. The course was from off the Town Quay, round the Bramble buoys, and back, twice round. They started at 11h. 13m., the wind very light at S.E., but after one round of the course, during which the Vanguard and Rosebud led in their respective classes, it fell flat calm, and the vessels being mastered by the tide, were compelled to abandon the race.

A purse of 20 sovereigns for smaller vessels met with an owner under more fortunate circumstances, and brought out :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1886.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1253	Quiver	cutter	10	Capt. Chamberlayne	Owner
	Genesta	lugger	12	C. N. Pearn, Esq.	
1249	Queen	cutter	15	Capt. Whitbread	Hatcher

Course from the Town Quay round H.M.S. *Æolus*, and flag-boat off Cracknore point, three times round. They started at 12h. 4m., with a very light air, the Quiver taking the lead, with Queen second : after rounding the *Æolus*, the Genesta finding the turn to windward against such a pair of "breeze squeezers" as her well handled antagonists, rather too much for her powers, gave up the struggle, which was thus reduced to a single combat between Quiver and Queen. These two crack little cutters went to work with a will, and the Quiver completed the first round just one minute ahead of her antagonist; the Queen obtaining a little more of the motive power however, collared the Quiver on the second rounding of the *Æolus* ; the battle between them was now at the hottest, and on the run for the Cracknore boat, the Quiver managed again to shove her bowsprit ahead, and a beam and beam

match commenced, the termination of which was watched with intense interest, when suddenly to the surprise and disappointment of the spectators the Queen hove-to, and the Quiver proceeded to complete the course alone—which she accomplished at 6h. 50m.

On Monday, July 30th, the postponed matches were sailed off, when the following vessels came to their stations for the £50 and £40 prizes respectively :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
FIRST CLASS.					
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
978	Niobe	cutter	40	W. Gordon, Esq.	Hatcher
SECOND CLASS.					
89	Avoca	cutter	40	T. Walker, Esq.	Wheeler
531	Flying Fish	schooner	42	G. Jessop, Esq.	Blanchard
1306	Rosebud	cutter	38	Sir B. Chichester	

The Vanguard and Niobe started at 11h. 15m. with a nor'-west breeze, freshening into heavy puffs occasionally. The Vanguard took and kept the lead throughout, and the flag-ship was passed thus :— Vanguard, 5h. 28m. 50s. ; Niobe, 5h. 35m. 50s.

The Vanguard having to allow the Niobe 5 seconds for difference of tonnage, was declared the winner by 2 minutes.

In the race for the second class an excellent start took place at 11h. 37m. The Flying Fish got away first, with the Avoca second, but on reaching the Bramble buoys the Rosebud passed the Avoca ; on turning to windward on the first round up the Southampton water, the Avoca challenged the Rosebud, and a tough stem and stem struggle ensued between them, both passing the Flying Fish, and the Avoca securing the lead ; on reaching the Brambles the second time Rosebud again went to the front, and drawing rapidly away from her antagonists, the flag-ship was rounded in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Rosebud	6 16 30	Avoca	6 29 10	Flying Fish	6 41 30

The Rosebud is a new vessel, built somewhat on Mr. Tovell's system, with a semi-circular midship section.

ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE first regatta of a yacht club forms an important epoch in its future, and if a successful commencement be a happy augury of future prosperity, the Royal Albert has every reason to be hopeful. The Solent now boasts of four Royals, amongst which this, the youngest, under the Commodoreship of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, promises to take a distinguished part; and as far as proceedings up to the present enables a judgment to be formed, gives every indication of a thorough yachting organization. The first annual meeting commenced on Monday, August 6th, with a race for schooners round the Isle of Wight for a piece of plate, value 50 sovereigns, together with a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each vessel, to be divided between the winner and the second schooner. Time allowance 15 seconds per ton up to 100 tons; 10 seconds up to 200; and anything above to be rated at that tonnage.

At a very early hour the following five vessels took up their berths in line off Southsea beach.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	164	F. Edwards, Esq.	Camper
601	Gloriana.....	schooner	138	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey
1784	Witchcraft.....	schooner	233	T. Broadwood, Esq.	J. S. White
829	Madcap.....	schooner	70	J. S. A. Dunbar, Esq.	Wanhill

The morning opened with half a gale blowing from W.S.W., and the tide running against the wind, raised a pretty considerable Solent sea, which next to the Bay of Biscay rollers, is regarded by the Nab-going Nelsons as possessing peculiar powers of searching out anything not fixed with fishing hooks to the deck. Very particular therefore were the several crews in their lashings and fixings, and hard weather garments seasoned in many a fierce battle with the elements were the prevailing uniform. Altogether things bore an aspect of business, brows were bent in solemn determination, busy skippers eyed each other's preparations furtively, and took a hasty squint now and then to windward, but none would set the example of hauling down a reef:—"No, no! weather be blown; the barkies were bound to go this day at least, if they grounded on their beef bones for the remaining 364!"

At 8h. 17m. the signal gun sent springs and bow-fasts flying overboard; and they got underway in beautiful style, canting to port on the starboard tack, to beat up through the Solent, and out by the western

entrance; whole working canvas with jib-headed gaff-topsails were carried by all; the Witchcraft contenting herself at the outset with a main-topsail, and taking the lead with the Blue Bell in her wake, and the little Madcap dancing merrily on her weather quarter; shortly after the Blue Bell winded the Witchcraft, and raced to the front, an example jealously emulated by the Gloriana, causing the Witch to give her broomstick a vicious dig of the spur. Off Cowes the Blue Bell's fore-gaff-topsail got all adrift in stays, and the Gloriana perceiving her in queer street, made a dash to the front, but her triumph was ephemeral, the Blue Bell was all to rights in the turning of a glass, and racing her beam and beam forced a passage to windward, carrying the bit of blue bunting to the fore again. After passing Egypt Point, the gale increased momentarily, wicked squalls rifting the wave caps into clouds of spooondrift, and threatening to clip the wings of the daring sea-rovers who so venturously braved their fury; but the harder it blew the better Blue Bell seemed to like it; like the renowned hero of Farnborough she was a glutton for punishment, some combers she rose at like a game cock, others she dodged obliquely with a sarcastic kick of her weather quarter, a real heavy green gentleman she bored fairly through, but always like De Sayers of that ilk, came up smiling. None save the Gloriana could show a side to her turning into the Needles passage, where the squalls were furious enough to rip the shell off a Terapin; the Witchcraft was dead away to leeward battling her watch bravely, whilst the Madcap learned in the lore of the deep, and perceiving the inutility of pitting even the rarest skill, against the weighty tonnage that was making at best but a very coarse time of it amongst the brine hills to windward, discreetly put her helm up and made a fair wind to Portsmouth. The Needles were polished off at the following times:—Blue Bell 11h. 20m.; Gloriana, 11h. 28m.; Witchcraft, 11h. 37m.

It was a reaching wind from the Needles to St. Catherine's, which the Blue Bell was abreast of at 12h. 26m. sailing $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour off the reel; they then squared away before the wind, the squalls at times fairly blinding with the clouds of spray they lifted from the sea. Going down the back of the Island the Witchcraft in a heavy squall carried away her main-topmast and cross-trees; but this was not so serious as the accident which followed, for in gybing over her main-boom, one of her hands got foul of the main-sheet bight; which caught and broke his arm; immediately on this occurring Mr. Broadwood ordered all sail to be made for Ryde to procure surgical assistance.

Gloriana next felt the fury of the gale, her topmast going short off by the cap, but however, as the Blue Bell was only carrying a jib-headed

main-topsail, this placed them both equal in point of canvas; after rounding Bembridge Ledge they came upon a bowline, the Blue Bell increasing her lead of the Gloriana still more, and the flag-ship off Southsea pier was passed at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Blue Bell	1	51	50	Gloriana.....	2	1	5

The Blue Bell having to allow the Gloriana 5m. 10s. for difference of tonnage, and being 9m. 15s. ahead, defeated her 4m. 5s. above her time. She further signalized the first match of the club by accomplishing the course round the island in 5 hours 45 minutes, being the shortest time it has ever been sailed in.

On Tuesday, the club cup, value 50 sovereigns, brought the following fine cutters to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
326	Dione	cutter	45	Admiral French	Hatcher

The course was from the flag-ship at Southsea, to the Warner Light-ship, round the S.E. buoy of the Middle, back round the Spit and flag-ship, three times round; time allowance half Ackers' scale.

The weather was even more threatening than on the previous day, blowing a fresh gale at West, and accordingly every preparation was made for a regular dusting match; three-reefed mainsails, double-reefed foresails, and storm-jibs, with housed topmasts, sufficiently attested the determination to contest the prize wickedly. At 12h. 30m., the starting gun sent them away flying for the Warner with the wind abeam, and wind and water flying about in heaps that rendered it impossible to pick or choose vein or ripple, above or below, that would give anything like an easy moment; downright carrying on and no mistake. The Sphinx made a grand start with Dione close in her wake, the two light weights rather astonishing the others by the pace they forged along at, in such coarse Regatta times; the Vanguard made a burst to overpower the little ones, followed by the Fiona, but it was not to be done, and the Warner was rounded as follows:—Sphinx, 12h. 56m. 5s.; Dione 12h. 57m. 6s.; Vanguard, 12h. 57m. 15s.; Fiona 12h. 58m. 25s.; Christabel, 12h. 58m. 30s. On hauling by the wind the Dione went along in splendid style, eating the Sphinx out of the wind, and both proving themselves out-and-out good sea-boats in a smothering sea, the heavier

vessels not making a bit better weather of it, and all with the water flying over them in sheets; as they neared the buoy on the Middle the Dione carried away her jib, but her crew in the smartest manner soon had it set again, and notwithstanding being hard pressed by Fiona and Vanguard, she held second place round the mark; running down wind for the Spit buoy the Fiona launched out with somewhat of her wonted form, and together with the Vanguard overpowered the Dione; at this period the Christabel was observed to bear up and retired from the struggle, the Scottish champion made a determined rush at the Spit to wind the Sphinx and take the mark from her, but both "smelling earth" it was up helm like a lightning flash, the Sphinx remaining mistress of the position; and the flag-ship was rounded for the first time thus: Sphinx, 2h. 13m. 27s.; Fiona, 2h 16m. 4s.; Vanguard, 2h. 18m. 15s.; Dione, 2h. 22m 15s. On the second reach for the Warner, the Dione was observed bearing up, and in a very short time after the Vanguard also bore away, so that the hardy little Sphinx was left alone to battle the match out with her more powerful antagonist: right nobly did the gallant little ship respond to the efforts of her daring crew, and all eyes were bent with even redoubled interest on the hard fought struggle that ensued. On the reach for the Light-ship Fiona made a bold dash through the Sphinx's lee, and rounding it first took the lead, but when they again came head to sea, and fierce wild water it was, the brave little barkie went to windward like a witch, and when near the buoy of the Middle the wind suddenly broke off with the Fiona, but the Sphinx keeping in the true breeze launched in between the mark and the Clyde clipper, and again took the lead amidst loud cheers from the spectators.

The Sphinx rattled away down wind this time at a slashing pace, with the Fiona foaming along just in her wake, and the flag-ship was rounded the second time thus:—Sphinx, 3h. 59m. 27m.; Fiona, 4h. 0m. 1s. A slashing struggle for the light-ship now took place, Fiona as in the previous round showing tremendous speed reaching, and again taking the ship from Sphinx, but the latter seemed quite at home when she got the Fiona jammed on a wind, and boldly challenging the latter, went out on her weather in magnificent style, going over the weighty seas like a bird, and taking a lead this time that proved the Fiona had at last met an Amazon that would take more beating than most clippers could last out: the Scottish lassie was apparently settling down to give the saucy Thames mystery a sound lesson for her audacity, when lo! to the surprise of all up went her helm and she bore away for the harbour, leaving the Sphinx to fill up her log-slate alone, which she did cleverly at 5h. 42m. 30s. This match brought out the Sphinx,

which has hitherto been rather unfortunate, as a thorough hard weather little clipper ; whether the *Fiona* met with any accident that prevented her continuing the match, we have been unable to learn, but if not she has still to fulfil the conditions which we adverted to in a previous number, or she will fail in realizing to the full extent that expectation, which her really splendid performance hitherto, led us to form: circumstances which experienced yachtsmen fully understand may have interfered to prevent her success in the heavy weather which characterized this race: we do not mean to detract one iota from the *Sphinx's* well-earned and decided triumph ; but we cannot think that a vessel of the *Fiona's* points, appearance, and well proved powers, could have been in her proper form, or had just preparation for this match.

On Wednesday a Ladies prize was to have been sailed for by Corinthian crews, but the only vessel entered was the redoubted *Vampire*; her own reputation and that of her victorious crew, conjoined with the stiff gale that still prevailed, apparently causing the Solent amateurs to exercise a wise discretion. Several rowing matches were also postponed owing to the boisterous nature of the weather, but as we understand this go-ahead Club purpose to hold another Regatta as a wind-up to the season, we anticipate these several interesting events will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

CARRICKFERGUS REGATTA.

THE annual regatta of Carrickfergus, under the Commodore ship of M. R. Dalway, Esq., commenced on 2nd August, and was to a very great extent a success. The committee had made the utmost exertions for some time past in order to ensure that the event of this year should be superior, if possible, to any aquatic sports which have hitherto taken place under their management. Up to the previous night, it had not been decided that the regatta would be held in consequence of the uncertain state of the weather, and for this reason the principal race did not come off, as only two of the yachts for the most valuable prize made an appearance—the remainder, not being able to reach Belfast Lough from Warrenpoint, where they were engaged on July 31st.

The first race on the card was for yachts of 25 tons and upwards—first prize £50 second prize £5. The following yachts were entered :—*Wave-crest*, *Dawn*, *Enid*, *Torpid*, and *Secret*, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather as stated above, no start was effected.

The second race was for yachts over ten tons and under thirty. The

prize was a cup value 20 guineas, presented by the Northern Club, Belfast. The Torch, Glide, Venture, Ripple, and Cinderella were entered, but the following only started:—Venture, R.St.G.Y.C. 15 tons, M. R. Dalway, Esq.; Glide, R.M.Y.C. 15 tons, D. Fulton, Esq.; Ripple, R.M.Y.C., J. C. Boyd, Esq.; and Cinderella, 15 tons. The latter however retired shortly after the start.

The third race was for yachts under ten tons. Although this race was not on the card, the committee were anxious if possible to make up a race between the Lady Alice and the Armada—the latter of which having just arrived from the Clyde, where she had beaten the Lady Alice by a few seconds. The following were entered and started:—Lady Alice, cutter 8 tons, Nelson Boyd, Esq.; Armada, cutter 8 tons, B. Barton Bell, Esq.; Emmeline, cutter 8 tons, J. M. Green, Esq.

Shortly after the start the Emmeline's mainsail split, the Armada took the lead and maintained her position to the end winning easily.

This concluded the yacht races, although there were numerous sailing and rowing matches throughout the day for smaller craft. The regatta was to have been continued on the following day, but owing to the heavy gales further proceedings were postponed till Monday, 6th August, when the weather was much more favorable than on Friday and Saturday, but still it was very unpleasant, there being many heavy showers of rain. There was also a strong breeze of wind, which, in the evening, was accompanied by some heavy squalls. Little interest was evinced in the races, except by the gentlemen concerned in the success of a favorite yacht.

The first race started was for yachts of 25 tons and upwards. Three times round the course—thirty-three miles. First prize, £50; second prize, £5.

There were five entries for this race viz., Secret, Torpid, Dawn, Wave-crest, and Enid. The following only came alongside the Commodore's yacht at the start:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1735	Wave-crest	cutter	25	Henry Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
417	Enid	cutter	56	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
307	Dawn	cutter	57	M. R. Dalway, Esq.	Owner

The gun was fired about ten minutes past one o'clock, and the Dawn immediately got under weigh. She was followed in 1m. 42s. by the Enid, but the Wave-crest did not get under weigh for nearly thirteen

minutes, owing to a mistake by the crew respecting the signal gun. The Dawn held the lead throughout the first round, when the yachts passed the flag-boat in the following order:—Dawn, 2h. 48m. 0s.; Enid, 2h. 48m. 45s.; Wave-crest, 3h. 12m. 0s.

The race continued, the Dawn keeping a-head by about half-a-minute. The Wave-crest also began to pull up very quickly, and in turning Kilroot buoy the positions were:—Dawn, 3h. 15m. 0s.; Enid, 3h. 15m. 20s.; Wave-crest, 3h. 37m. 0s. The yachts then passed over to the Down shore, and in canting the Enid took the lead. In turning Cultra buoy the yachts came round in the following order:—Enid, 4h. 14m. 0s.; Dawn, 4h. 14m. 30s.; Wave-crest, 4h. 38m. 0s.

The Wave-crest was now virtually out of the race, which lay solely between the other two yachts. The Enid appeared to be pushing forward very briskly, and on passing the flag-boat at the end of the second round she had gained by two and a-half minutes:—Enid, 4h. 24m. 30s.; Dawn, 4h. 27m. 45s.; Wave-crest, 4h. 58m. 0s.

The last yacht now gave up the race altogether, and the other two continued to keep in very close order. The Enid however, had a slight advantage until coming to the Kilroot buoy, which was passed thus:—Enid, 4h. 55m. 0s.; Dawn, 4h. 57m. 40s.

The race now became more exciting to the spectators from the shore, as well as to the salts aboard. After rounding the Cultra buoy some bets were staked on the race. The Enid continued to keep the front position, and on passing the Commodore's boat for the last time she had gained more than three minutes. The following was the time of the arrival of each yacht:

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Enid	5 54 0	Dawn	6 0 3

The second race, which was started about two o'clock; was for yachts of 15 tons and under. First prize, £20, second prize £5. Twice round the course.

Five yachts entered for the race, but only three put in an appearance on the signal for starting:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
	Venture	cutter	15	M. R Dalway, Esq.	Rogers
597	Glide	cutter	15	D. Fulton, Esq.	Owner
1286	Ripple	cutter	12	J. C. Boyd, Esq.	Fulton

A capital start was effected for this race, the three boats almost shooting off at the one moment. The Glide got a little ahead and took

the lead in the race, being closely followed by the Venture and the Ripple—the latter being a short distance astern. When properly under way, the Ripple overhauled the second boat, and made some distance on the Glide, which, however, kept her position in front. On finishing the first course, the order of sailing was :—Glide, 3h. 49m. 30s. ; Ripple, 3h. 52m. 0s. ; Venture, 3h. 52m. 80s.

During the remainder of the race there was scarcely any alteration in the position of the yachts, which came in as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Glide	5 34 30	Ripple	5 39 0	Venture	5 40 45

The third race was for yachts of 10 tons and under. First prize, £15, second prize, £3. Once round the course—11 miles.

Nine boats entered for this race, and the following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
735	Lady Alice	cutter	8	Nelson Boyd, Esq.	Owner
	Emmeline	cutter	8	J. M. Greer, Esq.	
275	Cruiser	cutter	8	W. B. Ritchie, Esq.	Halliday
	Eagle	cutter	8	W. J. Gardner, Esq.	
	Jane	cutter	8	C. W. Thompson, Esq.	
67	Armada	cutter	8	B. B. Bell, Esq.	Fife

This race, like the previous yacht races, was exceedingly well contested. A good start was made, and the leading boats kept in close company throughout, the Armada leading, till rounding the last buoy she was overhauled by the Lady Alice, in the run home however she again took first place, and the first three passed the Commodore as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Armada	4 26 0	Lady Alice	4 26 25	Eagle	4 33 0

The other yachts were not timed.

The Lady Alice is new this year, the Armada being an old stager, but still able to show fight. The two met each other for the first time at the Clyde Yacht Club Regatta at Rothesay in July, when the Lady Alice was successful, beating the Armada and Fairy Queen, since which the Armada has succeeded in wresting the laurels from her rival first in the Gareloch and twice off Carrickfergus.

This concluded the list of races entered on the card by the committee, to whom, and to the indfatigable secretary Mr. J. A. Reid, great credit is accorded for the manner in which they carried out the arrangements of the regatta, so far as it was in their power to do, considering the unfavorable state of the weather for aquatic sports.

GREAT YARMOUTH REGATTA.

THIS annual meeting on the Eastern coast was held on Tuesday, 24th July, and although the weather in the early part of the day was anything but summer like, yet a change for the better about noon rewarded those who braved the heavy showers and sharp wind of the morning. There was quite a numerous attendance of the lovers of aquatic sport, and the arrangements made for their entertainment entitled the committee to the full meed of praise that was unhesitatingly accorded them. The Britannia pier was the great point of attraction, abreast of which the principal matches were started and completed; the course being the same as on previous occasions, a view of the competing vessels being afforded throughout.

The first match was for a purse of 30 sovereigns to the first vessel, and 5 sovs. to the second, for yachts of 20 tons and under, with an allowance of half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

The following yachts came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1627	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
1859	Satanella	cutter	15	Capt. P. Bennett	Aldous
1723	Water-sprite.....	cutter	18	C. Borras, Esq.	Harvey

The race between these little clippers, constructed by three of the most celebrated builders of the day, was looked forward to with considerable interest by the nautical veterans of Yarmouth, and many were the criticisms passed upon their appearance and previous performances, as they lay straining at their springs, the eager crews anxiously awaiting the signal gun. A strong N.E. breeze gave every promise of an exciting contest, the Vampire being the favorite at odds, although the Satanella had not a few admirers loud in their opinion that she would give Vampire's crew all their work to do to carry their "bat" in first. At 12h. 20m. the struggle commenced, the Satanella with a single tuck in her mainsail, the others under whole lower canvas; the Satanella went away with the lead, closely followed by the Vampire, the latter in a very short time racing beam and beam with her, and they rounded the first mark-boat the Vampire slightly ahead, both leaving the Water-sprite very fast; the Satanella stuck to the Vampire in the most resolute manner, and the first round of the course was completed at the following times—Vampire 12h. 53m. 15s.; Satanella 12h. 53m. 45s.; Water-sprite 12h. 58m. 5s.

The second round produced no alteration of position, the Vampire maintaining her lead well hunted by Satanella, whilst the Watersprite appeared entirely over-matched; the second round still in favor of Vampire, the flag-ship being passed thus—Vampire 1h. 36m. 20s.; Satanella 1h. 38m. 40s.; Watersprite 1h. 47m. 35s. As the Satanella had still 40 seconds of her allowance in hand, altho' the odds were against her yet her crew went to work with a will, and every inch of water was contested with the Vampire resolutely and skilfully, amidst no little excitement not only amongst the crews but on shore. The Water-sprite finding she could not get upon anything like terms with her vessels bore up about half way on the third round, and the interest became centered in the movements of the Vampire and Satanella, which as they approached the flag-ship grew more intense from the latter appearing still to be within her time. Admirably were both vessels handled, and the Vampire's crew appeared quite alive to the peril of even the slightest mistake, and the flag-ship was gained amidst much excitement and hearty cheers at the following times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	2 19 35	Satanella	2 23 55

As the Vampire had to allow the Satanella 3 minutes for difference of tonnage, it will thus be perceived that she won by only 1m. 20s., showing the Satanella made a gallant fight to the last.

The second race was between yachts belonging to the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, divided into first and second classes, from 12 to 20 and under 12 tons, for two purses of £20 and £10.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
FIRST CLASS.					
1275	Red Rover	cutter	14	S. Nightingale, Esq.	Harvey
1709	Water-lily	cutter	14	H. P. Green, Esq.	
SECOND CLASS.					
1374	Scud	cutter	9	J. & H. Morgan, Esqrs.	Harvey
1683	Vixen	cutter	9	Col. Wilson & P. Millard	

The four little vessels started together at 1h. 20m. p.m., under all plain canvas. The Red Rover in her class taking the lead, which she maintained cleverly during the first round of the course; but on the second round her antagonist, the Waterlily bore up, leaving her to walk over, and arriving at the flag-ship at 2h. 40m. 5s., was declared the winner of the £20 prize. In the second class the Scud took the lead throughout; on the second round the Vixen closed up to her considerably and she looked at one time as if she meant to bring the Scud to

terms; the latter however ultimately proved too powerful, and they finished at the flag-ship thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Scud	3	1	0	Vixen	3	2	35

The former defeating the Vixen by 1m. 35s. was awarded the £10.

Some splendidly sailed matches took place between the world renowned Yarmouth beachmen's yawls, for prizes of £30 and £20, divided between the three leading vessels of the first and second class: we regret we cannot afford space for detail of the performance of these fine boats—the contests between which constitute a special feature in all Yarmouth regattas, further than to say that the Eclipse, Standard, and Glance were triumphant in the first class; and the Volunteer, Band of Hope, and Violet in the second class.

Rowing matches between Revenue cutters and Coast Guard gigs, six-oared beach gigs, and merchant ships' boats, concluded an excellently managed regatta of this ancient sea port.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE match for cutters of all classes, for a handsome silver salver, value £35 took place on Saturday, July 28th. The following took up their stations, the first being to the westward:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
417	Enid	cutter	56	F. Scovell, Esq.	Wanhill
810	Luna	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife
1735	Wave-crest	cutter	25	H. Crawford, Esq.	Fulton
1873	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1583	Torch	cutter	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
378	Echo	cutter	38	W. L. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill

The gun fired at eleven, when head sails were quickly set. Enid hoisted a balloon jib, the others working ones, and balloon topsails on all. Torch was off and out of the harbour first, just as if she had a screw on her, followed by Echo and Secret, with the light air at about S.E. that favored them at the start. Echo first went about at 11h. 19m. and tacked to starboard to the southward. Torch came up and ran through the Aquiline's lee, and shortly after tacked to starboard in like manner, and passed close to Echo coming out on the starboard tack. Torch

then tacked again upon Echo's weather quarter. Secret also took a short board to the southward, stood after Echo and Torch, and then tacked after them; the order of the boats, which were now all on star-board tack, being Echo first, Torch close up, the Secret, Luna, and Wave-crest, with Enid astern, but to windward of all, except Echo and Torch. About twelve o'clock Torch came up on Echo, passed her to windward, and became leading boat. At 12h. 40m. the wind softened again, and Secret, Wave-crest, and Luna set balloon jibs, Torch continued to get away from her boats and increase her lead, making capital sailing as the wind lightened, and Enid walked up and went through Echo's lee close to the South Burford Buoy, the other boats being at this time very much to leeward. The vessels continued in the same relative positions to the Kish, Luna setting a working jib about one o'clock, when the wind freshened up a little, and the Kish was rounded by all as follows:—Torch, 2h. 14m. 0s.; Enid, 2h. 26m. 0s.; Echo, 2h. 30m. 15s.; Luna, 2h. 31m. 45s.; Wave-crest, 2h. 38m. 0s.; Secret, 2h. 39m. 0s.

The booms were still carried on the port hand after rounding, and it became a dead run for the East Bar Buoy. Extra muslin was in immediate demand by all, foresails and jibs being boomed out in every direction, Enid and Secret setting theirs from their topmast heads with outriggers from their crosstrees. At 3h. 15m. there got up a little better breeze and more from the southward, when booms were jibed over, and outriggers got in, and balloon jibs and foresails were set on Torch, Enid, and Echo, and with everything now drawing, the East Bar Buoy was thus rounded:—Torch, 4h. 27m. 35s.; Enid, 4h. 37m. 10s.; Echo, 4h. 38m. 5s.; Luna, 4h. 42m. 30s.; Wave-crest, 4h. 43m. 30s.; Secret, 4h. 50m. 0s.

The vessels now close hauled for the harbour, and all the balloon canvas of Torch and Wave-crest was got in, and they set their working sails in double quick, while the large cutters retained their balloons aloft. Enid got safe away from Echo, although her balloon topsail did not appear to stand well, and she head-reached upon Torch, who made the best of her lead to the hauling buoy, which was thus rounded:—Torch, 5h. 6m. 0s.; Enid, 5h. 13m. 48s.; Echo, 5h. 16m. 0s.; Luna, 5h. 21m. 20s.; Wave-crest, 5h. 32m. 30s.

There was now a very light and shifting wind, with weighty rain just beginning to fall, and the roll setting in to the bay indicated a breeze getting up from the eastward. Torch, nothing daunted, started off for her second round, again pursued by Enid and Echo, like a pair of fleet greyhounds after a hare. Luna, Secret, and Wave-crest, too,

accompanied them for some time, but gave up before reaching the South Burford Buoy, when the rain came down in torrents. Shortly after passing it a nasty joggle of a sea got up, and in the ardour of the chase the two big'uns forgot they were carrying balloon canvas, and the jack yard of Echo's topsail went in two just near the sheet; up went her big working topsail in less than no time, but it had hardly been set, when the yard was carried away just at the slings; but after the little one she should be made to go, so up went topsail No. 3, and preparations were made for the jib-header to be in readiness if necessary. Enid all this time had not been idle, for no sooner had she got fairly into the lop when her topmast smashed like a carrot a little above the cap, which interesting event gave her crew some instructive exercise and amusement in getting in the wreck. Meantime little Torch was dancing over the waves merrily under snug sail, and contrived to round the Kish before the weight of the lop increased, and some six minutes in advance of her formidable antagonists, the time of passing it being :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Torch	6 20 30	Enid	6 26 47	Echo	6 54 27

It was a run back again to the East Bar Buoy, and as Torch neared it about 7h. 40m. it fell calm, and Enid and Echo were coming up fast on her; but good luck stuck to her still, and after being swept up by the strong flood tide towards Sutton a rattling breeze at W.N.W. sprang up, which fetched the little vessel round the buoy with one tack, and then with a brave lead she was able to lay for the harbour. The different yachts in the harbour had given up the idea that this match would be finished in time, so when there was an alarm of Torch coming in at 8h. 30m. there was an immediate rush on deck by the crews of the different yachts who were standing by the "grog halyards," and she passed Egeria's stern at 8h. 45m. 43s, well in time to save her distance, and land the salver for her owner, whose success was greeted with as hearty cheers as ever were given in Kingstown. And well the little beauty deserved them, as does her owner, who also acted as his own helmsman, and Messrs. Corrigan and A. Finlay her usual crew, with the pair of hardy youngsters who constituted her ship's company. The Echo came in after her at 8h. 40m. 36s.; and Enid 8h. 52m. This match will long be remembered by the members of the Prince Alfred Club, in connection with the success of the 15-tonner over the big clippers.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

In our last number when noticing the fifth class match of this club sailed on the 30th June we promised to lay before our readers accounts of its remaining races, when brought to a conclusion, and we now proceed to do so, but owing to the demands upon our space our reports must necessarily be somewhat brief. The first race to which we shall draw attention was that for vessels having more than one mast for which a prize of a tankard, value 35 sovereigns was offered, having on the top the figure of a yacht seaman in frosted silver, holding in his hand the burgee of the club in red enamel, which could be removed at pleasure, and used as a breast pin. This match was originally fixed to be sailed at Bray regatta on the 10th July last, the committee of that meeting finding £10 of the money, and the race being sailed over the Bray course, starting and finishing at that rising watering place, but subject to the usual sailing regulations of the club, and restricted to their vessels. For it four yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
54	Aquiline	schooner	58	H. Dudgeon, Esq.	Harvey
1759	Wildflower	schooner	48	S. Little, Esq.	Fife
127	Bella	schooner	69	J. Mc'Curdy, Esq.	Inman
910	Minna	yawl	30	B. Hone, Esq.	Can. Works

A beautifully close and well contested race took place for the first round of the course all being together at the flag-boat nearest home, but unfortunately the total absence of wind, which so completely marred the earlier regatta of the season prevented the match being finished, and after anchoring for five or six hours along with the vessels engaged in the other races they were forced to give up and return to the harbour. The match was appointed to be re-sailed on the 28th July, when the same four vessels again started, and after a sharp contest in which the Minna much distinguished herself amidst her larger antagonists, the same provoking calm again prevented any decisive result being arrived at, and the race was for the second time left an open question..

On the 8th of August however the scene was altogether changed, and lack of wind no longer the complaint, as the morning dawned blustering and threatening enough to satisfy the hardiest mariner, and those desperate hard-a-weather sailors who throng club-house balconies on race

mornings, and hope for "treble reefed mainsails and a day to try a vessel sir," were but scantily visible, as the want of gentleman hands, owing to various circumstances and especially the lateness of the season, was so great that the supply by no means equalled the demand, and any man venturing even to hint that he knew the bowsprit from the tiller, or a marlingspike from a corkscrew stood an uncommonly good chance of being seized by a friendly pressgang, and making his number on board one of these vessels, or of the still more adventurous cutters of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, who were on the same day to contest possession of the handsome cup presented to them by their Commodore, the Earl of Granard.

Ten o'clock was the fixture, and at that hour but two out of the four previous competitors appeared ready for the fray. The Minna considering that she stood but little chance in the heavy war of the elements which prevailed, especially as from the duration of the wind varying from S. to S.W. and by S. it was plain the course would be chiefly a running and reaching one, and therefore ill-suited her rig or capabilities, while the Wildflower had been prevented by the violent gales that had prevailed for some days from leaving Wexford harbour although her owner was most anxious to send her up in time for the race. The remaining antagonists, Bell and Aquiline, however took up their respective stations in good time and under all plain lower sail and jib-headed gaff-topsails, prepared for an easy reach to the Kish Light Ship, E.b.S. $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, over a short boiling sea and an ebb tide running sharply to the southward.

At 10h. 20m. 10s. the second gun was fired and the Belle at once took a lead, but as some of her crew were only bundling on board when the gun fired there was considerable confusion, and her sails and sheets were by no means trimmed as quickly as usual. Her owner was at the tiller, and his lady with great pluck remained on board during the race, while Mr. Isaac Williams had charge of the Aquiline. Both made good weather of it and ran at a furious pace over the stormy sea, but ere long the Belle's main boom began to buckle in a fearful manner, and it was plain that it would not long stand the strain of a whole mainsail and gaff-topsail upon it, and she was obliged to clew up her topsail, after which she went easier; but as the Aquiline began at once to draw up on her weather quarter threatening to give her the go bye, and the breeze lulled a little, out went the topsail sheet again, and she held her own to the ship round which they gybed—Belle 10h. 55m. 0s. ; Aquiline 10h. 55m. 30s. ; sheets were then eased off for a dead run to the North Burford buoy, N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and soon after Aquiline split her stay-sail: this

however, she got secured by a wipe up to windward, and while doing so the Belle carried away the strop of her staysail sheets, and both blocks went overboard. It took her some time to get hold of the flapping canvas, having first to be kept away and then luffed up for the purpose, while doing so Aquiline slipped by her and took the lead which she maintained round the East Bar buoy, passing it at 11h. 40m., Bell $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute astern, and both flattened their sheets for the harbour, it being now suddenly almost a calm, and a shift of wind evidently impending. The Belle tacked first to port, but had hardly steerage way, while Aquiline held on longer and got some half a mile away from her opponent, and into a most fortunate position, as the breeze came from the westward, and she went off with free sheets to the harbour and round the hauling buoy, while the Belle had three tacks to make before she fetched it; thus giving the Aquiline a lead of 15 minutes in going out again.

The Belle now ran up her large gaff-topsail, and did all she knew to catch her enemy, diminishing her lead to 12 minutes on the second rounding, the sea being again heavy though the breeze was lighter. No other important event occurred and the Aquiline joined the cutters sailing for Lord Granard's prize, and worked up under Howth, while the Belle took a long tack across the bay, and weathered the buoy on one reach, diminishing her distance to 9m. 30s. There now came down a furious squall which threatened death and destruction to all spars and gear, but the Aquiline having the race well in hand put her nose to it and let her foresail run down, while the Belle clewed up her topsail; the weight however lasted only a few minutes and they were off again. The Aquiline had to make a short tack to clear the flag-ship, but arrived at 3h. 10m. 30s., while the Belle followed at 3h. 19m., after a gallantly sailed match in a strong breeze and heavy sea, shewing what the vessels really could do, and making amends for the previous disappointments, as well as for the loss of the £10 promised by the Bray committee, which was forfeited by the race being re-sailed over the usual first class course of this club.

On the 10th Aug. two of the crack cutters of the third class,—the Luna 25 tons, and the Torch 15 tons, met to contest the possession of a tankard, value £12, and a breast pin for the steersman, which had been already offered on the 14th and 28th of July, but from the same cause the prize had remained undecided, and was destined to be now sailed for by but two vessels and under very different circumstances as to wind and sea. Betting was about even at starting, as altho' it was pretty certain the extra size and power of the Luna would bring her in first in such weather, the well-known qualities of the Torch and the

heavy allowance of time given by the Prince Alfred Yacht Club to this class, viz: 45 seconds per ton—(7m. 30s.) over a course of 22 miles, added to the skill with which it was certain her owner and his crew of amateurs would handle her made many sanguine of her success, and how fine a point it was, and how old Chronos made all the running and won, we will now proceed to relate.

The Torch won the toss for choice of places, and went to windward, the morning being fine with a nice Southerly wind. Both set canvas smartly, Luna mainsail, foresail, first jib and second topsail. Torch mainsail, foresail, and first jib. Torch led out and to the South Burford buoy, E.b.S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and an easy reach, sending up a jib-headed topsail on the way; she was but 50 seconds ahead however, and as they lowered their topmast and topsails for the turn to windward the Luna collared and passed her, getting by the North buoy at 11h. 40m. 25s.; Torch 11h. 41m. 41s., when a heavy shower of wind and rain caught and obscured them from view. Soon after the weather came out bright and fine again, and they were seen standing across on the starboard tack, Luna resetting her second topsail.

At the East Bar buoy $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., Luna had increased her lead and rounded at 12h. 40m. 0s.; Torch 12h. 46m. 0s. It now came down a perfect storm of rain and an increase of wind, but as they were running both ran up balloon foresails, and the Torch soon after ventured on her first topsail.

Into the harbour they came and gybed round the hauling buoy, Luna at 12h. 59m. 37s.; Torch 1h. 6m. 54s, the squall being worst while the Torch rounded, and down came her topsail in a jiffy, sending up a jib-header, as the wind and rain abated she made a wonderful run upon the leading vessel to the South Burford, and was but two minutes astern on rounding, but Luna came away again, and the race ended, Luna 3h. 22m. 18s.; Torch 3h. 27m. 49s.; which afterdeducting time placed the little one in the possession of the prize by 2 minutes and 1 second, and ended a most excellently sailed contest, which if it had come off at an earlier period of the year, and before every one was surfeited with racing would have excited the greatest admiration, as two boats more equally matched could hardly have been found and both were beautifully handled and steered. each being coached by her owner, and having but two paid hands on board, the rest being all members of the Club, of a Royal or recognized yachting club, sons of such members or Naval Officers, an arrangement which secures that some of the members at least shall be more than mere passengers in their own boats, and shall know in some degree what their skippers and crews and crew are about.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta commenced on Tuesday, August 14th, with a schooner match for two prizes, one of £75 to the first and £25 to the second vessel. Time allowance half Ackers' scale; for which the following fleet took their stations :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
31	Aline	schooner	214	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
1784	Witchcraft.....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	J. S. White
436	Evadne.....	schooner	184	J. Richardson, Esq.	Nicholson
829	Madcap	schooner	70	J. S. A. Dunbar, Esq.	Wanhill
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	164	F. Edwards, Esq.	Camper
601	Gloriana.....	schooner	133	A. O. Wilkinson, Esq.	Ratsey

Course from Ryde Pier round West buoy of the Middle, outside Noman, round Nab lightship, and back to flag-ship, twice round—about 45 miles. At 10h. 30m. the starting gun announced the commencement of the race, and with a fresh nor'-west breeze, they had a dead beat to the westward; the Aline and Blue Bell took the lead, but when half way to the buoy, the Gloriana collared Blue Bell and took second place, and the West buoy was rounded thus :—Aline, 11h. 39m. 28s.; Gloriana, 11h. 41m. 15s.; Blue Bell, 11h. 48s.; Madcap, 11h. 46m.; Witchcraft, 11h. 46m. 30s.; Evadne, 12h. 53m. 45s. Running down off wind for the Nab, every description of balloon sails which the craft of sail maker could fabricate, or the ingenuity of Jack devise, were piled up, until the very spars groaned again: the Witchcraft making tracks and passing Madcap, the Blue Bell depriving Gloriana of second place and threatening Aline for the lead, but the Nab was rounded the first time by the Aline, with Blue Bell second, and Gloriana, Witchcraft, Madcap, and Evadne in consecutive order. The ebb tide now meeting them strong, various tactics were displayed by the competing vessels to hit the veins of water where no adverse motion existed, but as they approached Ryde the Blue Bell was mistress of the weather gage, and the first round was completed at the flag-ship thus :—Blue Bell, 1h. 53m. 20s.; Aline, 1h. 56m. 15s.; Gloriana, 2h. 2m. 20s.; Witchcraft, 2h. 8m. 20s.; Madcap, 2h. 12m. 0s.; Evadne, 2h. 16m. 25s. The Madcap perceiving the pace too hot for her, bore up after passing. On the second beat up to the westward the Aline displayed better judgment than the Blue Bell, managing to eat her cleverly out of the wind, the Gloriana rather dropping the Witchcraft, the Evadne although such a fine

looking vessel, by no means answering her appearance to windward : the West buoy of the Middle was rounded the last time in the following order :—Aline, 2h. 32m. 35s.; Blue Bell, 2h. 33m. 55s.; Gloriana, 2h. 40m. 15s.; Witchcraft, 2h. 47m. 15s.; Evadne, 2h. 58m. 10s.

Running for the Nab the second time, the same order was preserved, and the lightship was rounded for the final turn to windward thus :—Aline, 3h. 53m. 0s.; Blue Bell, 3h. 54m. 0s.; Gloriana, 4h. 2m. 45s.; Witchcraft, 4h. 10m. 0s.; Evadne, 4h. 36m. 0s.

The Aline still further increased her lead on the beat to windward, and making a long leg on the port tack she got the wind at west, which enabled her to fetch the flag-ship, whilst the Blue Bell which had fought her well throughout, and the only vessel that had a chance with her, being jammed to leeward, was hopelessly nipped by wind and tide; the flag-ship was passed at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aline	5 19 31	Gloriana	5 49 51	Evadne.....	6 38 46
Blue Bell	5 38 0	Witchcraft.....	5 58 5		

The Aline received the first prize and the Blue Bell second.

The second race was a cutter match for two prizes—1st. £75, 2nd £25. Time allowance, half Ackers' scale.—Course same as schooner match.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1465	Sphinx	cutter	48	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
846	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
1654	Vindex	cutter	46	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. In Co.
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
643	Hirondelle	cutter	70	Lord H. Lennox	Wanhill

At 11 o' clock they went away to windward in a cluster, the Vindex taking the lead in gallant style : shortly after starting the Fiona carried away her bob-stay fall, and not being able to get her bowsprit properly stayed, could not get her jib to stand. The West buoy of the middle was rounded by the Vindex with a good lead, with the Christabel second, and the Hirondelle, Fiona, Sphinx, and Marina in the order of their names. On the run to the Nab the Vindex still led the fleet, with the others in the same order, and rounding it at the following times :—Vindex, 1h. 26m. 45s.; Christabel, 1h. 28m. 0s.; Hirondelle, 1h. 29m. 45s.; Fiona, 1h. 32m. 10s.; Sphinx, 1h. 34m. 0s.; Marina, 1h. 37m. 30s. On hauling by the wind the Christabel carried away her gaff, and was forced to bear away for Portsmouth; the Fiona in order to

save her bowsprit was unable to set a topsail, but notwithstanding this serious drawback she drew up with Vindex wonderfully, and they passed the flag-ship completing the first round as follows:—Vindex, 2h. 34m. 0s.; Fiona, 2h. 35m. 35s.; Hirondelle, 2h. 36m. 15s.; Sphinx, 2h. 41m. 15s.; Marina, 2h. 43m. 45s. Working up for the West buoy of Middle the last time the Fiona weathered the Vindex and took the lead round the buoy; with a fresher breeze and tide with them on the second run to leeward, the Hirondelle mastered the Vindex, but the hardy light weight again collared her, and the Nab was rounded for the last time:—Fiona, 4h. 46m. 30s.; Vindex, 4h. 51m. 20s.; Hirondelle, 4h. 51m. 45s.; Sphinx, 4h. 56m. 0s.; Marina, 4h. 57m, 20s. Turning up to windward for the flag-ship a slashing breeze met them, and the tide running strong down, the power and weight of the Fiona and Hirondelle told, and the latter together with the Sphinx weathered the Vindex, when a well fought match finished at the flag-ship thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Fiona	6 31 35	Sphinx.....	6 40 16	Marina.....	6 48 35
Hirondelle	6 35 36	Vindex.....	6 41 30		

The Fiona received first prize and Sphinx second.

The conclusion of this match was witnessed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who was cruising about with the Duke of Marlborough, in his fine schooner the Queen Eleanor, at whose mast head was displayed the broad pendant of his Royal Highness as Commodore of the Royal Albert Yacht Club. Amongst other notable craft afloat we also remarked the American sloop Alice, which although entered at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, for the race round the Island, yet did not make her appearance at the starting buoys; up to the present her owner does not appear inclined to repeat the America's lesson to us, and how far we are prepared afloat for our New York friends still remains a question of the future.

On Wednesday the 100 sovereign cup presented by the town of Ryde, was contested for by the following yachts belonging to the Club:

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
31	Aline	schooner	214	C. Thelluson, Esq.	Camper
1784	Witchcraft.....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	J. S. White
436	Evadne	schooner	184	J. Richardson, Esq.	Nicholson
846	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratey
189	Caprice ...	schooner	22	Capt. Anderson	
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
648	Hyacinth	yawl	69	Lord Burghley	Wanhill
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	164	F. Edwards, Esq.	Camper

With a working breeze at N.W. they got away in beautiful order at 11 o'clock, the Sphinx being the first to shew in front, all being under large canvas; on the beat to windward for the West buoy of the Middle the schooners worked long tacks, the Aline taking the lead, whilst the cutters rattled away merrily in short boards along the Island shore; the Christabel soon eat all the cutters out of the wind, and obtained the weather gage of the fleet, and the Marina passing Sphinx took second place; the buoy was rounded in the following order :—Christabel, 12h. 15m. 10s.; Marina, 12h. 19m. 20s.; Aline, 12h. 21m. 50s.; Sphinx, 12h. 21m. 55s.; Blue Bell, 12h. 29m. 30.; Hyacinth, 12h. 29m. 40s.; Evadne, 12h. 33m. 30s.; Caprice, 12h. 33m. 40s.; Witchcraft, 12h. 37m. 25s.

On bearing away for the Nab, they met the whole stream of flood tearing up against them; balloon canvas and all descriptions of flying kites were given rapidly to the breeze, the Sphinx astonishing all hands by setting an enormous topmast studding-sail which came right down on deck, and which according to Itchen marine technicality, enjoys the distinctive appellation of a "Spinniker"; it made her spin along against the tide however, and to some purpose, for she passed the Aline, Marina, and Christabel successively and took the lead until closing with the lightship, when the Aline again went to the front, the Marina making a grand race so far with the Sphinx and Christabel, and the plucky little Caprice doing wonderfully well against such tremendous odds. The lightship was rounded in the following order :—Aline, 2h. 10m. 0s.; Sphinx, 2h. 10m. 44s.; Marina, 2h. 13m. 50s.; Christabel, 2h. 14m. 0s.; Blue Bell, 2h. 18m. 35s.; Hyacinth, 2h. 23m. 30s.; Witchcraft, 2h. 24m. 20s.; Evadne, 2h. 24m. 45s.

With the flood tide under them they worked up to the flag-ship, the Aline edging to windward of all her vessels, and the Christabel and Blue Bell weathering the Marina; the first round was completed as follows :—Aline, 3h. 20m. 25s., Sphinx, 3h. 24m. 35s., Christabel, 3h. 27m. 30s., Blue Bell, 3h. 29m. 10s., Marina, 3h. 32m. 35s., Witchcraft, 3h. 39m. 30s., Evadne, 3h. 42m. 35s., Hyacinth, 3h. 46m. 30s. Going for the West buoy of the Middle the Aline still further drew to windward of her antagonists, and looked uncommonly dangerous, the remaining vessels not varying in position on rounding the buoy. Running down to the Nab the last round, the wind freshened considerably, and the Blue Bell passed to windward of Christabel into third place, and they rounded the lightship at the following times :—Aline, 5h. 38m. 30s., Sphinx, 5h. 52m. 10s., Blue Bell, 5h. 56m. 40s., Christabel, 5h. 59m. 30s., Marina, 6h. 13m. 10s. The other vessels

not timed. Wind and tide were dead against them on the beat home, but the Aline left her vessels far astern bursting up through the tide at a famous pace, the only vessel shewing a side to her being the Sphinx, and these two only were timed at the flag-ship thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Aline.....	6 55 30	Sphinx.....	7 29 30

The Aline seems to have taken a lease of the Town Cup of Ryde, as this is the third season she has won it.

On Thursday, a handicap match of £2 2s. each vessel, with £25 added by the committee, course the same as that sailed on previous days but only once round, brought the following to the buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Handicap	
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	0m.	0s.
216	Christabel.....	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	0	0
846	Marina.....	cutter	65	J. O. Morice, Esq.	3	0
852	Mars.....	cutter	38	Sir C. Goring	10	0
648	Hyacinth.....	yawl	69	Lord Burghley	15	0
189	Caprice.....	schooner	22	Capt. Anderson	40	0

At 12 o'clock they started, with a fresh and squally west wind ; just enabled to lay for the nor'-west buoy of the middle, they went away a rattling pace, clean "full and bye"; the Sphinx taking the lead, but the Christabel deprived her of that honor at the buoy, the Marina taking third place ; it now came on very squally and fierce, with blinding showers of rain. On the run the Marina took the lead to the Nab which she rounded first, with Sphinx and Christabel almost beam and beam, a very exciting struggle to windward ensued for the flag-ship between all, the Marina giving evidence that her well known powers in a strong wind were still unimpaired, and the match was concluded at the following times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Marina	2 39 50	Christabel.....	2 40 40	Mars.....	3 3 40
Sphinx	2 40 27	Hyacinth.....	2 49 16	Caprice	3 16 40

The Hyacinth was declared the winner on her handicap allowance, although for some time the little Caprice looked very dangerous.

Ocean Match.—The Ocean Match of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club from Ryde to Cherbourg, took place on Saturday, the 18th of August, for the beautiful cup—value 100 guineas, presented by Commodore Thellusson. It consists of a reproduction in silver of the antique vase found at Augi, and formerly in the possession of Sir John Goghill, Bart, but now constituting one of the gems in the British Museum. Upon the face is represented

Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades, whilst on the obverse is developed Electra sitting overwhelmed with grief, at the tomb of her father Agamemnon; in front of Electra stands Orestes presenting a laurel. This beautiful work of art is from the *atelier* of Messrs. Lydon and Ryder, 17, New Bond Street, and has been greatly admired not only for the novelty, but the beauty of execution.

The following vessels started for this noble prize:—Marina, Fiona, Lulworth, Anemone, Julia, Maraquita, Pantomime, Blue Bell, New Moon, Witchcraft, and Selene.

They started a few minutes after 9 o'clock a.m., and bore away to the eastward from Ryde, the wind very light at N.W. so light that it was almost a drift with the tide, the Marina being in front of the cutters, and the Blue Bell leading the schooners. Shortly afterwards the wind came away from S.E. and brought the vessels on a bowline; they had scarcely got enough motive power from this quarter however when it shifted to S.W. The Fiona, Marina, Lulworth, Pantomime, and Blue Bell began working up to cheat the east going tide that was running in the offing; whilst the Julia, Anemone, New Moon, and Witchcraft went away into the Channel at once. At 2. p.m. these vessels were nearly hull down, when the Blue Bell reached off from the back of the Island, leaving the vessels there, and going in pursuit of the four vessels that were now nearly hull down, which she was a long way to windward of: of these the Witchcraft was the weathermost, the Julia and Anemone ahead of her to leeward, in company with the Commodore's Aline. At 3h. 15m. the Blue Bell had a nice breeze all to herself, the Witchcraft, New Moon, and other vessels to leeward with scarcely an air of wind, whilst Marina, Lulworth, Pantomime and Selene left beating to windward at the back of the Island were coming out astern of the Blue Bell. At 4h. 45m. a glimpse of the high land at Cherbourg showed it to bear W.S.W. distant about 50 miles, and the wind dropped away into cats-paws, and belts of calm, the Blue Bell and Witchcraft being the only vessels that appeared to hold any way, whilst the others were heading in every direction. At 7h. 20m. the Blue Bell tacked to starboard on the port tack, the wind heading her off, followed immediately by the Witchcraft, and afterwards by the Julia, Anemone, and New Moon, together with the Aline; whilst the Marina, Lulworth, Pantomime, and Selene were becalmed; the Witchcraft now began to work out to windward of the Blue Bell, doing remarkably well in the light wind, with all her large canvas set, and lying well for her port; the Blue Bell had the wind more baffling, but both drew away from their competitors.

At 8h. 45m. the Blue Bell had the Witchcraft on her port beam to windward, with the Julia, Anemone, New Moon, and Aline astern on the port quarter; anxiously the horizon was swept with glasses to discover some tidings of the others; the Fiona had a long lead, Pantomime and Selene ahead of Marina, and Lulworth close up, one by one the vessels faded out of each others sight; the wind was very light, the sea calm, and it was any body's race as yet, but the Fiona, Blue Bell, Witchcraft, and Pantomime

seemed to have the best of the match. Rarfleur and Cherbourg lights were made out right ahead in succession, but at midnight it fell flat calm; day-break cleared up all mysteries in Cherbourg harbour, the Fiona arrived first, and the Pantomime second; the Witchcraft which at one time on the previous evening looked all over the winner, got jammed down to leeward of the west-end of the breakwater, with the easterly tide, and not enough of wind to lull her canvas to sleep, and it was not until 2h. 33m. a.m. on Sunday morning that she was enabled to get in; the Marina and Lulworth entered Cherbourg together. The Fiona therefore was the winner of this handsome prize.

The second Ocean race of the R.V.Y.C. took place on Tuesday, August 21st, from Cherbourg to Ryde, for a prize value £60, presented by Mr. Thomas Broadwood. The following started from Cherbourg Roads at 7 o'clock, a.m. :—Fiona, Anemone, Marina, Julia, Pantomime, Selene, and Blue Bell.

There was a nice whole sail breeze from N.W., the Fiona taking the lead; however when they had settled down to their work the Blue Bell and Julia went to the front, with the Selene and Fiona next, and the Pantomime, Marina, and Anemone bringing up the rear. Shortly afterwards the Blue Bell and Selene singled out from the ruck, with the wind at W.N.W. the Witchcraft keeping company with them, the Fiona and Pantomime second, the Julia a long way to the westward on the port quarter, and the Anemone and Marina far astern. As noon approached the Blue Bell and Selene had a sharp struggle for the weather gage, the Blue Bell still preserving it; and the Julia was broad on their weather beam looking very dangerous indeed, the Witchcraft and Aline also in company. At 1h. 30m. they sighted the land and the wind hauling up N.W., the leading vessels took in their balloon and square running canvas, and the Island being sighted, the Blue Bell and Selene rattled away for it with a fresh breeze, the Julia also making good sailing on their weather quarter, with the Pantomime and Fiona some two miles astern, and the Anemone and Marina hull down.

At 2h. 30m. all the vessels were under fore and aft canvas in readiness for any shift of wind they might encounter under the Island; the Selene got to the front, but off Bembridge the Blue Bell got a slant that enabled her again to lead the fleet, and she looked uncommonly like the winner. At 3h. 15m. the beat to windward up to Ryde commenced, the Blue Bell working short tacks up along Ryde sand, whilst the Selene took the fairway line of working and carried a stronger breeze, looking well up for Ryde, and very like as if she meant at the last moment to defeat her gallant and well sailed rival: it was not the Selene alone that looked dangerous at this point, for presently it fell nearly calm with the leading schooners, and the Julia, Fiona, Pantomime, Marina, and Anemone, having carried up the true wind made their appearance on the scene of action, causing as great excitement as if the race had just started. Fiona gave all hands a sensation by rapidly closing up with Blue Bell, but the wind was now like a Dutchman's hurricane, up and down, and from every point of the compass; every tactic that

yachtsmen's skill or cunning could devise was brought into operation, but at length the canny Selene managed to shove her bowsprit past the flagship at 4h. 32m. 40s., and was hailed the winner with repeated cheers. The Fiona passed second, Blue Bell third, and Pantomime, Julia, Marina, and Anemone in the order of their names.

ROYAL WELSH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE calms and light winds that had been so prevalent on the Western coast since the commencement of the season, at length gave way to more genial breezes as the time for holding the above Regatta drew near. But, though more favoured in this respect than their neighbours, the working members of the Royal Welsh had rather gloomy anticipations as regards sport, for though the time for holding the annual aquatic gathering at Carnarvon had been for many weeks previously fixed, a Regatta at Carlingford was afterwards decided upon, and the Committee thought fit to fix upon the same day as the Royal Welsh had chosen, thus materially affecting the interests of both localities. These anticipations unfortunately proved too well founded, and, as the few days preceding the Regatta passed without the usual muster of burgees, it became evident that A.D. 1866 would not be numbered among the successful gatherings of this usually favoured Club.

The regatta this year was held on the 2nd of August, and on the last day of July many a glass was turned towards the Menai Bridge, an hour after high water, to see what an ebb tide and easterly wind would bring. Only the white wings however of two yachts could be seen, and these were soon made out to be the Alexandra and Glance, which had arrived at Beaumaris the previous Saturday.

The strong westerly wind of the following day was not productive of much better results, as the Scud alone came in from the westward, and only two other yachts could be made out from the eastward, the one, the smaller of the two, under double reefed mainsail and second jib, spinning down through the short nasty sea that a strong breeze adverse to the tide had raised, while the other and larger boat, under single reefed mainsail and working jib, came walking along as unconcerned as only a 50-tonner could walk under the circumstances. The Kittiwake and Banshee thus making two other additions to the combatants. The non-combatants being represented by Col. Gamble's fine screw yacht Nora Creina and the schooner Rowena. The Circe schooner would also have made her number, but to the regret of all she was detained at her anchorage near the Menai Bridge by the continued indisposition of her popular owner.

The day of the Regatta broke gloomily, and there was a wild look about the sky that augured unfavourably for aquatic sports, but the wind being W.N.W., the old Salts on the quay declared, that, though wind there might be, there would be no rain for that day, and the results proved their prognostications to be correct.

The first race on the correct card was for a 25 guinea cup to be sailed for

by yachts belonging to the R. W. Y. Club, and about noon the following vessels took up their different positions:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders
46	Anemone.....	cutter	18	T. Turner, Esq.	Robinson
1368	Scud.....	cutter	13	T. Anwyl, Esq.	Owen
1476	Spray	cutter	14	W. Poole, Esq.	Williams
	Ariel	cutter	6	W. Craig, Esq.	
725	Kittiwake	cutter	20	Capt. Iremonger	Owen
20	Alexandra	cutter	15	J. Bold, Esq.	Mill Ir. Co.

The course was from the flag-ship off the Club-house, round the Black Chequer buoy on the bar, thence back past flag-ship to a boat moored off Plas Brereton, back to flag-ship, three times round.

At 12h. 20m. the last gun was fired, head sails were hoisted and sheeted home, and they one and all slipped away without mishap. The wind was a fine whole sail W.N.W. breeze, with an occasional squall that gave those on board the weathermost craft a pretty good idea of the form and shape of the one to leeward. The Anemone, Kittiwake, and Alexandra made perhaps the best start, and at once singled themselves out from the rest as the three from which the victor should be chosen.

On getting to the narrow straits by Belan Kittiwake was leading, with Anemone in close attendance, and Alexandra bowling along in fine style a little astern of her; the Scud leading, the Spray and Ariel forming as it were another division of the fleet. From Belan to the Chequers buoy it was a dead beat and the little Ariel, in a heavy squall that threatened to swamp her, retired from the contest, the remainder rounding the Chequer buoy without any alteration of position. Kittiwake here changed her jib-headed for a square-headed topsail, improving her position as they swept over each mile in their return to the flag-ship, which was passed on the first round thus:—Kittiwake, 1h. 30m. 0s.; Anemone, 1h. 33m. 5s.; Alexandra, 1h. 34m. 2s.; Scud, 1h. 50m. 0s.; Spray, 1h. 52m. 0s.

A little bit of jockeying here took place between the Alexandra and Anemone, resulting in the former cleverly taking second place. They appeared now to have settled down into their regular order of running, but a wider space seemed to be made between the different vessels. The Spray at this period of the race retiring to her moorings. After rounding the Chequer buoy for the second time the Alexandra evidently awoke to the danger of her position, and strained every nerve to improve it, as first a balloon-jib, and then a balloon foresail were given to the winds, and they dragged her through the water at her utmost speed; still it was of no avail, as though the Kittiwake had no balloon sails she maintained the same lead, but this round she gained but very little, as the time past the flag-ship will show:—Kittiwake, 2h. 0m. 0s.; Alexandra, 2h. 4m. 50s.; Anemone, 2h. 6m. 0s.; Scud, 2h. 9m. 0s.

From this to the finish of the race the same order was maintained, the little Kittiwake gradually but surely increasing her lead until the flag-ship was passed for the last time on the way up to Plas Brereton. Here the Alexandra in some unaccountable way managed to get aground: she was however eight minutes astern of the Kittiwake at the time, steadily losing ground, so that her chance was gone, and the fact of her getting ashore made no real difference in the result of as good a race as ever was won at Carnarvon, and which was eventually finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Kittiwake.....	5	33	0	Anemone.....	5	59	0	Scud	6	5	30

And may fairly be said to have been won on Kittiwake's merits, which having been built on the Straits from designs by her owner, was loudly cheered from the quays.

The second race which should have excited the greatest interest, was unfortunately a complete failure, as in the first place there were in reality only two competitors, and secondly an untoward accident put one of them *hors de combat*, and left the other to walk over the course. The prize offered was a 50 guinea cup for yachts of any tonnage belonging to any recognised Yacht Club, and for which the following started; the little Ranger having been entered at the last moment to make up the race:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
590	Glance	cutter	35	A. Wood, Esq.	Hatcher
104	Banshee.....	cutter	52	A. Wrigley, Esq.	Jones & Co.
1268	Ranger	cutter	12	W. Owen, Esq.	Mare & Co.

At 12h. 30m. an excellent start was effected, the wind at the time being from the same quarter and about the same strength as when the smaller yachts started. Banshee gradually drew ahead of Glance, as did the latter of the Ranger, and they all walked along merrily with a fine gaff-topsail breeze against the flood which was still making. The course was the same as for the small yachts. The first mishap befel the Ranger off Belan, where in a squall which struck her rather severely her main halyards parted, letting the mainsail into the water. She set to work at once to repair damages, but by the time she had completed them the Banshee and Glance had got so far ahead, that her owner put his helm up and bore away for Carnarvon. The next mishap, which unfortunately put an end to all interest in the race befel the Glance, and besides putting her out of the race very nearly put an end to the little Spray, which was running in the other match. It appears that both were making for the Chequer buoy on the wind, the Spray on the port, Glance on the starboard tack, and the former thinking that she could just take the buoy from the Glance held on her course instead of giving way as she should have done, while the latter, either not seeing the Spray, or

considering that even at the last moment she would give way held on her course at railway speed, and but for very prompt action on the part of the helmsman, would have cut the *Spray* in half and made a "hole in the water and a paragraph in the paper." As it was *Glance* just shaved the *Spray's* stern, and catching the topping-lift with the topmast-stay sent her round faster than she will probably ever be sent again, and brought half of her own topmast down by the run. It was a very provoking accident, but nothing could exceed the good nature of the owner of the *Glance* throughout, under rather trying circumstances, as his vessel was going remarkably well at the time and had as good a chance of the cup as the *Banshee*, a state of affairs not easily borne with equanimity. This catastrophe of course put an end to the race for the larger class yachts, as *Banshee* was left to walk over the course, which she did in due time.

The race for amateur four-oared gigs did not fill, so that as far as rowing was concerned the sports were at a low ebb, the regatta finishing with boat races and a duck hunt. In the evening a display of fireworks inside the old castle illuminated its classic walls and afforded a good deal of amusement to a large number of pleasure seekers. The day concluded with a brilliant ball given by the Members, when the cups were presented to the winners, Mr. Wrigley, and Capt. Iremonger, by the Vice Commodore in appropriate and flattering terms.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

THE voyages of such small vessels as the *Teazer* to the West Indies, the *Spray*, *Oberon*, *Chance*, *Vivid*, and *Alerte* to Australia, the *Charter Oak* and others across the Atlantic, which we have from time to time recounted to our readers, all pale before the extraordinary performance of a little vessel, in fact a mere boat, which has arrived from New York in the Thames. This liliputian ocean voyager is called, "*Red, White, and Blue*," is 27ft. long, 6ft. 1in. beam; admeasures 2½ tons, and is ship-rigged. She is built of iron, with air tight compartments, her crew consists of Capt Hudson (he should be Admiral for his daring,) his first Lieutenant Mr. F. E. Fitch, and one four-legged hand, in the shape of a dog.

Whilst the American war was raging a little vessel cleared out from New York for the voyage to Britain: she was called the "*Vision*" if rumour be correct, and was brig-rigged, but whether the Atlantic swallowed her up, or whether a mysterious little craft that ran the blockade of Charleston, with a cargo of quinine for the fever stricken legions of Lee and Johnson, was the identical *Vision* so long looked for, history is silent. However there seems to be no mistake about the "*Red, White, and Blue*," her crew give a circumstantial account of her wonderful adventures on the passage across. She cleared out from New York on Thursday, the 12th of July: on the 16th at midnight—when in 40° 3' N.—56° W. she struck some object on the port bow, but suffered no damage; on the 5th August spoke the *Princess*

Royal barque, of Yarmouth—Nova Scotia, bound for Quebec, seven days from Dublin; on the 6th, in a very heavy sea was thrown on her beam ends; on the 8th a similar accident occurred, and it was with much difficulty her crew preserved themselves from being washed away. On the 13th she had another very narrow escape; on the 14th they made the Bill of Portland, and were towed into Margate, in a very distressed and exhausted condition, and on the 20th this wonderful voyage was terminated in the Thames off Greenwich. This is without exception the most adventurous voyage on record; sad to relate the poor dog after braving the dangers of the Atlantic, and numberless washings overboard, died on the passage to London.

LAMENTED DEATH OF SIR GILBERT EAST, BART.

It is with sincere regret that we record the melancholy death by drowning of Sir Gilbert East, Bart, which sad event took place at Ryde on the night of 11th, or rather early on the morning of the 12th of August. Sir Gilbert's fine schooner the *Lalla Rookh* was lying off Ryde Pier, and after spending the evening on shore he was proceeding on board, when by some unaccountable accident he fell from the pier, and notwithstanding the alarm was quickly given, his own gig's crew being in attendance at the pier end, beyond his first exclamation for help, when boats arrived promptly at the spot, notwithstanding every search made no trace of him could be discovered. Some faint hopes were entertained that being an accomplished swimmer, he might, if swept away by the tide, have been picked up by some vessel. However on Monday the 20th, the crew of his former yacht, the *Wizard*, discovered his body floating near the Sturbridge buoy, a few miles below Ryde. Sir Gilbert was in the prime of life, a well-known enthusiastic and thorough yachtsman, and an ardent supporter of aquatic sports: he owned successively the *Ella* schooner, 105 tons, the *Wizard* cutter, 95 tons, and the *Lalla Rookh* schooner, 126 tons, and was a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Royal Thames, Royal St. George's, and Royal Victoria Yacht Club. He arrived at Ryde to take part in the regatta of the latter Club; to which he had presented a handsome silver cup as one of its prizes. Sir Gilbert East was greatly esteemed by his brother yachtsmen, and his sudden and melancholy death, has cast a gloom over yachting circles; amongst which his loss is greatly felt and deeply regretted, his cheerful kindly disposition, unassuming manner, and thorough yachting spirit, rendering him a general favorite with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

REGATTAS.

Sept. 4.—Royal Cornwall.

5.—Dover and Cinque Ports.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been compelled to postpone "*There and Back Again*," and "*The Golden Glory*," owing to the pressure of Regatta records, but they will be returned at the earliest opportunity. We also propose giving the log of the "*Red, White, and Blue*" across the Atlantic.

HUNT'S

YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1st, 1866.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

PART IX.

WHEN Jonas Gilligan recovered his senses, he found himself in a region of darkness ; a darkness so thorough as to be almost palpable ; he listened vainly for any indication whether he was amongst friends or enemies, but the only sounds that reached his ears caused him almost to relapse into forgetfulness ; there was the mighty sound of surging waters, and the booming of the hurricane that was lashing those waters into fury : now it would roar hoarsely, and anon rise in mournful cadence, gradually swelling into a piercing shrillness, as if innumerable phantom boatswains were endeavouring to pipe the sleepers of the ocean from its cavernous depths : then the seething hiss of heaped up foam struggling in fierce conflict would gain the mastery, and the battle cry from the heavens would yield to the vengeful slogan of the leaping waves, until the dull heavy thud of falling masses, and the sullen moan of writhing surf, showed that the legions of air had conquered, and the pæans of Euroclydon rose again triumphant. His trembling hands told him that he lay on some sort of a bed, and that he was enclosed in a box, and from the infernal din without, the heaving, scending, and rolling of his narrow prison, at one moment throwing him on his head, the next on his feet, then on the right side but to be flung violently to the left, the

* Continued from page 275.

horrible suspicion flashed across his mind that he had been coffin'd up in some sea chest and cast into the bay ; with a gasping cry he sprang up, but receiving a violent blow on the forehead, sank back stunned and bleeding ; again he spread out his arms, and this time with more success, for he discovered that one side of his prison was partially without a side ; reckless with fear he leaped cut, and fell prostrate on cold damp stones and shingle ; he essayed to stand upright but shingle and stones seemed suddenly to sink from beneath his feet, for a second he felt himself in space, and then was dashed heavily against some cold and massive substance, that reverberated with the concussion of his body ; convulsively he struggled for something to hold on by, but it was useless, no sooner had he seized some desirable object than it appeared to be torn from his grasp, backwards forwards and from side to side was he hurled with a violence that threatened to discolate his limbs or fracture his bones, until he heartily wished he had never left the narrow limits that had previously circumscribed his involuntary motions ; he became painfully aware that many strangely shaped bodies occupied the unknown space he was thus resistlessly compelled to explore, and to his excited imagination everything appeared in vigorous and spiteful antagonism ; at length bruised, bleeding, and breathless, he was deposited in what seemed to be the mouth of a well shaft ; hitherto the buffeting about he underwent had incapacitated him from crying aloud, his lungs refused their functions : now he drew a long breath to see if he could make himself heard, but just then he was forced to scramble for support, as he felt himself about to tumble head foremost into some other pit of punishment, when at once the truth of his position dawned upon him, and the mystery of horror with which he was surrounded was revealed ; he was in the midst of a huge coil of cable, and his feet reaching the bottom, where stone and shingle, and the stock of a huge anchor, with the strands of monstrous rope clutched by his half numbed fingers, and the fine wholesome smell of tar that overcame the sickening effluvia of disturbed bilge water, convinced him he was on board a vessel ; it became evident that supernatural agency had nothing to do with his fearful adventure of the night previous, although his very hair bristled at the recollection of it ; the headlong plunges and the swaying about of his prison, the noise of foaming waters, and the ceaseless howl of the winds, were explained—" Tom Radley had him safe enough caged in the dark and dreary hold of the 'Colleen Dhas !'

Jonas felt all the desperation of his position, for he knew that Mr. Radley was not the man to let such a trifling affair as a man's life stand between him and his object ; the terror of immediate death removed, his

native cunning came to his aid; whilst revolving his course of proceeding a tremendous plunge of the vessel caused him to cower down in the cable for security, and in doing so a thrill of triumph shot through him, for his hand came in contact with the leathern bag which contained the papers he had obtained from Tom Radley; never was a maimed despairing wretch so quickly restored to healthy activity, wounded limbs, sorely bruised body, bleeding fingers and aching head were forgotten, and even the excruciating pangs of sea-sickness disappeared; the nimbleness of a "rigger" is proverbial, but Jonas seemed suddenly imbued with that of a whole gang; he was out of the coil of cable with his treasure in a moment; now getting a knock and anon a tumble as he endeavoured to steady himself in the plunges and rollings of the cutter to her anchor, and groping about he at length regained the berth beneath the bedding of which he thrust the bag; and then to seek a light crawling on his hands and knees he discovered a slide in the bulk-head, which he cautiously drew aside, when the rays of a watch light suspended to a crossbeam discovered the after-cabin; from the berths on either side the stertorous breathing of heavy sleepers denoted that his captors were for the present harmless; the idea of escape presented itself, but the patter of the rain on the skylight, the heavy thuds of wave caps on deck, and the fierce hurtle of the gale, quickly dispelled any prospect of success: to possess himself of the lantern and re-close the slide occupied but little time, and quickly regaining the berth he secured the whole of the papers about his person; some short ends of rope were opportunely at hand, with these he re-packed the bag and securely locking it, cast it into the coil of rope, where no doubt Corny Sullivan had deemed it sufficiently concealed from him; replacing the lantern as cautiously, he warmed his shivering limbs at the cabin stove, and creeping back to the gloomy hold, wrapped himself in the berth clothes, and sought that rest he felt so needful to brace him for the struggle to come.

Not long however, was he suffered to enjoy his repose, the shouts and trampling of the crew on deck, the flapping of canvas, the heavy shocks and creaking of the boom, as it swung to and fro, and the ringing clang of the windlass palls as the anchor was hove up, rudely awoke him; the vessel soon careened to the strong breeze that followed up the gale, and the gurgling of the water beneath the lee side on which he lay, warned him that the 'Colleen Dhas' bore him away, but whither to—or to what fate, he trembled to think, for he well knew that such a reckless character as the burly Corny Sullivan was reported to be, would prove but too ready an instrument in the hands of a vindictive and im-

placable enemy like Tom Radley; by no ratiocination could he arrive at a ray of hope to calm his mind, still however desperate it seemed—he had a presentiment of escape.

Impressed with this feeling he determined to face his captors, and was about to drag his wearied limbs from the berth, when the sliding of the hatch in the bulk-head caused him to hesitate; by the obscure light which entered he discerned Corny Sullivan stealthily creeping in, Jonas trembled in every joint, could it be that the hardened miscreant was about to perpetrate violence? He feigned slumber and by the unearthly snores that issued from the dark recess, Corny deemed himself secure, and hastily advancing to the coil of cable extricated the leathern bag, with which he retreated as silently as he came, whilst Jonas in the midst of his trouble could not avoid chuckling at the thought that he had outwitted him as successfully as his master; oh for some fortunate chance of escape—could he but once get his foot upon dry land, what would not be the fate of Tom Radley, what that of Corny Sullivan?

Unable longer to bear the suspense he at length rushed on deck, doubtful whether the next moment he might not be hurled back to that dreadful hold with brutal force: to his surprise the rough skipper of the "Colleen" touched his sou-wester respectfully, and hoped "his honer had slept well!

"How came I here, and by whose orders are you taking me to sea?" exclaimed Jonas peremptorily, although the quavering tones of his voice belied the confidence he assumed.

A broad grin spread over the sinister features of Sullivan, as the soiled garments, bruised features, scratched hands, and general woe-begone appearance of Jonas, told the struggle he had endured amongst the ballast and gear in the hold during the night, and the half suppressed laughter of the crew resounded forwarded, as Terence Murphy hinted that the "*gorsoon*" looked as if he had been making jam of his head among Corny's curiosities!"

"Why thin yer honer as to how ye kem here it was providential that Terry there an meself wor comin through the owls gliu last night, and glory be to goodness bud a cruel night it was, whin what should we see bud yer honer stritched widout sense or motion forinist the I-taly-ans stone; begor ids meself bruk out into a cowl'd passpiration when Terry say's to me—say's he, 'by the mortal man Corny!' say's he, 'bud ther's somethin there!' say's he, 'Arrah git out man!' say's I, 'what shud be there!' say's I, 'is it frikened ye are?' say's I, although at the same time yer honer I taut the life id lave me, an my

teeth wor rattlin' all as one as parched pay's in a sieve, (will ye look out there forrid ye *omadthaun's* and board that fore-tack, can't ye see the sail all in a bight on the shtay!) Well yer honer as I was sayin'—says Terry to me, say's he, "frikened or no frikened Corny!" say's he, "divil a fut iv I'll pass that stone to-night; id's an unlooky spot!" say's he, "an' shure they say the sperit uv the poor Taly-an boy *mal-avogues* somebody that id takes to be that murtherin' villin Rooney the tinker ivery night!" say's he. Wid that yer honer gev a great moan, and away wint Terry and meself leppin up the hill like a pair uv kangiroo's; oh bedad the races uv Castlebar was nothi'n to id, an by all accounts there was raale shkelpin there; well yer honer when we kem to ourselves, "Arrah Terence man!" say's I, "shure we nivir done anything to be a-fear'd or ashamed uv to the livin much less the dead, and shure anyhow!" say's I, "we must git aboord to-night, there's no help for id, an the Glin we must face ev there was a laygion uv spirits hoppin on every twig in it!" so say's I, "In the name uv goodness Terry do you go an first, I'll get a couple of shtones in the heel uv my fist, and man or monkey iv id offers to lay a finger on ye, nivir fear I'll down it as shure as my name is Cornalius Sullivan!" (some of ye forrid there turn-to an shift that jib, and get another reef down in the main-sal, are ye getting catharaots on yer eyes, don't ye see id thicknin up to windard agin!) Well yer honer as I was sayin, we shtole back quiet and aisy like, an whin we got near the spot agin ther kem a flash uv lightnin, that fairly tuck the sight out uv our eyes, (a stronger blast than usual here gave Corny an excuse to look aft at the aspect of the weather as he caught Jonas's eye fixed upon him with a strong expression of incredulity,)—bud as I was sayin yer honer, be the light uv the lightnin I ketched sight uv yer honer's face, "*milia* murther Terry!" say's I, "id's Mithur Gilligan the masthur's friend!" and thin yer honer widout more to do, we whipped ye up in our arms, an coverin our coats, for the rain an the shtorm was awful, away wid wid ye uz aboord as quick as iver we could, or faix the three uv us would have been dhrowned, as shure as iver we're goin to have a raale shtorm uv fire and shmoke this minit! out uv that black thief uv a cloud up there astarn uv uz!" (Will ye bear a hand there bad cess to yee's! did ye never see an ox eye in the sky afore, that ye stan gapin like gaffed gurnets at id, bud-an-boun's move yer shkeletons about will ye, av ye don't want to see the main-sal blew out uv the bout ropes! Aisy—aisy—*Colleen asthore machree*—shure—whirroo!—aisy I say! ids not going down undther uz ye are—eh—?)

Corny watched Jonas closely, whilst he rattled on with his rather

prolix version of the night's adventure, and every time he saw any inclination on the part of the latter to interrupt him, he threw in such commands to the crew as he thought would startle and divert his attention ; he had two objects to serve, one was to get the Colleen Dhas clear of vessels beating up the bay without affording Jonas any opportunity to create an alarm, and the other was the exercise of a favourite cunning—which whilst cajoling its victim, left but few loop-holes to criminate either master or man should results prove adverse : if Tom Radley was to the full unscrupulous, he had a right trusty naval aide-de-camp ; if the master emulated the devious ways of the serpent, the man had the caution to conceal the trail.

That Jonas was alarmed at the prospect of further rough experiences during his compulsory voyage, his demeanour betrayed ; tremblingly he raised his head above the bulwarks in search of the prognostics with which Corny's imagination was so prolific, and the latter allowing the vessel to range unchecked by the helm in her course off the wind, she plunged wildly in the still disturbed sea, and to Jonas's excited imagination their position was decidedly perilous ; had the tail of the gale but the slightest sting left, Corny might have been spared his ingenuity in myatification, and Jonas conveyed to his destination with little trouble, but both wind and sea were rapidly going down, and inexperienced as Jonas was he soon discovered it : the last of four vessels, the meeting with which Corny had successfully prevented his taking advantage of, had just passed them, when Jonas started to his feet and the expression of his countenance denoted that he felt his mistake in allowing them to pass without seeking assistance ; it was now too late to make himself heard.

"Shure an yer honer will be cravin for somethin to ate !" suddenly exclaimed Sullivan.

"Here Terry *avourneen* jump below, and git some tay, an some nice bacon an eggs, and may be yer honer id like a taste of fish ? Arrah shure we've the best of fish—bewartful fresh soles aboard, enough to make yer honer's mouth wather, and wid a bit of illegant bacon to give em a flavour, begor ye'll be as fresh as a two year ould cowlit,—shure this stormy weather is enough to make one hungry enough to ate a chaise and pair, and chase the post-boy afterwards !"

Jonas did feel as if he could nearly accomplish the latter gastronomic feat, an indescribable sensation that his confusion of ideas prevented him recognizing hitherto was fast prostrating him, and it required no second invitation—for hunger it was ;—yes he would eat !

When Jonas returned on deck he was a new man, for not only had

Corny Sullivan fortified him with a refreshing repast, but a brimming pannikin of the real 'mountain dew' imparted to him a courage he far from felt before; that species of courage called Dutch, whilst a suit of oilskins that nearly smothered him, repelled the searching wind, and altogether he felt so comfortable, as to flatter himself that after all perhaps he might be able to make a friend of this rugged fisherman, and discover his destination and what prospects there were of escape, if not absolutely to secure his connivance.

"And so it was coming from Mr. Radley's you were last night when you discovered me Mr. Sullivan?" enquired Jonas with persuasive tone and blindest smile.

"Bedad yer honer ye just guessed it, for whin we heard yer honer was wid the masthur, we waited and waited, for id would not become the likes of uz to disturb ye, and I had to git ordthers from the masthur about this very day, and faix he was near killin me intirely, when he heard I was there so long widout lettin him know, "well!" say's he, "Sullivan may be ids all for the best!" say's he, "for my friend Miethur Gilligan is jest gone home!" say's he, "an as the night looks very bad!" say's he, "an I'm afeard he tu'k a dhrop too much wine!" say's he, wid a hearty laugh, "I'd be obliged Mr. Sullivan if ye'd jest look afthur him!" say's he, "for fear anythin id happen him: I would'nt!" say's he, "for all I'm worth any harm id come to him lavin my house!" An shure yer honer ids a proud man the mather will be whin he hears what happened and how we did take care uv yer honer, an proud I am myself this moment that we wor in the way when yer honer was tuk so bad, arrah shure yer honer av id was a dhrop of good honest Irish whiskey, the divil a harm would have happened yer honer if ye had a foot deep uv id in ye! but thim infarnil furrin wines?—och—sure th' twisht a man's inside until he does'nt know whether his brains or his boots is uppermost; the half uv thim is no bether than varjus and log-wood—jest to grip the tongue and plaize the eye, commind me to the ould lady that always pray-ferred a tumbler of whiskey naygus whinever she was axed to a party!"

Jonas laughed at Corny's quaint conceit, and he almost began to think from his plausible relation, that he had been under the influence of the rosy tempter; perhaps after all matters were not so bad?

"But I had a bag with me—a leathern bag Mr. Sullivan—you took care of that?"

Had Corny admitted this he might have done what he liked with Jonas.

"A what yer honer?"

"A black leather bag, a travelling bag—man!"

"Oh the never a bag nor baggage did we see wid yer honer, we wor in too great a fright to pay attintion to bags;—did we see e'er a bag wid his honer Terry?" exclaimed Sullivan, winking at his hopeful shipmate."

"Conshumin the bag skipper did we clap eyes upon!" retorted the simple looking Terry.

Jonas's newly conceived hopes were scattered to the winds, courage yet—courage! had he not those terrible evidences against his formidable foe safely concealed, oh why had he allowed those vessels to pass without at least an attempt to gain help, courage!—courage!—and yet this courage was oozing out through his fingers ends.

"It's of no consequence Mr. Sullivan—no consequence!" said Jonas assuming an air of careless indifference "but when may we expect to get back?"

"Oh soon enough yer honer—never fear that,—ye see I'm bound to to the south by the masthairs ordthers to meet a ship that's homeward bound, and I'm thinkin I'll land yer honer at the Island of I——, and then "Shamus Roi" will send a boat up wid ye, or may be a vessel id be passin, shure plaze goodness ye'll be home snug and comfortable by to-morrow night!"

Jonas's uttered a half suppressed cry—well did he know the Island, how often had Tom Radley in moments of confidence told him some of the secrets of that Island, how he had sent men there that it was not convenient should remain on the main land, and how they never troubled him more; well was the lawless character of Shamus Roi and his myrmidons known to him, did Sullivan succeed in placing him on that Island, he felt he was a lost man, escape—nay life itself was hopeless.

"It's but a spasim, a sudden cramp!" exclaimed Jonas, "I'll be all right in a moment!"

"I'ds the cowl—the say air that yer honer is not used to!" exclaimed Sullivan, "here Terry avick bring his honer another dhrop uv the crathur, that's the shtuff for cramps or convulsions; never dhread it yer honer—never dhread it, it id put the curl in a dead pigs tail, lave alone settlin the stomach uv a christhin!"

Eagerly Jonas seized the proffered stimulant, and a moderate draught of that potent elixir exercised an influence far different to that intended by Sullivan; fresh life and energy instead of helpless prostration succeeded the crushing despair that for a moment overwhelmed him, and a craving for escape by any means, however desperate, prompted a vigilance and caution that almost presaged success.

Never did wrecked mariner on wave swept raft, sweep the waste of waters with more eager gaze in search of deliverance than did Jonas Gilligan as he leant moodily over the bulwarks; but the day waned slowly away, and still no welcome sail gladdened his weary eye; the Colleen Dhas had made considerable progress on her southerly course, when suddenly his attention was arrested by two objects that seemed in the peculiar state of the atmosphere to float high in air on the horizon; the one was large and lofty, and in its midst a fantastically shaped block of rock reared its rugged head aloft; it had an almost spectral appearance in the gloomy twilight, and he began to doubt whether it could be land, when a huge white vapour seemed to burst from beneath it, like the smoke of a distant gun; a cold shudder shook his frame—he felt instinctively it was that fearful Island, around which the surges of the Atlantic were breaking into masses of spray. The other was but a tiny spot of indistinct form that at first seemed an out-lying rock, but gradually increased its distance from the larger body with a tremulous sort of undulating motion; his breast throbbed almost to bursting, could it be a sail? Oh for another hour of that blessed light of day that was rapidly fading! Like a man of stone he watched that dusky object hoping and fancying it grew larger, but no—fainter and fainter it became, now it flickered like a wee speck and he rubbed his eyes to see if after all it was but a delusion, and when he looked again it was gone.

“Sail broad on the weather bow shkipper, stanin acress uz on the star-board tack from undther the land!” exclaimed Terence Murphy with a warning gesture.

Sullivan shaded his eyes with his left hand as he gazed uneasily in the direction of the approaching vessel, “Id’s that infarnal Rav’nue Cruisther, wid that gallows ould Burton, he’s always shovin his ear in where he’s not wanted, here he comes shmellin along now like a blind ould tom cat on the scent of a cock-roach; he’s always gropin about here daylight and dark iver since he fou’t that ’Merykan schooner last year, as if he expected she’d rise up out uv the say an jump into his cabin!” growled Corny.

Jonas’s first impulse was to leap up in joyous exultation, caution prompted him to wait until the approaching vessel should be within hail.

“Thrice up that main tack, and lower away the foressail, aisy boy’s—aisy I say—no hurry like, the win is light enough, but we’ll show him we’re not afeard uv bein boarded anyhow, bad cees to him shure he see’s uz often enough to know ivery cloth in our mainsail widout overhaulin uz in this fashion, any sign uv his lowerin a boat Terry *avick*?”

"Arrah the nivir a sign man!" retorted Terry "what id he want wid the likes of uz?"

"Roun' he comes agin" exclaimed Corny, seeming to forget all about Jonas, "bedad he's goin to spake uz any how, and be—to him!" And he consigned the worthy commander of the Royal Cruiser to a latitude a few degrees hotter than the torrid zone."

"Smack ahoy!" came rolling across the the waters in that stern hoarse tone of demand which admits of no denial.

"Here—here—I'm here!" shrieked Jonas as he sprang to his feet and waved his arms wildly to attract the attention of the cruisers commander.

"May the curse of—" shouted Sullivan as he sprang upon Jonas, and seizing him round the waist as if he were a child, hurled him down the companion ladder, hissing savagely "another sound from yer lantern jaws an I'll scatther yer brains like say sand!" the companion slide was closed with violence, and all was quiet.

"What noise is that aboard!" exclaimed Captain Burton as the cruiser ranged up to windward.

"Only one of these drunken blackguards that wanted to know did yer honer want a pair uv spectacles!" retorted Corny with the utmost coolness "bud bedad I med a spectacle uv him for his impertinence!"

"Any vessels up there to the Norrid?" asked the officer with unruffled composure.

"Only a fore an aft schooner lying off and on under B—— Head yer honer" replied Sullivan, "an a cruel fast one too Captain jewel!"

A low murmur of half suppressed laughter arose on the deck of the Colleen Dhas.

"You are a pilot for these waters, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Branch only yer honer!"

"Suppose then you put your helm down and show us exactly where that schooner lies, if and you miss her—hark-ye—you shall have three dozen to freshen *your* eyesight!"

Corny perceived he had now gone too far, and that Captain Burton was far from jesting.

"Oh thin Captain jewel, shure ye would'nt ruin a poor man entirely, I'm bound down wid orthers for a homeward-boundther that's to go as to Liverpool!" exclaimed Sullivan in a most piteous tone of supplication.

"Mind your manners then another time you anchor-creeping scoundrel, or I'll show you the difference between a grating and grog tub!"

"Long life to yer honer and thank you!" whined out Corny "bud shure I'm nearly dhruv crazy wid these whiskey dhrinkin vagabonds

aboard here !—Ay—there ye go !” he continued in a lower tone as the vessels slowly drew apart, “there 'ye go ould fire-and-fill-again, may be ids a pilot to knowledge ye want, oh thin av ye only knew the knowledge yer lavin astarn uv ye, ids yer ould brandified nose id fiz off yer face wid fair fury !”

Another burst of coarse laughter was evoked by this sally.

“Whisht—conshumin to yez—whisht ye spalpeens, do yez want to the ould slave dhriver down atop uv uz boat an all—whisht I say or by this tiller I'll——!”

“Colleen Dhas” ahoy-o-y !”

“There now didn't I tell you that—oh may ould Nick fly away wid some uv yez ! that's for our boat as shure as ther's nails in a Con-naught man's brogue ! oh—murdther !”

“—Dhas ahoy-oy-y !”

“Ay-ay-Sir-r- !”

“Report yourself aboard the Caroline the moment you come in !”

“Praised be goodness ids no more,—Ay-ay-y-e Sir-r-r !” By my conshins when I do I'll bring a couple o' gallons uv potheen from Shamus Roi, ould sniffle-the-wind is gallows fond uv potheen ! Well now boy's there's a night for uz—not an air uv wind undther the heavens, an as black as ould Burton's battered hat—bad cess to him—report myself aboard the Car'line indeed, oh bedad that id be a months suspinsion anyhow for impart'nence to shuparions an no mistake, but never mind—ould weather-bruise has a nose like a baygle—one sniff uv the potheen 'ill make him cock his eye as pleasant as a cod at a squid, and thin the squall is over !”

All this time Jonas was lying in the little cabin stunned and nearly senseless ; the sudden change from a respectful and even subservient demeanour to brutal violence, filled his mind with evil forbodings ; a foot step on the cabin ladder roused him.

“Come on deck Misthur Gilligan—shure I thought 'twas one of thim blackguards uv mine, don't bear ill-will yer honer 'twas all a accident !”

Jonas thought it best to appear to think so, and slowly and painfully crawled on deck ; a pall of almost unearthly darkness overspread the face of the deep, not a twinkling star was visible, not even a fitful air hushed the canvas to sleep, a boding silence reigned around, save when the vessel rose gently with a rippling sound to the long undulating swell of the restless Atlantic ; occasionally the ill-omened croak of a sea-parrot, or the melancholy crooning of an Irish ditty from the fore-castle, would break the solemn stillness that pervaded ; or as the “Colleen Dhas” rolled lazily to some capricious curl

of the ocean tide, a flash of phosphorescent light would glint through the inky sea with a weird ghastly splendour, fascinating the eye but striking a chill to the heart. After a vain attempt to conciliate his prisoner Sullivan leaned across the tiller in half dozing moody silence, whilst Jonas seated on the companion hatch, although apparently sunk in sullen lethargy, was alive to every sound, and his gaze wandered keenly from side to side as though he expected some object to emerge from the darkness; he knew they must now be in the vicinity of that rocky islet, the very thought of which made his blood run cold, yet he could not divest himself of the idea that that faint speck which had disappeared on the horizon just previously to the arrival of the *Caroline*, was in some way connected with his deliverance from the deadly peril that threatened him: a low booming sound reverberated across the waters, followed by a hissing noise like that of a burning fuze; Jonas eagerly turned his ear in the direction from whence it proceeded—slight as was the movement Sullivan observed it.

"Tis bud the brakers makin music among the caverns uv the Island!" he said, "an here we are like the ghost uv the ould Schooner that was lost there many a year ago,—and shure they do say she is seen about here betimes, wid her crew wringin ther hands when they hear the screeches of the say from the caverns; oh wirra—wirra will we ever get a breeze to take us in? Whee-u-e-ew-whee-you!" and he whistled long and shrilly for the coveted breeze to come.

Like as if his whistle had been an incantation there came a sharp hissing ripple as of a body in rapid motion, and out through the gloom of the night shot a phantom craft, a huge black looking schooner with all her canvas set, and glided swiftly across their stem.

"Oh glory be to goodness, Eh—what?—Terry—Terry—I say—Murphy man—come here—whisht—listen to that!—are yez awake min? wake up there confushion to yez.—Oh murther—murther—there's the ghost uv the ould Lady uv Dhoona!"

The crew came tumbling aft with exclamations of terror and muttered prayers as the hoarse low spoken words of Sullivan reached their ears.

"Where—where—Corny—where is she?"

"Don't ye see the thrack uv fire upon the wather where she crassed our wake, shure niver mortal craft wid mortal min aboard, could sail like that widout an air uv wind that ever blew from the heavens, hist—hist—listen agin!"

The creaking of blocks and the rattling of canvas were now heard faintly for a few moments, and again across their stern, and distinctly

seen by the affrighted crew of the Colleen, swept the spectre looking schooner, her sails appearing to tower aloft until they were lost in the blackness of the sky, while jets of bluish flame spirted beneath her bows, and the sea seemed to boil up in a froth of pale fire as she skimmed swiftly along its surface.

"Saints and angels be marcifal—mother uv Moses what's to become uv uz at all at all!"

A low howl broke from the horror stricken seamen of the smack as they cowered around Sullivan.

A wild unearthly cry arose just behind them, it was like the despairing shriek of a condemned spirit hastening to its down.

"Help—help—save me from the Colleen Dhas,—save me from the merciless Radley!"

A confused shout of many voices answered this appeal, but to Sullivan's excited imagination it sounded like the jubilation of demons over their prey; he sprang at Gilligan with a fierce yell, imprecating the crew to assist, but Jonas retreated along the deck, vociferating cries of murder and help; Sullivan stooped for some weapon to fell him, and the men rushed forward with outstretched arms, but rapidly divesting himself of the oilskin coverings that impeded his motions, he leaped over the stooping body of Sullivan, and bounding on the taffrail like a hunted stag, cast himself headlong into the sea; at the same moment the canvas of the Colleen Dhas was shaken with a noise like thunder, and she lay over until her mainsail nearly filled with water, the next she was flying before a terrific squall, dashing the white foam from her bows in sheets of spray; eager hails were passed along to assure of their prisoner's escape, and then they listened intently for any indication of their phantom visitor's proximity, save a single wailing cry that made the most reckless shudder, the mournful whistling of the wind through their rigging, and the gurgling hiss of the riven waters, were the only sounds that smote upon their ears.

"Be marcifal to us! ejaculated Sullivan in a voice quivering with fear," bud who'd a thought all this time we wor carrying a spare hand for the ould Lady uv Dhoona!"

(To be continued.)

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.

THE second race for the handsome silver Challenge Cup, value 60 sovereigns, presented by Commodore the Earl of Granard, took place in Dublin Bay on Wednesday, August 8th, round the usual course. This

cup our readers will remember was won by Kilmeny, Mr. A. Finlay, last season, and she not appearing to defend it, the following vessels came to the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
378	Echo	cutter	38	W. L. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill
1379	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
810	Luna	cutter	25	C. Putland, Esq.	Fife

The weather was very wild and squally, at times blowing half a gale, and as usual with southerly winds, a very nasty sea in the bay. Housed topmasts and plain lower working canvas was set by all, the Luna and Secret hardening down a single reef in their mainsails. An excellent start took place at 10h. 45m., the Echo and Secret in accordance with their perpetual "Vendetta," making a dash for the flag-boat off the harbour, which the Echo rounded first, the Secret attempting to wind her but being neatly stopped, and the Luna well up with both; on clearing the shelter of the land, they experienced the full weight of a very lumpy ugly sea, all behaving remarkably well and admirably handled; approaching the South Burford buoy the Luna encountered some very heavy rollers, and her jib filling burst her weather bowsprit shroud, but her helmsman promptly eased her and saved the bowsprit, whilst her active crew made quick work of the repairs; the Echo had settled down to her work well, with Secret close in her wake, when a heavy rain squall struck them, and compelled the Secret to haul down her foresail, which enabled the Echo to increase her lead, and the Luna to draw up on Secret, and the Kish was reached in the midst of a boiling sea and very wild weather; carrying her boom on the port quarter, the Echo's helmsman calculating on his lead, prudently stayed round the ship, which the moment the Secret and Luna perceived they made a gallant dash and gybed round all standing, getting on better terms with the Echo at the following times :—Echo, 11h. 35m. 20s.; Secret, 11h. 41m. 0s.; Luna, 11h. 41m. 45s.

After rounding another fierce squall accompanied by a deluge of rain sent them down wind at a rattling pace for the North Burford buoy, the Luna carrying away her fore-tack which obliged her to lower her foresail, the Secret sailing her a beam and beam race for the mark, and the Echo still improving her lead, but taking a course to leeward of her competitors, whilst the Luna showed the experience of a veteran bay cruiser, by nipping up well to windward of both Secret and Echo; the result confirmed the judgment of her crew, for when the heart of the

squall was broken, the wind suddenly hauled up west, when the Luna getting into the vein found herself well to windward of both, and went away flying for the East Bar buoy, which was rounded thus :—Luna, 12h. 35m. 0s.; Echo, 12h. 35m. 50s.; Secret, 12h. 38m. 0s.

In the same order they proceeded for the harbour flag-boat, the Luna leading the Echo a merry dance just barely ahead of her, and the Secret closing on both ; this flag mark was passed thus :—Luna, 12h. 57m. 0s.; Echo, 12h. 57m. 0s.; Secret, 12h. 59m. The Echo now hauled down a reef in her mainsail, as the clouds came rolling over the mountains in that wild ragged manner, which indicates what the bay mariners denominate “ powers of wind by the mortal ! ” The little Luna stuck to her work gallantly, and holding the Echo under her lee, raced her beam and beam off the wind out to the South Burford buoy, the Secret well up with them, and all hands shifting for smaller jibs in anticipation of the heavy turn to windward that awaited them ; the Echo just managed to slip from under the lee of her resolute little rival at the mark, which was rounded thus :—Echo, 1h. 26m. 0s.; Luna, 1h. 26m. 5s.; Secret, 1h. 28m. 30s. With a reaching wind from this to the North Burford buoy, the Echo drew clear ahead, and they hauled round this mark as follows :—Echo, 1h. 36m. 0s. ; Luna, 1h. 37m. 10s.; Secret, 1h. 40m. 0s.

Their next mark, the East Bar buoy lay dead in the winds eye, and in turning up to it the Echo's superior tonnage told a tale in the lumpy sea ; in beating up the Luna encountered the Aquiline schooner, which was engaged in the Prince Alfred schooner match ; not perceiving that the “ two sticker ” was in trouble with her bowsprit gear, she concluded that being the heavier vessel she would give way, too late seeing her error she had to go about under the Aquiline's lee, and in doing so got in irons, by which she lost valuable time at a very critical moment ; nothing daunted however, she quickly shook the reef out of her mainsail, and was away in pursuit of the Echo ; the latter however had by this time a full head of steam on, and all her sailing gear rove for going, with a light hand and a quick eye at her tiller, not going over an inch of water more than was necessary to find the shortest way to the flag-ship ; the East Bar buoy was rounded in the following order :—Echo, 2h. 33m. 0s.; Luna, 2h. 42m. 0s.; Secret, 2h. 47m. 0s.

It was apparently a settled question as they approached the flag-boat off the harbour, when fresh excitement was aroused by a terrific squall which came bursting out across the bay, regular fire and smoke, and threatening to carry everything before it : the Luna and Secret immediately hauled down their foresails and triced up main-tacks, but

the Echo determined to have it out, a fair stand up fight, sticks and canvas—~~e~~—wind and water; at it she went sink or swim, the challenge cup or a cockle banquet; on came the storm fiend of the hills, rifting up the sea in clouds of foam with a roar like a tornado, down went the hardy barkies on their beam ends, human skill and hemp and wood unable to stand the irresistible shock; the Laura and Secret to save themselves luffed till their canvas threatened to leave the bolt ropes, but the helmsman of the Echo sent the brave little ship launching through it like a young thunder bolt, and rounding the last flag-boat in noble style, she was enabled to ease a bit; in a few moments it had passed away to sea, too late however for the Luna or Secret to make a shadow of a struggle, and after as well a sailed race as has been witnessed in Dublin Bay for many seasons, they passed the flag-ship in the following order and times, the Echo being hailed the winner with repeated cheers for her plucky sailing.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Echo	2	59	2	Luna	3	8	50	Secret	3	19	12

The final heat for this prize was sailed for on Wednesday the 15th August, but only the Echo and Secret appeared at the starting buoys. An exceedingly good race took place between them, the Echo taking and maintaining the lead, although at times very closely pressed by the Secret; both the vessels were steered and handled with considerable skill and judgment, and the flag-boat was reached at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Echo	6	16	18	Secret	6	22	1

The Echo thus finally placing the cup in her plate locker.

SWANSEA BAY REGATTA.

THE fine Bay of Swansea, that favourite trysting place of canvas backs in the Bristol Channel, presented a gay and picturesque appearance on Monday, July the 23rd, on the occasion of the annual regatta which yearly attracts so many of our roving clippers to that busy sea-port. There were prizes in number and value sufficient to satisfy the most exacting, fine weather, cheery sunshine, bright eyes to urge daring apprentice Nelsons to deeds of witching marinership, but alas there was that draw-back which regatta committees, despite the supreme authority that repute assigns to their will and powers, cannot control: a regatta without wind is like a ball-room without music, and in this instance it was even worse for the guests had not arrived; however the ruling powers made the best they could of the sudden suspension of Messrs.

Æolus, *Boreas*, *Auster* and Co., (limited of course) and the committee, Micawber like, hoped that "something might turn up" on the horizon in the shape of strange canvas backs, even at the last moment, for that several were floating about the adjacent seas anxiously whistling for a wind to waft them to Swansea and glory, sundry despatches descriptive of tonnage and fighting flags bore ample testimony. Dealing with the materials for sport at hand therefore, no less than eleven pilot boats belonging to Swansea, Neath, Port Talbot, and Cardiff, entered for five prizes ranging from £10 down to £1, but setting aside the vulgar notion of lucre in comparison to laurels, the local emulation soared into enthusiasm, particularly as Cardiff sent forth as her champion a pilot boat that had moved in aristocratic circles once, the schooner yacht *Anita*, formerly belonging to E. Payne, converted into a very hard weather cutter worthy to battle with the fierce tides and wild gales, that render the Bristol Channel a very Magellan in the winter time. Swansea has hitherto considered its pilot boats the *creme de la creme* of Palunurian barks, and consequently the ambition of Cardiff to contest that supremacy was productive of a rather lively feeling, which set the sou-westerners of both party's all a-cock-bill.

At 1h. 25m. the eleven champions committed themselves to the tender mercies of their well beloved tides, the Swansea taking the lead; the Alarm however catching a breeze soon deprived her of the honor, but the *Anita* alive to the confidence reposed in her by the Cardiffians went to the front at the Eastern flag-mark, and notwithstanding the amount of skill and speed she had to do battle against was never again headed, and gaining the victorious gun at 5h. 52m., forthwith raised Cardiff to the proud position of a first-rate pilot power; the Alarm, Vivian, and Camelia next in order and value of prizes.

The next prize was a purse of 50 sovereigns given by the Borough members and committee conjointly, and for which a very nice entry appeared on the cards, consisting of the *Rosebud*, *Misty Morn*, *Secret*, *Niobe*, *Vindex*, and *Vesper*; but "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, there was nobody coming!" A glassy streak on the sea-board horizon belted Swansea from the adjacent ocean, and only two of the entered ships were to the fore; so the committee determined to give only the members prize of 25 sovereigns, for which started at 1h. 45m:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1607	<i>Misty Morn</i>	cutter	13	E. Payne, Esq.	Rubie
	<i>Vesper</i>	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.	

The Misty Morn is a new addition to the pleasure navy, having been built at Cardiff, with sails made by Laphorne; the Vesper it is needless to describe, as she is a renowned champion in the Bristol seas; resolutely too she maintained her well earned reputation, for she soon took the lead, and notwithstanding the light winds, made the pace uncommonly trying to the more youthful constitution of the Misty Morn, and after considerable manipulation of a slender stock of motive power artfully abstracted from a few stray clouds that were wandering feebly over the bay, the Vesper succeeded in waking up the gunner at 5h. 53m. and relieved the committee of further perplexity in regard to the members prize, the Misty Morn making notes of the propensity which tidal waters have for imitating "Irish Pigs," by running in every direction but the way they are wanted.

Tuesday morning gave but little promise of better wind, but as the sun crossed the meridian, fitful catpaws came spurting along the waters from some parish in the direction of Somersetshire. The pilot boats of Swansea held jubilee amongst themselves upon this occasion, declining the society of Cardiff's champion. The prizes were £12, £5, and £3, with £1 each to the losing vessels, for which nine weather bruising barkies presented themselves; after a capital and well sailed match, the Alarm, Vivian, and Camelia secured the golden favours.

The Swansea purse of £75, showed an entry of the Cambria, Fiona, Rosebud, Niobe, and Vindex: of these however the Vindex alone had made her number, and the committee bent on affording sport, modified this match into a prize of £40 the first and £10 to the second vessel, for which the following came to the buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig.	Tons	Owners	Builders.
1654	Vindex	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. In. Co.
1637	Vesper	cutter	16	G. A. Bevan, Esq.	Rubie.
	Misty Morn	cutter	13	E. Payne, Esq.	

The odds were marvellously like pearls to pumpkins that the Vindex left just a faint streak to indicate that she had passed that way, should the breeze at all freshen; but as they started in painful uncertainty as to whether canvas was at all a necessary item in a yacht's outfit, it consequently became a question as to whether the possession of speed was an advantage, the argument being seriously propounded that "cod's head" at both ends with an aldermanic protuberance amidships was the correct thing to do 30 nautic miles at a drift. However

the *Misty Morn* managed to entrap a stray zephyr, and immediately commenced business with an activity that promised results quite the reverse of popular anticipation ; patiently the *Vindex* bided her time, and fortune favoring her at last, away she went at a pace that speedily brought her alongside of her cleverly handled little rivals ; when courteously initiating her initiation of initiating them into the latest shape of ship and fashion for which Bristol has yet been celebrated, she commenced by giving them an exposition of the fashioning of her counter, and concluded an able lecture by illustrating that point in perspective, where all distinction of form is supposed to vanish ; and where also the £40 prize vanished into her plate locker ; the *Vesper* subsiding quietly into the arms of ten sovereigns, and the *Misty Morn* indulging in (we hope not hazy) visions of triumph in future days.

Several local matches concluded a very pleasant meeting at the agreeable yachting station of Swansea.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND REGATTA.

THIS meeting commenced on Tuesday, August 28th, under the joint management of the club and town committees ; but unfortunately the weather was anything but conducive to yachting sport ; and the entries of racing yachts were far below the average of the matches of the season. The course was from the flag-ship moored off the Mallard, out through the western entrance of the harbour, round a flag-boat outside the Dragstone, thence round another flag-boat off the Shagstone, in through the eastern entrance to the flag-ship, twice round. Allowance of time half-minute up to 50 tons, quarter minute up to 100 tons, and one-eighth minute above that.

The first race was for two prizes, 50 sovereigns to the first vessel and 10 sovereigns to the second. In the early part of the day the wind was very light from N.N.W. with occasional calms, but later on it veered about to all points N.W., S.W., N.E., and East, light airs and calms alternating with wild squalls and heavy rain showers.

The following vessels made their appearance at the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1654	<i>Vindex</i>	cutter	45	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. Ir. Co.
1465	<i>Sphinx</i>	cutter	47	H. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
493	<i>Fiona</i>	cutter	78	E. Boutcher, Esq.	Fife
68	<i>Arrow</i>	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.	Owner

The signal gun at 11h. 28m. 30s. sent them away in excellent style, the Sphinx at once taking the lead, closely pressed by the Fiona and Vindex, both of which passed her off Drake's Island, the Fiona then went away with a great lead, but the "old salts" by no means liked the free use that had been made of her winch handles, for her bowsprit was hove down, "a full due with a screamer to come up the fall" until the spar appeared as if 'twas looking out for soundings, and her topmast stay was rounded in till the stick buckled like a yew bow, and the gear "twanged" like harp strings; however, away she went like a "dug out" taking a slide down the rapids of St. Mary, and the Sphinx making another burst collared the Vindex and took second place; the flag-ship was passed on the first round in the following order and times:—Fiona, 3h. 51m. 15s.; Sphinx, 4h. 2m. 53s.; Vindex, 4h. 4m. 4s. Arrow, 4h. 4m. 48s.

On the second round there were several very heavy squalls, and one of those strange phenomena which justifies the adage that "truth is often stranger than fiction" was witnessed, two vessels might be seen *not two hundred yards apart careened towards each* with a fresh breeze on their *opposite beams*! The Fiona still preserved her lead and the 50 sovereigns looked very likely to take a trip to the highlands; but when she had accomplished about two-thirds of the second round, and was reaching in from the Eastern mark, a wicked squall struck her and away went her topmast; on she went however, her crew making gallant efforts to repair the disaster, but the effect of the "winch handles" was destined to be further felt, for shortly afterwards the bowsprit missing the counter strain of the topmast stay, went to keep company with the spent topmast, and this fine vessel almost with the prize in her locker was placed *hors de combat*. The Arrow bore up on this round too, and the battle was left between the light weights; at it they went "tail and nip" the Sphinx declaring to win, and after a gallant struggle on the part of the Vindex, they reached the flag-ship at the following times:—

	h. m. s..		h. m. s.
Sphinx.....	6 58 28	Vindex	7 1 2

Vindex taking second prize.

A cup value 20 guineas presented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and a piece of plate presented by the tradesmen of the Club, were originally intended to be sailed for in separate matches, but the entries not filling, they were given as first and second prizes, for which the following vessels came to the buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1627	Vampire	cutter	20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
748	Laura	cutter	21	W. J. Kerr, Esq.	Hatcher
58	Anita	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons

When the starting gun was fired there was not an air of wind, and the sea like a sheet of burnished silver, but the ebb tide took the vessels away, the Vampire gliding ahead in the most mysterious manner, and eventually catching a light air at S.W., leaving her opponents to exchange the compliments of weather for some twenty minutes; at length however the wind reaching them and the Vampire running into a calm off Drake's Island, both vessels came up with her, the Laura taking the lead; however the Vampire soon gathered way again and leaving the Anita to her own devices, overhauled and passed the Laura like a shot, the first round was completed thus:—Vampire, 4h. 23m. 44s.; Laura, 5h. 23m. 50s.; Anita, 5h. 43m. 2s. On the second round the Vampire still carried "White with red border" to the front, the "Maltese cross" not having a chance of weather or tide sufficient to bring her to terms, although the distance between them was considerably decreased, and the race terminated at the flag-ship thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vampire	7 20 25	Laura	7 43 55

Vampire taking the Prince's cup and Laura the tradesmen's plate. Anita was not timed.

A prize of 10 sovereigns for the first and 5 sovereigns for the second vessel, presented by the town, brought the following mosquito fleet out:—Vespa, 8 tons, W. Clark, Esq.; Lapwing, 8 tons, H. G. Brutton, Esq.; Eagle, 7 tons, B. Newnham, Esq.; Nelly, 8 tons, T. B. Rastrick, Esq.; Pet, 6 tons, W. Way, Esq.; and Blanche, 7 tons, Captain W. G. Hope Johnstone, R.N. After a stirring and close match between them, the Vespa and Lapwing came in first, there being only 9 seconds between them, and were adjudged the prizes; the Eagle and Nelly well up.

On Wednesday a fresh breeze gave promise of better sport than on the previous day, and strenuous endeavours were made by the committee to get up a match between the fine schooners and yawls in harbour, amongst which were the Aline, Witchcraft, Evadne, Lufra, Titania, Iolanthe, Madcap, &c., but apparently the big "two stickers" had had enough in the ocean and other matches to the eastward, and were pre-

sent only to rest themselves after the struggle from Ryde, and furthermore the owners of heavy craft did not like the notion of bringing their vessels under full sail round the flag-ship on a first round, amongst the numerous craft that are sure to be under weigh, and in the way, upon such occasions, fearing dangerous accidents—if not loss of life, so the good intentions of the committee were unavoidably postponed; indeed it is no joke to handle a powerful fast vessel of nearly 300 tons, with all her flying kites abroad, in a crowded anchorage, and perhaps after all a wise discretion was observed.

The first match therefore was for a cup value 10 sovereigns with 20 sovereigns added, for which however only two vessels came to the starting buoys:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Builders
48	Anita.....	schooner	43	E. Packard, Esq.	Simons
49	Hyacinth.....	yawl	69	Lord Burghley, M.P.	Wanhill

They got away at 12h. 19m. 30s. the Hyacinth taking the lead in dashing style, and forcing the pace at a rate that indicated her intention to make a "win" of it; but after hauling her wind round the eastern boat on the first round, she was struck by a heavy squall, and her mainmast went by the board, leaving her a helpless wreck, and this fine vessel, to the regret of many who wished her noble owner every success, was towed back to the harbour by a government steam tug, that fortunately happened to be under weigh. The Anita therefore, left without an antagonist, reefed her canvas and finished the course at her leisure, arriving at the flag-ship at 3h. 57m. 32s.

A cup value 10 sovereigns with a purse of 5 sovereigns to the second vessel brought the mosquito fleet out again this day; the following starting:—Vespa, W. Clark, Esq.; Lapwing, H. G. Brutton, Esq.; Eagle, B. Newnham, Esq.; Nelly, T. B. Rastrick, Esq.; and Blanche, Capt. W. G. Hope Johnstone.

They started at 1h. 5m. 10s., the Vespa taking the lead, with the Lapwing and Nelly very close to her; the Blanche's main-topsail sheet fouling, she had to send a hand aloft to clear it, which in such a small craft occasioned considerable delay; they rounded the Eastern mark as follows:—Vespa, Nelly, Blanche, Lapwing, and Eagle. After rounding, the Nelly hauled down her foresail; and the Blanche seemed in trouble, as she doused both foresail and staysail, and was hove up in the wind, with her crew apparently busy bailing and pumping, and after

about 20 minutes she bore away for the harbour ; she is a new vessel, just launched and built on "Tovill's" principle, and cannot apparently do much to windward, which is just the fault that all vessels built on this concentric circle principle have exhibited. Eventually the Vesta and Lapwing again came in first and second, with the Eagle and Nelly third and fourth.

A purse of 6 sovereigns brought out the following little vessels :— Fanny, J. Carder ; Swallow, W. Martin ; Butterfly, M. Hudson ; Bantam, M. Lauder ; Boomerang, C. Hamilton ; and Kelpie, T. Johna. After a smart and well handled match, the Swallow came in the victor, with the Bantam and Butterfly second and third.

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE last race for the season was for the claret jug presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and which had been postponed like both the previous matches contested for on 27th July, when the following yachts came to the post, the prize being open to all vessels of the Club, with an allowance to those having more than one mast of one fourth their actual tonnage :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1379	Secret	cutter	31	T. D. Keogh, Esq.	Wanhill
1853	Torch	cutter	15	G. R. Thompson, Esq.	Fife
378	Echo	cutter	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.	Wanhill

The race was a very good one while it lasted, but the same provoking calm came on and prevented its being finished, and it was appointed to be re-sailed on the 11th August, when only the Secret, Torch, and Echo made their appearance at the starting buoys, partly owing to the lateness of the season, and the difficulty of finding amateur crews, so many gentlemen being absent from town. The wind at starting was about W. and light, and all set working topsails and second jibs, Echo and Torch went off together when the gun fired, but the Secret was delayed by the fouling of her jib halyards. She soon caught the little Torch however, and went through her lee; the wind flew suddenly to the South and East which gave the Echo a good lead and they rounded the Kish thus :—Echo, 12h. 16m. 0s.; Secret, 12h. 24m. 40s.; Torch, 12h. 25m. 50s. The wind and sea getting up and forcing all to get in their topsails before reaching the East Bar buoy, which they did, Echo, 12h. 5m. 45s. ; Secret, 1h. 10m. 30s.; Torch, 1h. 16m. 27m. There was

soon after a sudden lull, and all tacked to the southward to catch the true breeze. The first round was finished thus :—Echo, 1h. 28m. 13s.; Secret, 1h. 40m. 34s.; Torch, 1h. 51m. 54s. It now blew hard and the sea became so heavy that Secret and Torch gave up, and left the Echo to sail over the rest of the course alone, which she accomplished by 4h. 50m. 8s., and became the winner of H.R.H. much coveted gift, a result pleasing to all who know her owner, who has been extremely fortunately with her this season, having won besides the second class cup of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club, the challenge vase at Carlingford regatta, and the Commodore's cup of the Royal Irish Yacht Club.

Thus ended the racing season of 1866, in Dublin Bay, and long it will be remembered from the number, and quality of the prizes offered, and the number of starts which almost every race afforded before the prize could be allotted, the Prince Alfred Club having sailed seven matches viz :—

Yachts	Date	Prize	Value	Won by
3rd class	June 9th	1st prize	£20	Luna
	" "	2nd prize	£5	Wave-crest
2nd class	" 14	1st prize	£30	Echo
	" "	2nd prize	£2	Secret
5th class	" 30		£5	Myrrha
All classes	July 28th		£35	Torch
Schooners	Aug. 8th		£34	Aquiline
3rd class	" 10		£12	Torch
All classes	" 11		H. R. H. cup	Echo

ROYAL DEE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

MONDAY, July 23rd, this club held their annual sailing match on the Dee; the head quarters were at Heswall on the Cheshire side, where off the Crane the Victorine schooner belonging to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. Loyd, was stationed as flag-ship. The Test steamer engaged by the club to accompany the match, at an early hour arrived from Queen's Ferry on the Welsh side, with a large party, which were considerably added to at Heswall, where the officers of the club and a numerous circle of friends embarked. A handsome silver claret jug, value £20, constituted the prize, for which the following vessels entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
	Katie	cutter	5	G. Blythe, Esq.	Duck Southberry
689	Isabel	cutter	6	F. Thompson, Esq.	
320	Deva	cutter	6	Com. Grinrod, Esq.	
	Clytie	cutter	4	P. C. Clayton, Esq.	

The course was from the flag-ship at Heswall round the Pillar buoy and back ; Vice-Commodore Melling, who was in command for the day, assisted by Mr. Secretary Loyd, started them in excellent order at 10h. 54m. There was a nice whole-sail breeze at N.W., which gave them a beat to windward to the seaward mark, the Katie went away with the lead, with the Isabel second, Deva third, and Clytie fourth ; a very pretty match was sailed to the Pillar buoy, which was rounded by them thus :—Katie, 12h. 51m. 54s. ; Isabel, 12h. 55m. 14s. ; Deva, 1h. 4m. 13s. ; Clytie, 1h. 4m. 47s. The wind was free for the run home, and the Katie still preserved her lead, all hands booming out ; and the Clytie passed the Deva into third place, and they reached the flag-ship in the following order :—Katie, 2h. 47m. 5s. ; Isabel, 2h. 58m. 27s. ; Clytie, 3h. 12m. 50s. ; Deva, 3h. 15m. 15s.

The Katie was protested against by the Isabel, for having set a square-sail, and the committee adjudged the prize to the Isabel.

The members of the club and their friends celebrated the evening by an entertainment at the Pengwern Arms, Parkgate.

TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

On Thursday, August the 28rd, this popular meeting took place, and Torbay, that Queen of southern watering places, was never seen to greater advantage ; the influx of visitors, at all times considerable, was on this occasion remarkable as exceeding that of previous years. The weather too was extremely favorable for aquatic sports, and the arrangements made by the committee were highly creditable ; the only drawback was the very poor attendance of yachts, the contrast between the crowded shores and the sparsely covered bay being very naked indeed.

The first match was for a purse of 40 sovereigns to the first, and 10 sovereigns to the second vessel ; the course was from a flag-ship abreast the pier round a mark outside of Berry Head, three times round, about 36 miles. Time allowance half Ackers' scale.

The following vessels entered.

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Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.	Builders.
1629	Vanguard	cutter	60	Capt. Hughes	Ratsey
216	Christabel	cutter	51	A. C. Kennard, Esq.	Aldous
1465	Sphinx	cutter	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	Owner
1654	Vindex	cutter	44	A. Duncan, Esq.	Mill. In. Co.

The wind was at S.E. blowing fresh, with a lop of sea on, a bright sun shining, but seaward there was a thick haze, and to the westward the sky looked very black and threatening. At 12 o'clock the starting gun gave them leave to go, the Vindex, Vanguard, and Sphinx canting to starboard very smartly, but the Christabel canting to port ran her bowsprit across the Sphinx's deck, and the latter's crew giving her a "one, two, three" sternboard, she got away but very indifferently, they all headed S.b.W. on the starboard tack, with all plain lower canvas and No. 3 topsails, the Vanguard with a jib-headed topsail which she shortly after shifted for a larger one. On tacking to port on the starboard tack to weather the off shore mark-boat, the Vindex was leading, with the Sphinx and Vanguard pressing her closely, and the Christabel last, shortly after which they disappeared in the haze to seaward, when they hove in sight again running for the Brixham mark-boat, the Vindex had a fine lead, with the other three close together, and every appearance of a slashing struggle; closing in under Berry Head, they were partly shrouded in the hazy mist that overspread the sea, and presented a very strange phantom-like appearance that afforded the spectators a most remarkable and pleasing sight, the vessels appearing as if sailing through clouds, the pace very good indeed and the struggle beginning to get exciting; the Vindex rounded the third mark off Roundham Head, and out through the mist came the Red and White flag of the Christabel an unmistakeably good second, and threatening the Vindex, whilst the Sphinx and Vanguard were engaged in a beam and beam battle, the Vanguard endeavouring to pass the Sphinx to windward, and a very pretty game of "luff and fill again" in full progress, the Sphinx eventually stopping the ambitious designs of the Vanguard. Approaching the flag-ship off the pier, they went along at rattling speed with a strong breeze, but here the crew of the Christabel made a fatal mistake, that we should hardly have expected from such wary mariners; instead of cutting away the tack lashing of her balloon jib, they let go the halliards, and the mass of canvas getting her fore-foot hampered her terribly, and the Sphinx and Vanguard making a dash passed her, and the flag-boat was rounded the first time in the fol-

lowing order :—Vindex, 1h. 33m. 26m. ; Sphinx, 1h. 37m. 25s. ; Vanguard, 1h. 37m. 46s. ; Christabel, 1h. 38m. 22s.

The Christabel was now nearly as badly off as at the start and she therefore made a long board on the port tack to look out for a slice of luck, without however meeting with any of that much coveted article awaiting an owner ; the Vindex increased her lead considerably on the second round, and it became evident she had her antagonists well mastered in this match, and meant to win ; the Sphinx got away slightly from Vanguard, and the Christabel was unable to do more than get on better terms with the latter vessel. The second round was accomplished in the following order and times :—Vindex, 3h. 1m. 50s. ; Sphinx, 3h. 10m. 40s. ; Vanguard, 3h. 12m. 10s. ; Christabel, 3h. 13m. 10s.

On commencing the third round of the course, the Vanguard took a leaf out of the Christabel's log on the previous one, and stood away for a long leg on the port tack, and to show how capricious luck bestows its favors, she achieved what the Christabel planned without success, and when next they hove in sight she had passed the Sphinx into second place, but the Vindex was not to be touched any journey on that day and came in a gallant winner. The following were the times at the flag-ship, the Vanguard securing the second prize by her judicious handling at the last round :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vindex	4 30 35	Sphinx	4 45 15
Vanguard	4 40 22	Christabel	4 48 10

The second race was for vessels under 30 tons ; a purse of 20 sovereigns for the first and 5 sovereigns to the second vessel, course and allowance of time same as before. The following vessels came to the starting buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
1627	Vampire	cutter	20	J. Cuthbert, Esq.	Hatcher
415	Emmet	yawl	28	G. Goodall, Esq.	Wanhill
748	Laura	cutter	20	W. J. Kerr, Esq.	Hatcher

The start took place at 12h. 32m. the Vampire at once going away with a strong lead, evidently able to do what she pleased with her rivals ; during the first round a collision took place between the Emmet and Laura, respecting which the accounts were so conflicting that we are unable to state which was in error, but the matter has been referred to the decision of the committee ; the Laura however was so much disabled as to be forced to bear up ; owing to this the remainder of the match

was a walk over for the Vampire, as she run the Emmet nearly hull down, arriving at the flag-ship after the concluding round at 5h. 43m 10s., and carrying off the 20 sovereign purse.

The third event decided was for the Ladies purses of £15, £10, and £5, for first, second, and third vessels. Course same as before, but only twice round a three-quarter minute time for difference of tonnage.

The following were the entries :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders.
175	Buccaneer	cutter	Capt. H. E. Bayly		Bulley
1249	Queen	cutter	Capt. Whitbread		Hatcher
	Stella	cutter	W. Lean, Esq.		
	Flying Fish	cutter	— Strong, Esq.		

The starting gun was fired at 12h. 51m. 5s. the Buccaneer went away with the lead, the Queen close in her wake, and the Flying Fish and Stella well up. The Queen however speedily ranged up alongside of the Buccaneer, and after a wicked struggle deprived her of the lead, but the Buccaneer was not to be shaken off so easily and stuck to her work in such a determined style, and so ably handled, that it was evident there would be an exciting contest between them. Many races have these little clippers had together, but last season the Queen's star was in the ascendant, this season however the Buccaneer seems to have been greatly improved in speed, and a match between them was looked forward to with much interest.

During the first round the Queen managed to hold her own, and the flag-ship was passed in the following order :—Queen, 2h. 49m. 39s. ; Buccaneer, 2h. 50m. 56s.; Flying Fish, 2h. 52m. 29s.; Stella, 2h. 53m. 34s.

On the second round the Buccaneer gave the Queen a taste of her weatherly qualities, which the latter did not apparently relish ; at it they went a regular ding dong, beam and beam battle, the Queen's crew doing all they knew still to carry their brave little ship to the front, but the Buccaneer was handled and sailed in beautiful style, and left not an inch of water unaccounted for ; she gradually drew ahead of the Queen, but so little that the struggle continued up to the very flag-ship, which was rounded thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Buccaneer	4 51 10	Queen	4 51 30	Flying Fish	5 5 0

The Stella being far astern was not timed.

The success of the Buccaneer was hailed with repeated cheers in com-

pliment to the admirable manner in which she was handled, a similar compliment being paid to the Queen.

The last match was between yachts of 9 tons and under; 7 sovereigns to the first and 3 sovereigns to the second. For this there started, Nelly, 7 tons, Mr. Rastrick; Pixie, 9 tons, Mr. E. Le Breton; Lapwing, 8 tons, Mr. W. Brutton; Tern, 7 tons, Mr. Strickland; after a pretty race between this mosquito fleet, during part of which however they were hidden by the mist from the shore-going spectators, they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order:—Lapwing, 5h. 2m. 0s.; Pixie, 5h. 12m. 55s.; Nelly, 5h. 14m. 13s.; Tern, 5h. 22m. 0s.;

On Friday there were several sailing and rowing matches, between fishing and local pleasure boats, which our space will not permit us to notice.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

OCEAN MATCH FROM RYDE TO PLYMOUTH.

THE third of the series of Ocean matches organised by this club, for prizes presented by individual members, took place on Friday, the 24th of August, and despite all "wise saws" to the contrary notwithstanding, proved a "modern instance" that there may be luck for somebody even when sailing on a Friday. The prize for this match was that presented by Mr. John Richardson of the *Evadne* schooner, and was a very beautifully modelled and highly chased silver *Tazza* of the severe Italian school, value 130 guineas. The following fine fleet started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1866.

No.	Names of Yachts	Rig	Tons	Owners	Builders
31	Aline	schooner	214	C. Thellusson, Esq.	Camper
1784	Witchcraft.....	schooner	223	T. Broadwood, Esq.	J. S. White
1392	Selene	schooner	273	D. Richardson, Esq.	Steele
152	Blue Bell.....	schooner	164	F. Edwards, Esq.	Camper
675	Iolanthe	schooner	14	Capt. Miller	Archbald
706	Julia	yawl	122	G. P. Moss, Esq.	Ratsey
493	Fiona	cutter	78	E. Boucher, Esq.	Fife
846	Marina	cutter	65	J. C. Morice, Esq.	Ratsey
1573	Terpsichore	cutter	42	Capt. Tatnall	Wanhill
812	Lalworth	cutter	80	G. Duppa, Esq.	Inman

They started at 9 a.m. at the top of high water, thus taking away the full run of the ebb tide for six hours with them: there was not a breath of air at the starting, and a light rain falling; they all with the exception of the *Selene* had every stitch of balloon canvas that could be

set displayed, extra of their plain working canvas : when the gun fired the vessels lay with their heads in every direction, and much skill was displayed by their crews in getting them on their proper course to the westward, which all managed to effect with the exception of Julia, and she seemed as obstinate as an ill-tempered thorough-bred at his first start ; not all the exertions of her crew could get life in her for fully half-an-hour, during which time she lay with hardly a motion of her canvas off Ryde Pier. The Selene was the first to show the Solent mariners the way to get their heads straight, and after the splendid style in which she fought the battle with the Blue Belle from Cherbourg to Ryde, in which our readers will remember she came off victorious, her movements were jealously watched : the Scottish clippers and their crews have been making their mark very significantly this season amongst the English fliers, and have likewise proved that the cunning lore of the sea is not confined to mariners of the Solent, the Itchen or the Thames : it was quite evident the "salts" of these latitudes regarded the Selene and Fiona as a pair of tartars that it would take all their time, either to outsail or out-manceuvre. The Fiona, together with the Marina and Blue Bell next drew out, the latter apparently determined not to let the Selene get too far ahead of her, and these three vessels went to the front : the Aline next ranged up alongside the Scottish schooner, with the Lulworth, Terpsichore and Witchcraft bringing up the stern division ; but so far it was almost a drifting match. A few catspaws began to play about the water from the southward, and in a moment all were astir, and squaresails began to disappear as the breeze gave indication of heading them, the Fiona and Marina making the most of these fitful puffs began to walk out from the fleet, but their journey was like the battle of "Bulls' run,"—short—sharp, but by no means decisive ; the promised wind degenerated into another flat calm, and tide borne on the ebb it was merely a record of drift, with an amount of whistling and pattering on the bulwarks, that might cause one to fancy the fifes and drums of the Guards were making holiday in the Solent ocean. Patience, perseverance, and a well charged pipe will however bore a hole in the tightest bag of wind that ever lay *perdu* in the sky, and accordingly as noon approached a south-westerly breeze sprang up which enabled them to get steerage way on, and they left the Solent in the following order :—Marina, 12h. 34m. Os. ; Fiona, 12h. 36m. Os. ; Lulworth, 12h. 37m. Os. ; Terpsichore, 12h. 45m. Os. ; Blue Bell, 12h. 46m. Os. ; Aline, 12h. 47m. Os. ; Iolanthe, 12h. 51m. Os. ; Selene, 1h. 0m. ; Witchcraft, 1h. 13m. Os. Thus with various fortunes they continued their course, without any decided advantage being gained by any

the wind continuing very light, and the vessels making a good offing ; towards the afternoon they drew up abreast of the "William" of Portland (as Mrs. Partington calls it) when a thick muddy looking bank of vapour rolling up right ahead gave unmistakeable notice of the approach of that sailor's enemy, a dense fog, with the pleasing knowledge that a regular "muzzler" in the shape of a westerly wind was bearing it down upon them ; the Aline at once tacked to starboard on the port tack to keep a grip of the land and easy soundings, an example which was followed by the Fiona, Lulworth, Marina and four other vessels: but the skipper of the Selene did a good "think ; concluding that a west wind coming up laden with fog would in all probability contain a trifle of rain, and the latter ingredient of elemental delight having a strong tendency to bully the wind into its own favourite quarter of the compass, he hove the Selene about on the starboard tack, stood a long leg out to sea, and was soon beyond the melodious concert of fog horns and gongs, and other abominations that foggy weather calls into active employ: that he was right in pursuing these tactics events fully proved, for during the night the wind veered south, and the Selene went away with a slashing breeze laying her course with a point or two to spare for Plymouth, whilst the other vessels jammed dead to leeward, had to make a board to the southward to get the line of bearing of their port, but by the time they had effected this, the Scottish schooner was miles away careering across the sea at a pace that promised speedily to place the prize in her plate locker ; canvas was piled up, halliards, tacks and sheets had a careful pull all round, and pretty tidy carrying on took place during the morning watch, for the breeze proved strong and true; too late however, all the talent was on board the Selene this voyage, her sailing tacks were all aboard and every inch of canvas was tugging her along as if to test the strength of the bolt rope ; the "Red, White, and Red" streamed out victoriously in the morning light, and it was the kingdom of the Cumbrae's against the "twa" little Islands that make up great Britain, that the silver tazza kept company with the Cherbourg prize ; they passed in through the western entrance of Plymouth harbour, and the match was terminated at the following times on Saturday morning :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Selene	11 23 0	Aline	11 50 0	Blue Bell	12 25 0

Followed by the Witchcraft, Fiona, Terpsichore, Marina, Lulworth and Iolanthe.

Beating such a fleet as she contended against in this match is a pretty fair test of the Selene's powers, for she had the fastest vessels afloat

against her, and with the light winds that prevailed during the early part of the match, it told not a little the skilful manner in which she was handled, that a vessel of her weight and power should have held her position so well until the strong breeze came.

The Vice-Commodore, Lord Burghley presented the prize to Mr. W. Richardson, complimenting him highly on the performance and handling of his vessel.

The *Selene* is what is called a "Composite" vessel, iron framed and wooden planked, and was designed and built under Mr. Richardson's superintendence by Messrs. Steele of Greenock, the builders of the three famous China clippers *Ariel*, *Serica*, and *Taping*, which sailed such a wonderful race from Foo-chow-foo this year, with the Tea cargoes of the season, and which vessels ran nearly stem and stem for the 16,000 miles of this mighty Ocean race, the *Taping* eventually winning by the superiority of the tug which towed her into the Thames. We shall give the log of this Ocean match in a future number.

THE VOYAGE OF THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

NEVER has a voyage been more warmly debated than that of this tiny craft across the Atlantic; one section of the daily press accord that credence which the information placed at their disposal warrant them in doing; whilst in others a measure of doubt is cast upon its performance, and correspondents in their columns are not slow in expressing opinions that no such voyage has ever been performed. We have received numerous communications upon the subject, the nature of which may be summed in two words, "for" and "against": the *casu bono* and the *ad hominem* have been freely discussed, but the question to be set at rest is to our mind very simple; when we hear of remarkable feats being performed in racing, hunting, shooting, fishing, athletic games, &c., we do not generally debate the public good to be achieved, or the individual interest to be served by their accomplishment, we set down and admire them as British pluck, stamina, and physical endurance; evidences of what some people designate our restless love of adventure and others dignify as the characteristic and indomitable spirit of Englishmen; if we discover that a cheat has been practised John Bull becomes very wrath with the offender, and no matter what prodigy may be performed to atone for the flagrant offence, there always lurketh a suspicion that there is one side of the square not quite perfect. An officer of the American navy with one companion traverses 8000 miles

of a wild ocean, in a boat 26 by 6, a mere toy in fact; he is welcomed amongst us cordially, and we trust hospitably, as befitting, the old country; it was an unparalleled feat this coolly staring death face to face for 38 days, for at no single moment could the adventurers feel assured that the coming morning sun would not find them fathoms deep; well we welcome them and express our astonishment that such a mite of a thing could have lived in such a sea, and that men could preserve their presence of mind, and exercise their skill, in conducting her safely through such dangers to our shores, merely for the sake of saying "we have crossed the Atlantic in a boat!" We confess we cannot refuse to admire the cool daring, and resolute endurance displayed in accomplishing so much, for so little, as the result, little as it is, will bear the same interpretation we are prone to adapt to our own remarkable performances in this little Island, when we say that the spirit which prompted them is the same that has planted the British Union Jack in never fading daylight; but the suspicion we have before alluded to, the incomplete square, presents itself to some of our solid reasoners, and Captain Hudson has only his own countrymen to blame that such a suspicion should exist, for John Bull has afforded many a hearty laugh to his cousin Jonathan, and Yankee ingenuity is proverbial when a pair of spectacles is to be fitted to an acute Britisher.

A great nautical feat has been performed, but that performance is challenged by men whose nautical experience prompt them to dispute it; the objections to its accomplishment that have come to our knowledge do not appear tenable, far from it; it is admitted that a life-boat, which the "Red, White, and Blue," is described to be, could live in such a sea as was likely to be encountered, given this—the courage and daring of her crew may be conceded, and then what further? "Oh (quothe the incredulous)—*cui bono*?"—This is no valid argument, what is the *cui bono* of a steeple chase, a fox hunt, the ascent of Mont Blanc, or the Matterhorn; the hunting feats of a Cumming, a Gerard, a Du Chaillu; just about of as paramount value, so far as mankind at large are concerned, and admitting of as much doubt on parity of reasoning.

In answer to many correspondents we must confess we cannot admit the impossibility of the voyage, and without going into unnecessary details we are bound to accept the assurance of an officer of the American Navy, and as such presumably an American gentleman, that the voyage has been performed; with a view to satisfy ourselves on several points we wrote to Captain Hudson, he called at our office in the most straightforward manner; he placed the log of his voyage at our disposal, and requested our insertion of the subjoined letter.

To the Editor of Hunt's Yachting Magazine.

London Sept. 24th, 1866.

SIR,—You, having taken an interest in the ship "Red, White, and Blue," and several obnoxious remarks appearing in other papers, I very respectfully ask you to make the following insertion in your *Journal*; especially as you have my Log Book which was kept perfect, and in civil time, as on board an American war vessel.

I beg leave to state that I have served in the United States Navy as acting Master and acting Ensign during our war; and nearly twelve months of that time Executive Officer (or first Lieutenant) on board the U.S. ship *Shepherd Knapp*, which can be proved by looking over the Register at the American Consul's, or by the Paymaster on board the U.S. Ship *Colorado* (Mr. Cunningham,) now at Southampton who paid me a visit the other day at the Palace and recognised me. I consider that my word ought to have some influence as an officer and a gentleman.

Very respectfully &c.,

JOHN M. HUDSON,

CAPT. SHIP RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

There is surely evidence in this of a desire to court the most searching enquiry, and afford every information. The Red, White, and Blue spoke vessels on her voyage, their confirmation, if further appears necessary can be obtained. We beg to refer our numerous correspondents for answers to their more detailed questions to the log subjoined.

THE LOG. (*Verbatim*).

Monday, July 9th. 1866.—Mr. Fitch (the assistant) at 8:30 a.m. took ship out of Whitehall slip, and sailed her down to Red Hook Point, preparatory to the steamer coming down to keep us company towards the Light Ship, with a party of friends to see her off. During the morning took in and stowed stores, bread, &c. At 11:30 I went to custom house to clear, took out a register, the clearance in ballast, and the bill of health: got crew list and articles, and went through all the forms of a ship of 1,000 tons. At 1 p.m. got through at the custom-house, and proceeded to Whitehall, where the steamer *Silas O. Pearce* was in waiting since 11 a.m., and all very impatient. 1:30 cast off and started after the ship, winds light from N.N.W., with light rain,—overhauled ship Red, White, and Blue, opposite Quarantine, Staten Island, took them all on board the steamer, staid about half-an-hour taking leave of friends, and took a drink; myself and Fitch then went on board the ship, all the rest left her, and towed us down towards the Light Ship. Coming down the Bay our dog Fanny, (which was given us by our friend, Mr. Rickhow, who also gave our preserved meats,) fell overboard—a boat from the steamer picked her up and put her on board,—the poor animal keeps crying, but is getting reconciled to her new home. Steamer kept on down the Bay, we having fore and main topsails and jibs set, the weather looking to be clearing and winds very light from S.W. At 4 p.m. got down to the Light Ship and cast off, hauled in the tow line—steamer laid by us and gave each of us three cheers, with a tiger,

and also the ship. During this ceremony there was many a white handkerchief waving in the breeze, and from thence to the bright eyes of our warm hearted friends who all prayed for our safety: she then proceeded up towards the city. 5 set mizen topsail. 7:30 wind N.W. and fresh, shipping plenty of water, and think she leaks some as there were 4 inches in her—wet our bed and some provisions—the deck leaks badly being dried up by the sun. 9 p.m. lost the lamp, a barque passed steering eastward, also a ship standing for the Highlands. Midnight—Highlands bearing W.b.N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 20 miles, from which I take my departure. Thus ends this day—civil time: sent down mizen topgallant and royal yards.

Tuesday, 10th.—Begins with fresh winds and heavy swell from N.E. At 3 a.m. Fitch called me out, took in jib, fore top-staysail, and main and mizen topsail, going very well by the wind, with only fore topsail; pump ship, could not get much water out cabin floor. 4 to 8 a.m.—4:30 spoke pilot boat Alexander A. Stewart, wanted to know how she worked, told him very well. Several sail in sight bound various ways—6 set main topsail—8 managed to get some breakfast and fed the dog—8 to 12 meridian—this morning stowing away provisions afresh and making more room—10 pilot boat Wm. H. Aspinwall spoke us—11 set fore staysail for fore topmast-staysail; and clearing the cabin.

No observation—cloudy and hazy.

12 to 4 p.m. nothing of account transpiring, heavy swell and winds fresh—6 p.m. got ready and set fore trysail, swell going down and ship steadier—6 to 8 p.m. wind and sea moderating, but looking black and threatening around the horizon, lightning to westward, tried to pump out but could not, ship rolling about too much, no cooking has been done yet, no regular meals, used 1 can of chicken—8 to midnight moderating, light winds and cloudy, nothing transpiring, set signal light.

Wednesday, 11th.—Begins from midnight to 4 a.m. with light winds, and broken clouds, and clearing away with blue sky, stars coming out, swell going down—3 set mizen topsail—3:30 set fore and mainsail—hove log $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots—4 to 8 a.m. several sail in sight, and moderate—7 set cross jack—7:30 lighted the Karosene stove, and made coffee, the first warm drink or any thing hot yet—8 to 12 meridian; detached clouds, blue sky, a ship following after, about 10 she kept off, found she could not fetch us. This forenoon Fitch bailed out five buckets of water—looks more comfortable in the cabin now; she don't appear as yet to make any more; sun got past the meridian before we could take her—no observation.

Light N.Easterly winds from noon to 4 p.m.—from 4 to 6 p.m. light airs, and heavy swell from the east—6 to 8 calm and no steerage—7 spoke the schooner Pequonic of Brigport hence from Boston towards Philadelphia—8 to midnight, calm—9:30 p.m. light airs from the westward; hauled up the mizen and main courses, squared the yards; set signal light.

Thursday, 12th.—From midnight until 4 a.m. light westerly winds and fine—4 until 6 light winds and clear blue sky, sailed through a tide rip, set main topgallant sail and royal—8 to noon light westerly winds, and weather fine, at 9:30 set the fore topgallant sail and royal.—All this watch Capt. Hudson employed in drying his clothes, books, bedding, &c., and clearing out the cabin—Saw a bark steering S.E.

12 to 4 p.m. moderate breezes with broken clouds and blue sky, saw some

small quantities of Gulf weed, the air rather damp, Fitch employed in getting the bed and other articles below—4 to 6 a.m. getting things ready, and Captain Hudson cooked supper, and done the washing up of dishes,—had some of the best mutton soup we ever eat of the kind out of cans—6 to 8 fresh breezes and clear sky, small sea heaving, the ship doing well, and carrying the royals, going 7 large by the log, set signal light, lost sight of the bark—8 to midnight strong breezes and sea making up : carrying the following sails—fore topmast staysail, foresail, topsail, gallantsail and royal; on the main—main and topsail, top gallantsail, royal—mizen topsail—8 set signal light.

This day expended 1 can mutton soup; and 1 can of beef for the dog, as she must not be forgot—she takes it out in sleeping.

Friday, 13th.—From 12 to 4 a.m. strong breezes and clear sky with a heavy sea heaving, but the ship rides it well, shipping small quantities of water; by the looks of the water we are in the Gulf stream—4 to 8, fresh gales and clear, heavy sea running, at 8 called the watch and furled fore and main topgallant sails and royals, shipping some water but doing very well—8 to meridian, fresh gales from westward, clear blue sky, heavy sea heaving, ship taking in some water and running very well, better than I expected, considering when she is in the hollow of the sea the sails are almost becalmed—Not able to cook anything this morning. For these 12 hours one mile is allowed per hour East for heave of the sea.

12 to 4 p.m. fresh gales with high topping sea, when in the hollow the topsails almost becalmed, saw a school of flying fish, shipped large quantities of water, decks leaking some, and running into the cockpit from thence below, Capt. Hudson bailed out 14 buckets of water from the cabin; wet bed and other articles. Wet me completely at the helm.—4 to 6 p.m., found our watch stopped at 5, got wet with Fitch, and not able to set her going, having rusted, & now have to go by sun rise, sun set, and meridian, and morning and afternoon sights, for determining our time of day. Fresh breezes, heavy sea running—6 to 8 fresh breezes and clear sky, heavy swell, but going down; bent main trysail—8 to midnight winds moderating some, sea going down, clear sky. Not able to cook anything this day. This last 12 hours current E.b.N. in Gulf Stream, 1 mile, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile for heave of sea.—8 p.m. set signal light.

Saturday, 14th.—Midnight to 4 am, moderating and clear, with heavy swell but going down. About 2 a.m. a small barracouta jumped on board. Shipping some water, nothing more transpiring; sunrise 3:46—4 to 8 a.m. light breezes, swell heaving, looking black and cloudy in the N.W. light thunder in the distance; hauled up mainsail and squared yards—8 to meridian light winds, cloudy, looking threatening, with distant thunder, but got nothing from it; latter part light winds and baffling, ship not having steerage way on her, put her round several times. Opened a box of can turkey, and stowed them, and making a fresh stowage in the hold, got out the bedding and other articles of clothing to dry, pumped out two buckets of water from the hold, done various other small jobs. These 12 hours 1 mile per hour E.b.N. for current of stream, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heave of the sea. Opened a can of mutton soup for breakfast. No time for cooking, having to take observations at different times to find the time of day.

12 to 4 p.m.. Light airs with passing clouds, swell moderating, but looking heavy to N.E., employed in fitting tiller ropes, over-hauling clothes, stowing away bedding and other small jobs,— 4 to 6 p.m. fresh breezes and clouds, sudden

flaws ; furled foresail and mainsail and mizen topsail, ship going under fore and main topsails, jib and fore topmast staysail, saw a full rigged brig steering east pass about about 4 miles to northward, heavy swell making up—6 to 8 p.m. fresh breezes with clear sky, heavy sea, making up from N.E., it has changed very soon; 7 a bark passed about 5 miles to northward steering east, no cooking this afternoon, too rough for the Kerosene stove, shipping some water—8 to midnight, moderating, but heavy swell, clear sky, pleasant weather, a small flying fish 2 inches long flew on board this watch, Gulf Stream current 12 miles for these 12 hours: that cock pit of ours is a very bad place, cramped up just high enough to take the hips and make us both sore, cramps our knees, it is the hardest place on board, the rest is bad enough.

Sunday 15th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. winds moderating, swell going down, fine and clear weather—3:30 set fore and mainsails, and mizen topsail, nothing else transpiring ; sunrise 3:46 a.m.—4 to 8 a.m. fine pleasant light airs, clear sky, 8 cooked coffee and can of chicken, saw a bark astern to westward, steering easterly—8 to meridian fine and pleasant with very light airs from E. to N., swell heavy, saw a sail to southward, nothing transpiring—the loss of our watch by rusting with salt water is a very serious drawback to us, as we have to go by sunrise, sunset meridian, and fore, and afternoon sights to determine our time. Midnight is the worst, as that is mostly guess work.

Current E.by N., 12 miles from Gulf Stream.

Meridian to 4 p.m. calms, light airs, and baffling all round the compass, with clear sky. About 4 p.m. concluded to try and speak our companion the bark, light airs, got her headed towards him to get his longitude, we having no chronometer—4 to 6 p.m., light breezes easterly, making little way towards the bark, about 2 miles distant. Set our ensign, which he answered, but hanging down was unable to make out his nationality. He wore round to the north and kept off from us, evidently not wishing to speak us, I suppose, for fear we wanted something. I cannot say too much against that captain's humanity, whoever he may be, that would pass a small ship, with only two men in and 500 miles away from land, without desiring to speak her, if even he could do nothing. I leave him to his conscience. The One that directs all will give him his reward—4 to 8 p.m. light breeze and clear and smooth sea, set the spanker—8 to midnight moderate breeze and steady, set signal light, the bark coming 'up astern, and hauled his wind, passed $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile a-weather of us to gain advantage of ground, so to prevent me from speaking him if I wanted. He need have no fears on that ground. Finished one keg of water, 10 gallons, and opened another.

Monday 16th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. clear and pleasant weather, blue sky, wind freshening, smooth sea. At 2 a.m. saw a sail ahead and going east, leaving us; sunrise 3:46 a.m.—4 to 8 a.m. fine and pleasant breezes with passing clouds, nothing of any import transpiring, swell heaving up, not able to light our Kerosene stove, so nothing to be cooked—8 to meridian fresh winds and pleasant passing clouds, and sea making up, took altitude of sun, found time 8:45 a.m. This morning doing several small jobs. Not many lazy times on board this ship. Shipping some water.

Ther. at noon. Air 91° Water 81°.

Found ourselves to south by observation of where we ought to be. Current must have set south-easterly, as it is known not to be always steady in the stream. Going under three topsails, fore and mainsails, jib, fore topmast staysail and spanker.

Meridian to 4 p.m. strong breeze, passing clouds, and smoky in sun, took in spanker, heavy sea making up and shipping some water. Fitch drew off three gallons of water from the cask in the hold for use, took bed out to air and put below again not quite dry. Another small flying fish jumped on board—4 to 6 p.m. breeze freshening up, and hauling west, squared yards and hauled mainsail up, heavy clouds in west bearing a threatening appearance. No cooking done to-day, opened a can of mutton soup—6 to 8 p.m. breezes moderate and cloudy, set signal light—8 to midnight fine breezes, with dark clouds and overcast, and heavy sea heaving. Another flying fish jumped on board, killed itself instantly by striking the deck: under three topsails, fore and mainsails, jib and fore topmast staysail. Hauled up farther to northward to-day to get nearer the gravel bank of Newfoundland, tried our compass by the north star, found her correct, no attraction from the iron, being an iron boat, and iron all around and underneath the compass, which is rather strange.

Tuesday 17th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. moderate and fresh breezes at intervals, with heavy dark clouds. 2 a.m. braced in and set mainsail, heavy sea heaving. Another flying fish jumped on board: sunrise 3:46 a.m.—4 to 8 a.m. moderate and clearing off. Saw a large school of flying fish and large quantities of Gulf weed—8 took altitude of sun to determine our time of day. Still no time on board—8 to meridian moderate, fine and pleasant, with broken clouds, sea going down, saw several schools of flying fish and some Gulf weed. 10 set cross jack and spanker, allowed for this last 24h. 12 miles current easterly for the stream, nothing of any moment transpiring. Going under 3 topsails, 3 courses, spanker jib and fore topmast staysail.

Ther. air 92° Water 81°

Meridian to 4 p.m. light winds, pleasant weather and blue sky, swell heaving: employed in fitting leading blocks to topmast halyards, top gallant halyards, and fitted a bumpkin forward for fore tack to lead to bows; too narrow. At 2 p.m. hauled up cross jack and squared the yards—4 to 6 p.m. moderate breezes and clear sky, has the appearance of freshening, took altitude of sun 4:30 to determine time of day, drew out two gallons water from the hold, set flying jib—6 to 8 p.m. cloudy, and moderate heavy swell. Sunset 7:44 p.m. for time—8 to midnight fine breezes and cloudy, furled spanker, nothing transpiring, only both very sore from sitting down in the cockpit, it is a very hard place. 8 set signal light.

Wednesday 18th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. fine breezes and cloudy, heavy sea heaving, another flying fish flew on board, nothing more transpiring—4 to 8 a.m. moderate breezes and heavy clouds passing, heavy sea heaving. 6 set mainsail. Sunrise 3:42 a.m.—8 to meridian light breezes, fine and pleasant, hazy weather,—9 hauled up mainsail squared yards, took sight for time

at 8:15 a.m. Took a dry breakfast this morning, no cooking, ship rolling too much for the fire in the kerosene stove. Allowed for Gulf current and heave of the sea east, true, 20 miles for the last 24 hours. Opened one can of turkey for breakfast. The dog Fanny sick, will not eat.

Ther. air 89°. Water 77°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. light winds and pleasant weather, clear sky, swell heaving and ship rolling some. 2 p.m. set mainsail and spanker, nothing transpiring. 3:45 took altitude for time of day—4 to 6 p.m. fine and pleasant, 4:30 set main top gallant sail and royal, squared yards and hauled up mainsail, furled spanker, swell heaving and wet some clothes drying—6 to 8 p.m. moderate, took supper, nothing cooked to-day, ship rolling so much cannot keep anything on the stove. Sun-set 7:18 to guide our time—8 to midnight moderate breezes and swell heavy, clear sky, at 11:30 struck a snag on our port bow, or some other substance, which completely stopped her headway, or it might have been one of the rocks marked on the chart as being doubtful position; but it is doubtful if any such do exist in the Gulf stream. Called the captain, but that was unnecessary, for as soon as the shock was felt he was on deck, but could see nothing. He immediately ascertained if ship was leaking, and found she was not. On the instant our lonely position came over us, and our feelings can better be imagined than described; enough to make stouter men than us to anticipate the worst, for on very dark nights ships running large striking anything in the water might instantly go down before they could do anything to save themselves.

Thursday 19th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. strong breezes and dark clouds heaving from westward, and overcast, heavy sea making up, shipping some water, 2 a.m. a flying fish hit me on my left cheek but did no damage, and fell in the cock pit, and the dog Fanny amused herself with it for a little while—4 to 8 a.m. moderate breezes and passing clouds, sunrise 3:42 a.m. nothing more transpiring—8 to meridian moderate breezes, clear sky, heavy sea heaving, took out the bed to dry, deck leaking, and some water got through the companion way. Allowed for Gulf current E.S.E. true, 20 miles, no fire lighted this morning, opened one can of chicken.

Ther. air 89°. Water 79°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. fresh breezes and dark heavy clouds and overcast, with heavy sea heaving from westward, bailed large quantities of water out of the cabin, deck leaks under the gunwale, wet the wearing clothes and found them mouldy, had to wash and dry them, some of them are completely spoiled, also took the bed out but found it impossible to dry it, being cork not dry through, concluded to throw it overboard; got out 2 gallons of water from the hold—4 to 6 p.m. furled main-top gallant sail and royal, the weather has a threatening appearance, dark and cloudy, took in clothing and not dry, 5:26 a.m. took an altitude for time—6 to 8 p.m. furled jib and flying jib, strong winds and heavy sea heaving, and cloudy, and shipping water some going in cabin, sun set 7:18 for time—8 to midnight moderate with strong winds in flaws and presenting very threatening appear-

ance, took in mizen topsail at 8 p.m. and set signal light, no fire has been lighted to-day, ship not steady enough.

Friday 20th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. moderate winds and squally, and very dark clouds and threatening. 2 a.m. hauled up foresail, heavy showers of rain, 3 set foresail and mizen topsail, continued rain during remainder of the watch—4 to 8 a.m. the same weather continued with constant rain, sun obscure, got no time this morning, have to go by guess work—8 to meridian light winds with squalls, dark and cloudy with passing showers looking very threatening, 9 took in mizen topsail, about 10 wind shifted sudden to N.E. About 11:30 a.m. furled fore and mainsails set fore and main storm trysails, wind freshening up and sea running cross ways and making up from N.E. This day cabin and everything in it wet again, continually damp, impossible to keep anything dry; opened one can of turkey, have to slack up some of the standing rigging to keep mast from breaking, current allowed E. by S. true, 18 miles for stream. No observation this noon, our whisky gave all out to day.

Ther. air 72°. Water 70°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. strong winds north easterly, dark heavy clouds and threatening heavy sea making from that quarter, 1 p.m. took in main-topsail, 2 furled fore topsail going under fore topmast stay and fore main trysails, making very little headway, Fitch bailed out 8 buckets of water from cabin; and a box of bread in tiers the lower tier of about 10lbs. was spoiled, threw it overboard, spilled most of a jar of butter, everything damaged, cannot keep even this journal dry, opened another box of crackers—4 to 6 p.m. fresh breezes and cloudy; and heavy sea, lying under storm trysails, doing nothing but drifting—6 to 8 p.m. weather the same, nothing new—8 to midnight squalls and threatening weather, heavy clouds. Put out signal lamp, heavy sea heaving, shifting some water, moon is clouded, latter part moderating, no observation throughout this day, no cooking has been done.

Saturday 21st.—Midnight to 4 a.m. breezes moderate and sea going down, clear sky overhead, stars out, 3 a.m. put out wet clothing and set the topsails, fore. main and mizen, jib and spanker, at 3:30 wind hauling, tacked ship to N.E. furled fore and main trysails, sunrise 3:46 a.m. coming out pleasant—4 to 8 a.m. moderate breezes, sea going down, coming out clear with some clouds, set fore and main sails, shipping a little water—8 to meridian fine and pleasant, with sea heaving, shipping some water, nothing transpiring. Noon under 3 topsails, jib, fore topmast staysail, fore and main sails, and spanker, fresh breezes, opened 1 can Mutton soup—current allowed E.S.E., 20 miles, no fire lighted this morning.

Ther. 70°. Water 69°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. fresh winds and dark heavy clouds with light showers, and heavy sea, shipping some water, not much, everything wet and damp—4 to 6 p.m. strong winds and broken clouds, has the appearance of a cold winter's day, bailed out 4 buckets of water from cabin, as it runs from

the hold, pump out 1 gallon of water from second keg which finishes that. No cooking done this day ship, pitching and rolling so—6 to 8 p.m. fresh winds dark clouds and threatening heavy sea, sun set 7:14 p.m. but not visible for time, 8 furled cross jack and spanker—8 to midnight fresh winds, very cloudy heavy sea, put out a red signal light our only one left now, nothing more transpiring.

Sunday 22nd.—Midnight to 4 a.m. fresh gales with dark heavy clouds and passing showers of rain, heavy sea heaving, at 4 p.m. furled jib and hauled up mainsail—4 to 8 a.m. strong gales with showers and heavy clouds, took in mizen topsail, set fore storm trysail, sun obscure, sun rise 3:46 a.m., shipping some water—8 to meridian strong winds continued, and weather the same, took in fore and main topsail and set main storm trysail. Ship under fore and main trysails and fore topmast staysail, had to slack up top gallant back stays, wet and shrunk, to keep the masts from breaking. At 10 wind dying out set the 3 topsails, 3 courses, jib and spanker; Meridian coming out a little pleasant and clearer, sun not obscure, opened the third keg of water to-day. Have not allowed for any current this 24 hours, winds being easterly and southing in it, may not have any, as they influence it here.

Meridan to 4 p.m. moderate breezes and cloudy but pleasant, heavy sea heaving. Fitch got his clothes out from the hold, got mildew in his valise, also dried our canvas, bedding, and bailed out 12 buckets of water from the cabin and hold, 40 gallons; it is Sunday but those things must be attended to—busy all this watch. About noon this day run out of the Gulf Stream—4 to 6 p.m. moderate and pleasant but cloudy looking, threatening to the south, getting things put back in their places, cabin floor a little dry for the first time since we are out—6 to 8 p.m. moderate and pleasant but cloudy, heavy sea, clearing up decks, took in spanker, sun-set for time 7:17m., no cooking to day, put out a red signal light our only one—8 to midnight fresh breezes and heavy clouds, sea making up with drizzling rain.

Monday 23rd.—Midnight to 4 a.m. strong breezes and dark gloomy weather and heavy sea, shipping some water, showers of drizzling rain at intervals, sunrise 3:43. for time, but clouded at the time—4 to 8 a.m. strong winds and coming clearer with detached clouds and blue sky, heavy sea—8 to meridian strong winds with broken clouds and heavy sea, shipping some water, and making water in around the gunwale when it is under, or water on deck, ship under 3 topsails, fore and main sails, fore topmast staysail and jib. No cooking so far, this day taking dry meals.

Ther. 72°. Water 64°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. fresh breezes and cloudy, and hazy and smoky around the horizon. About 3 p.m. saw a large green turtle and passed large quantities of kelp weed, heavy sea heaving—4 to 6 p.m. fresh breezes and hazy, heavy sea, shipping some water, nothing doing to-day—No cooking to day, bailed out 10 buckets of water, 6 to 8 p.m. fresh winds and cloudy, and hazy weather, fitted a temporary gaff abaft on fore topmast head for hoisting the signal light to at night^s, which gives it a elevation of 12 feet

from water line, 7-19m. sun set in time, set signal light. Opened 1 can of beef for the dog—8 to midnight strong breezes and thick fogs with drizzling rain and very dark although a good moon but obscure, heavy sea shipping considerable water, at 11-30 or about midnight, called Fitch, took in main and mizen topsails, fore and mainsails and jib, and set fore trysail, blowing sharp in squalls and wind not steady, saw several porpoises.

Tuesday 24th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. fresh winds and dense fogs with drizzling rain and heavy sea, ship going easier, not shipping so much water, sunrise at 3-19 a.m. but obscure—4 to 8 a.m. fresh wind a dense fogs and heavy sea, set main topsail, 6 a.m., set jib, foresail, mainsail, and mizen topsail, not able to see through the fog over a hundred yards, sun is shining through it occasionally, not able to take any altitude but judge it 8 o'clock by the height of the sun—8 to meridian moderate and fresh breezes with heavy sea and dense fogs, hauled up mainsail, fog has shrunk the standing rigging very tight, had to slack top-gallant rigging fore and aft to keep spars from being broken. The late rains and fogs are mildewing all the sails, they being only of cotton drilling, and set not furled, begin to look bad: sun obscure. Opened 1 can of turkey.

Meridian to 4 p.m. moderate breeze and very heavy sea running from S. and S.E. and dense fogs, cannot see more than 50 yards around. About 3 passed through a strong current ripple, got in it before I could see it, the water for about 60 yards in a fearful foam, and topping up 5 or 6 feet, ship would scarcely steer and was a long time getting out, sometimes her headway was stopped; resembles passing through Hurl Gate, New York, with it foaming and whirling, and as if rocks might not be far from the surface; also passed through several smaller ones, from that fact and very cold, and feeling like ice to south, I conclude we were in the Polar current—4 to 6 p.m. moderate winds, dense fogs with cold drizzling rain, heavy swells heaving from south—6 to 8 p.m. light winds, heavy sea with thick fogs, can see no distance, sun-set 7-22m. and obscure, weather becoming warmer set signal light—8 to midnight moderate winds, heavy swell and fog clearing some under the 3 topsails, foresail, jib, fore topmast staysail and fore trysail.

Wednesday 25th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. fresh breezes, and fog not so dense, the moon shining clear, heavy sea heaving about. A little before 4 a.m. current under the lee, wind abeam, when on to top of a sea it brought her up and come near going over—4 a.m. squally and taking large quantities of water on board, and being in the Polar current ship acting very bad, took in fore and main topsails, furled mainsail and mizen topsail, set main trysail sun rise 3-38m. obscure—4 to 8 a.m. set fore topsail, wind becoming light, but heavy sea and weather clearing, 8 set main topsail—8 to meridian fresh winds and heavy seas, shipping some water, cloudy and hazy around the horizon with blue sky, got meridian altitude, passed through some slight ripples of current.

Ther. air 74°. Water 64°.

Allowed 1 mile per hour for the Polar current setting south.

Meridian to 4 p.m. moderate breezes and heavy sea heaving, cloudy and hazy, bailed out 12 buckets of water, about 24 gallons, and drying clothes, not having been dry since we left, ship leaks considerable somewhere, set spanker—4 to 6 p.m. moderate breezes and sea going down, doing several small jobs afloat, our time is well taken up, principally taking care of provisions and clothes to keep them from getting any worse, bailed out 6 buckets water—6 to 8 p.m. fine and pleasant and light breezes with broken clouds, blue sky, set the mainsail and furled main trysail, sun-set 7.22m. for time—8 to midnight fine and pleasant but hazy with broken clouds, sea going down, 10 p.m. set the cross jack, no cooking done to day, by appearance getting out of current, set signal light at 8 p.m.

Thursday 26th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. moderate breezes with passing clouds, and hazy, not much sea, nothing transpiring—4 to 8 a.m. moderate breezes and light fogs, and a swell heaving. Not having the sunrise to go by Fitch thought his time up, and called me; half an hour afterwards clearing up I saw the sun just rising, 3h. 38m. a.m., thereby getting the best of me about one hour—8 to meridian moderate breezes and fogs, not very thick, latter part clear with blue sky, lighted our stove and made coffee and opened one can of turkey and warmed it for breakfast.—10 set fore and main top-gallant sails. This morning drying our matches and lamp-wick over the stove; wanteds doing very bad, as not one in a dozen would light, and putting them in a jar. The first fire lighted this morning for 10 day s. Polar current south 10 miles noon out of current.

Ther. 72°. Water 63°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. light winds and clear sky, swell heaving, got out clothes to dry, but not much of a drying day, air damp, although it is pleasant, especially so when the wind is fair, also dried some of the spare sails, steering sails, &c.; bailed out five buckets water—4 to 6 p.m. fine breezes, pleasant and clear, furled fore trysail and took clothes down, took in spanker—6 to 8 p.m. fresh winds with clouds, and a heavy swell heaving, sun-set 7h. 21m. for time. A dense fog setting in, took in cross jack and put out signal light—8 to midnight fresh breezes and thick fog, heavy swell heaving from S.W., this day carrying fore and main top-gallant sails, nothing further transpiring.

Friday 27th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. strong breezes and squally, dark heavy clouds and fog clearing, heavy sea making, shipping much water and lee rail under most of the time,—3 a.m. called Fitch out and took in fore and main top-gallant sails and hauled up mainsail, looking very squally—4 to 8 a.m. fresh breezes and cloudy, heavy seas, sunrise 3h. 39m. About 7 more moderate, set the mainsail—8 to meridian strong breezes and clear, with broken clouds and heavy sea heaving, shipping some water and doing some jumping, made some coffee this morning—noon pleasant, opened one can of chicken: under 3 topsails, fore and mainsails, jib, and fore topmast staysail.

Ther air. 78° Water 72°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. moderate and gentle breezes, with blue sky and detached clouds, got out our canvas bedding and some clothes to dry, as they have been wet since we have been out, and not dry once; saw a flying fish, rather unusual in these latitudes—4 to 6 p.m. moderate and pleasant, hazy around the horizon, heavy swell heaving, bailed out 8 buckets water, and took down bedding and clothes, ship goes along nicely, with fair wind, throwing sprays quite often—6 to 8 p.m. mild and pleasant breezes, clear sky, sea going down, hazy around the horizon, sun-set for time 7h. 21m., set our signal light forward—8 to midnight light breezes and pretty smooth, clear weather, 10 p.m. set main top-gallant sail and royal,—ends pleasant with a bright moon.

Saturday 28th.—Midnight to 4 a.m. fresh breezes with squalls, some broken clouds, blue sky, 1 a.m. clewed down main royal—4 to 8 a.m. moderate breezes, blue sky and hazy, but pleasant and smooth sea,—6 a.m. set main royal, lighted the Kerosene stove and made coffee for breakfast at 8—8 to meridian breezes freshening up and sea making, clear sky. This morning captain broke water breakers out of the hold, and took two in cabin in place of two empties and stowed them, broached another, which makes the fourth water keg, now found some of them not full by 2 gallons, filled them out of that one, filled water can for drinking, to be able to fill it soon with salt water, filled three empty ones with salt water to keep ballast good as she begins to feel getting lighter below. Sea making up and shipping some water.

Ther. air 72°. Water 69°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. strong breezes with clear sky, and heavy sea making up, and shipping some water, Fitch employed in finishing filling the water kegs and putting everything below again—2 clewed down main royal, the ship feels the little extra weight below of the three kegs of water, more steady—4 to 6 p.m. wind increasing, furled main top-gallant sail and royal, furled the mizen topsail and cross jack, ends fresh gale and heavy sea, clear sky—6 to 8 p.m. strong gales with heavy flaws at intervals, blue sky with broken clouds, seas making heavy, had to keep her before them when large ones came along to keep them from getting on board, sun-set 7h. 21m. for time, set signal light—8 to midnight strong gales and heavy seas continued, had to keep her before them when heavy ones came, but making her course good when past; running under fore and main topsails, fore and mainsails, jib and fore topmast staysail. No cooking in latter part.

Sunday, 29th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., strong gales and dark clouds to N.W., clear sky and very heavy sea running, having to keep her off when large ones come, shipping some considerable water, at sunrise 3h. 39m. wind shifted to west, called Fitch out to square yards and take in the mainsail and jib. Wind moderating, but sea making from west and making a bad cross sea.—4 to 8 a.m., fresh gales and heavy cross sea; running under fore and main-top sails, foresail and fore-top mast stay sail, sea too dangerous to set more sail, wind appearing to moderate with clouds around the horizon, not able to light fire this morning.—8 to meridian, winds fresh

and moderating, clear sky, detached clouds around the horizon, sea going down, the same sail continued on the ship, shipping some water. Have allowed for this 24 hours 20 miles, for heave of the sea $\frac{1}{2}$ point is allowed southerly for griping to windward. Ther. air 79°. Water 69°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., winds moderating and heavy swell heaving, clear sky, hazy around the horizon, set mainsail and mizen topsail, bailed four buckets of water out of cabin (12 gallons), set spanker.—4 to 6 p.m. light winds with blue sky, with broken clouds, heavy swell heaving, drew off 2 gallons water out of the keg in the hold.—6 to 8 p.m., light breezes and heavy swell, clear sky, sunset 7h. 24m. for time, set signal light, no cooking to-day.—8 to midnight, calm and clear sky, with light clouds around horizon to westward, hauled courses up and spanker.

Monday, 30th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., calm. 2 a.m. light breezes from S.W., set courses and spanker. At 3 a.m. a large whale came alongside or within 30 feet, kept ship away from him, called captain at sunrise 3h. 36m. for time.—4 to 8 a.m. light breezes with clouds, swell gone down, lighted stove, and made coffee this morning.—8 to Meridian, fine and pleasant with moderate breezes. 9 a.m. set fore and main-top gallant sails and royals. Hudson washing his mildewed clothes and drying them, scarcely anything dry as yet.—Current has set southerly 20 miles this last 24 hours. Opened 1 can of turkey and 1 can beef for the dog. Ther. air 78°. Water 63°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. moderate breezes and cloudy. Fitch washing and airing his mildewed clothes, and clearing the anchor rope, so full of kinks cannot do anything with it, had to tow it overboard to take out the turns.—4 to 6 p.m., fresh breezes and cloudy, not looking very good weather, furled the fore and main-top gallant sails and royals, always have to send them on deck to do this, and send them up again.—6 to 8 p.m., breezes freshening up and cloudy, swell heaving, sun-set 7h. 23m. for time, set the signal light, finished the fourth keg of water.—8 to midnight, moderate gales and sky overcast, and dirty looking weather, nothing transpiring.

Tuesday 31st.—Midnight to 4 a.m., fresh breezes, dark, gloomy, and overcast, with some small drizzling rain, not much, at about 3h. 50m. took in spanker, hauled weather clew of mainsail up, and squared the yards.—4 to 8 a.m., fresh breezes and cloudy with fogs and drizzling rain, at 8 made coffee, had some trouble with the stove not burning good. Opened fifth keg of water.—8 to meridian, moderate breezes, cloudy and overcast with some drizzling rain. About 9 a.m. set main-top gallant sail and royal, the fore will not draw very well if set. Ship is under foresail and topsail, mainsail and topsail, and top gallant sail and royal, mizen top-sail, and spanker, jib and fore top-mast stay sail. Latter part sun coming through the clouds, got observation, swell heaving. Opened 1 can turkey. Ther. air 68°. Water 62°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., strong breezes and cloudy, saw quantities of sea-weed and a piece of plank, nothing has transpired.—4 to 6 p.m., fresh breezes, cloudy, and overcast, sea making up, shipping some water.—6 to 8 p.m., strong breezes, cloudy and hazy weather, furled spanker, latter part furled

main-top gallant sail and royal, wind increasing, set signal light, sun obscure.—8 to midnight, fresh breezes, overcast and gloomy weather, latter part moderate, the water sparkles very much, the water almost light when sea breaks towards midnight, several seas in succession came rolling along, carrying the ship with them with great velocity, so that the sails were hard aback, and the yards square. I have never seen the like before with anything at sea.

Wednesday, Aug. 1st.—Midnight to 4 a.m., fresh breezes and fogs, small rain at intervals, with heavy sea heaving.—4 to 8 a.m., winds moderating, and cloudy, with thick fogs, sun is obscure at rising for our time—7h., wind hauling, squared yards, and hauled up the weather clew (starboard) of mainsail.—8 to meridian, moderate breezes, heavy swell, shipping some water, fog is continuing, very damp, almost like rain, sun coming out at noon and clear, got Meridian altitude. Opened 1 can of mutton soup, finished second box of crackers, opened another box of crackers. Twelve miles allowed east for heave of sea, $\frac{1}{2}$ point southerly is allowed on the course for gripping and sea heaving her up.

Ther. air 72°. Water 64°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., moderate breezes, cloudy and gloomy weather, heavy swell heaving, ship under the three top sails, fore and main sails, jib and fore topmost stay sail, nothing transpiring.—4 to 6 p.m., moderate and cloudy, heavy sea, square yards,—5, parted mainsheet on port. Opened 1 can of turkey.—6 to 8 p.m., moderate, cloudy, gloomy and fogs. Sunset obscure 7h. 22m., set signal lamp. 8—to midnight, moderate, and heavy swell, with thick fogs, moon don't show through it. No cooking done to-day.

Thursday 2nd.—Midnight to 4 a.m. moderate winds, thick fogs with fine drizzling rain, heavy swell continuing, 3 hauled up mainsail, sunrise 3h. 38m., obscure.—4 to 8 a.m. light winds with dense fogs, and swell continuing, sun obscure, drew 2 gallons of water from the keg in hold—8 to meridian light winds with fogs, swell continuing, 9 set fore and main top-gallant sail and royals, 10 squared yards and hauled up port clew of mainsail, set spanker, 11 took in spanker, latter part sun coming out, but not very clear, got meridian altitude; finished 1 box of herrings, most everything spoiling. Current 24 miles south. By observation ship has gone considerable south; differs 27 miles from yesterday's reckoning.

Ther. air 71°. Water 62°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. light and moderate breezes, fogs and cloudy weather, and a heavy sea heaving, at 4 looking breezy, furled fore top-gallant sail and royal—4 to 6 p.m. fresh breezes, and swell continuing, with thick fogs, quite a number of ripples on the water, so that it has the appearance of a current: opened one can of chicken, no cooking this day—6 to 8 p.m. fresh breezes and fogs, and heavy swell continuing, with drizzling rain, cold and disagreeable: sun set at 7h. 22m., but obscure, set the signal light—8 to midnight breeze moderating, sea going down, some fog still continuing with

fine drizzling rain, nothing transpiring: only the cockpit, where we steer being compelled to sit, it is with difficulty we can keep awake sometimes.

Friday 3rd—Midnight to 4 a.m. fresh breezes and cloudy, and fogs with swell heaving, going along nicely, sunrise 3h. 38m., but obscure, nothing transpiring—4 to 8 a.m. wind moderate, with thick fog, swell heaving not so heavy, drew off 1 gallon of water from keg, and opened 1 can of chicken—8 to meridian moderate winds and fogs, with swell heaving, 9 set fore top-gallant sail and royal, 10 saw a school of porpoises, did not stay long around. This morning Hudson setting things to rights in the cabin and overhauling his valise for mouldy clothes, was successful in finding some shirts that way inclined, and books also: got Meridian altitude, but not very good one, on account of fog not rising much. The ship does not make any water this last few days, it is only when carrying sail heavy, and lying over takes it in top works. Have not experienced any current by the reckoning this day.

Ther. air 68°. Water 62°.

Meridian to 4 p.m. moderate breezes, and hazy and cloudy weather, fogs cleared off, drew off 2 gallons of water from keg, and other small jobs, swell continuing, but going nicely, very near all sail set, bailed out 2 buckets of water, swashing around—4 to 6 p.m. moderate and cloudy weather, and overcast, heavy swell heaving—6 to 8 p.m. moderate breezes and overcast, hazy, with fine drizzling rain, sun-set at 7h. 22m., but obscure, set signal light, clewed down fore and main royal—8 to midnight overcast, with moderate breezes and swell heaving, and drizzling rain, with fogs in latter part, nothing transpiring. No cooking done this day.

Saturday 4th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderate and light winds, swell heavy, fogs and fine rain latter part, squared yards, wind hauling to northward; 3h. 30m., set the royals, sun rise at 3h. 38m., but obscure for our time, so we have at those times to go by guess work, a serious inconvenience to be without the time at sea.—4 to 8 a.m., light winds, cloudy and hazy, thick weather with small rain, wind dying out about 5 a.m. and coming N.E., braced up on port tack and set fore and main sails and spanker, weather continuing—8 to meridian, moderate breezes with cloudy and gloomy weather, and hazy, with drizzling rain—10 clewed down the royals, heavy swell heaving, winds baffling, at Meridian tacked ship to north, going under easy sail, hauled courses up, sun out very dim, altitude not to be depended on.

Meridian to 4 p.m., moderate breezes and dark gloomy weather, and looking threatening, with drizzling rain and a heavy sea, and heaving to westward, 1 p.m. furled the courses, 2 furled top gallant sails, 3 set fore and main storm try sails.—4 to 6 p.m. light winds and heavy swell, weather has same appearance.—6 to 8 p.m. light winds, not steady, heavy sea heaving, ship rolling some, a bright horizon, clearing away in N.W., 7 saw a bark in N.E. standing east, first sail seen in 20 days, sunset 7h. 17m., and first time seen set for 10 days. No cooking this day.—8 to midnight, calm and light airs, blue sky with clouds and stars out, nothing transpiring.

As the Log far exceeds the limit intended, the latter portion with some additional remarks shall appear in our next number.

Editor's Locker.

September 10th, 1866.

SIR.—In the description of the late Ocean Matches from Ryde to Cherbourg, and back again, in which English and Scottish yachts took part, it is surprising to observe the *animus* with which the claims of the Clyde yachts are met; in the English papers fair play, an old English term, is forgotten. If a southern yacht happens to lead with what glowing terms the fact is recorded; if a Scottish yacht heads, she “sneaks,” or is “jammed,” or “persuaded”; the seamanship with which she is handled, the judgment with which her course has been chosen, or the admirable manner for instance in which the “Selene” crossed the tide at Ryde, go for nothing in these statements—it is sneaking, jamming and persuasion which bring the two Clyde yachts first to the mark-boat, to some other yacht belong the honours of the race.

In the same spirit *Bell's Life* prognosticated that the Aline would beat the Selene to Plymouth, but the reverse has been the case; and when we turn to the account of this last race in the *Times* we find that the Aline is altogether omitted; would this have been the case if this deservedly admired yacht had gained the prize? One quite expects to find in the account of this fine race that the victory of the Selene is attributed to anything but the real reason.

No notice was taken in any of the accounts of the Ocean races, that the Selene sailed under her ordinary cruising canvas, no balloon sails being on board, although her rivals were amply supplied, and made good use of these large sails in the light winds which prevailed in the first two, and in the earlier part of the third race. It was only on the eve of starting for Plymouth that a balloon squaresail was hastily got ready for the Selene, which after all was only set for a couple of hours before entering Plymouth harbour.

It would not be worth while to notice the partial criticisms of the English press, were it not that questions of skilful shipbuilding are involved, as well as of handling and seamanship, the first of so much consequence, that it seems especially objectionable to describe any vessel as a certain winner but for some accident, when in reality the yacht mentioned has generally brought up the rear, and very rarely shows in front.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

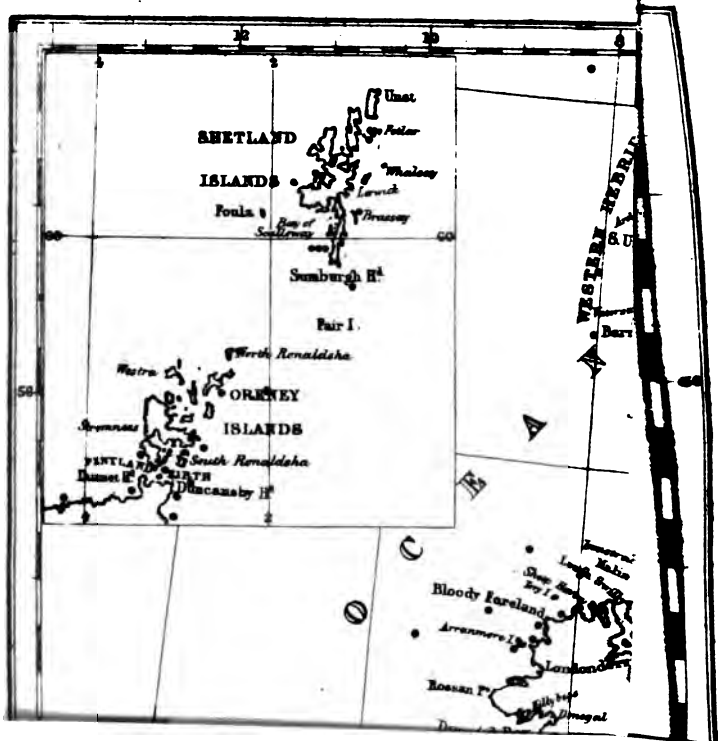
To the Ed. of H.Y.M.

FAIR PLAY.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have several articles in type, relative to Regattas and Ocean Match which we have been obliged to postpone, owing to the anxiety expressed the log of the “Red, White, and Blue,” which is at the present moment creating so much excitement in nautical circles.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1866.

THE VOYAGE OF THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.*

WE present our readers this month with the conclusion of the little ship's Log.

We opine that all the objections which could have been urged against the practicability or veracity of this remarkable voyage, have been exhausted. Much to the credit of Captain Hudson, he has met the storm of incredulity that assailed him, with a patience, self reliance, and steady perseverance, just such as we should have expected from a man that had surmounted the privations detailed in his plain and unvarnished Log. He has challenged, and still challenges, the most searching investigation, and so far from avoiding explanation to any sceptic, nothing appears to afford him greater pleasure than personally giving every opportunity to the incredulous, to satisfy their doubts. As to the statement that the "Red, White, and Blue," was brought over on the deck of a ship," were any truth in it, it must inevitably have leaked out ere this ; there could not have been less than some score of men concerned in such a scheme, and setting aside the parties interested in the secret, it seems not only improbable, but impossible, that the silence of "Jack" could have been secured ; moreover such a procedure would involve considerable expense, and to our mind much more than the extremely problematical result of such a venture would tempt even the most speculative Yankee to risk.

* Continued from page 487.

We were extremely puzzled ourselves as to why a ship rig should have been adopted in preference to a more simple one, and sought a personal explanation from Capt. Hudson on this point, in common with some others ; his answer was that himself and his mate, Mr. Fitch, being accustomed to that rig, he considered it the most suitable to his purpose ; that he should by it be enabled to work loftier canvas to prevent being becalmed or taken a-back in the troughs of the seas ; and that having invented and patented improvements in the rig of ships, he took the opportunity of proving their value, by testing them at the risk of his life ; he fully explained to us these improvements, and they are of such a nature as quite satisfied us that by them he was enabled to handle the lofty sails of his little ship with a facility, safety, and promptitude, that the ordinary mode of fitting ships masts and upper canvas does not admit of, and mainly conduced to the success of his voyage.

Captain Hudson finding the demands for men in his profession very dull in New York, resolved upon attempting a feat that had never hitherto been accomplished, and staked his all upon it ; as proof of the coolness and system with which he matured his plans, we find that he fitted out and rigged his little ship himself, with but the assistance of one man ; so that so far as human skill and practical workmanship were concerned, he knew that spars and gear could be relied on. That the means at his disposal must have been limited may be inferred from his frank confession to us when asked " Why he had not a Chronometer on board ?" " I could not afford to buy one, and I could not find any maker in New York willing to risk one by hiring it for such a voyage !" Thus we find him, when his watch became useless, forced to rely upon sunrise and sunset, and his observations, for his time.

No matter from what point of view we look at it, the difficulties which from the very outset of the voyage presented themselves, cannot but excite our wonder and admiration, at the cool daring and enduring perseverance with which they were met and overcome ; their vessel leaking, bedding, clothes, provisions, wet and mouldy ; uncertain and broken rest, and the continuous anxiety of 38 days battling with the winds and waves, four times cast upon their beam ends in a raging sea, and withal keeping up their reckoning and working off their days work, might well task men of iron or steel, if such there could be, much less human flesh and blood, and we do hope that in addition to the fame as brave seamen and skilful navigators which Capt. Hudson and Mr. Fitch have so justly earned, they may fully realise the objects which prompted this adventurous voyage.

Sunday 5th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., calm, clear, and chilly, sea going down, nothing transpiring, sunrise at 3h. 43m. for time—4 to 8 a.m., calms and light airs, and very fine and pleasant, got out my mouldy clothes to dry and had to dip some of them in salt water, the best airing day we have had so far: in the morning opened 1 can of chicken. Made coffee this morning—6 a.m. set all sail except flying jib and mizen top-gallant sail and royal—8 to meridian light winds and pleasant weather, with blue sky and broken clouds, 9 sighted a sail to S.E., kept for her, at 10-30 she came down to us, the bark Princess Royal of Yarmouth, N.S., asked if we wanted anything, she hove to, we stood round under her stern, gave us a bottle of rum, very good for wet days, as we had none, also an old white light and two newspapers, the *Irish Times* and *Freeman's Journal*. The Princess Royal was 11 days from Dublin, bound for Quebec, broke the pole end of our jib-boom under her counter, reported longitude 22° west, but not to be depended on as they had no observation for several days, so I will keep my own. Ther 68° . Water 62° .

Meridian to 4 p.m. fresh breezes with broken clouds, took in mizen top-sail and spanker, sea making up, shipping water and getting damp, took in clothes, put them away, I threw some overboard in a bag, my English and French colours were in also, did not know it until too late—4 to 6 p.m. fresh breezes continuing and cloudy, with sudden flaws of wind, furled fore and main top-gallant sails and royals, heavy sea making up, shipping considerable water, furled spanker—6 to 8 same weather continuing, heavy sea, shipping water, sun-set 7h. 17m., but obscure—8 to midnight strong breezes and heavy sea, dark cloudy weather, shipping water and pitching some.

Monday 6th.—Midnight to 4 a.m.—Strong gales and heavy seas, shipping much water, filled the cock-pit full once, latter part; furled mainsail, squally—4 to 8, same weather continuing, very heavy seas, shipping water.—8 to Meridian, winds moderating, but seas heavy, ship will not keep out of their way, shipped two seas over the stern, filled the deck, cock-pit escaped this time, ship rides the sea well, those seas she only took the fragments, as her sharp stern split them, but she took quite enough. Saw a sail to eastward, steering north-easterly, breeze up again. Opened 1 can chicken. Ther. 64° . Water 64° .

Meridian to 4 p.m., light breezes and cloudy, threatening (with squalls) a very heavy cross topping sea, and shipping a great deal of water, sea very dangerous. At 4, bailed out about 12 buckets of water which had run below from the cock-pit, furled mainsail and mizen topsail.—4 to 6 p.m., winds moderate, but not able to carry any sail, as it is squally, very heavy sea and ship labouring considerable and shipping water, clewed down maintop sail: about 5 Fitch was forward on starboard bow, a blind sea took ship on port quarter, and hove her on her starboard beam ends, let go fore topsail halyards, she righted in about $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute. We have carried sail pretty hard, but never saw her do that before, the sea was the cause, as only fore topsail and fore-sail, jib and topmast stay sail were on.—6 to 8 p.m., fresh breezes and the same sea, very dangerous to us. Passed a ship steering S.W. with only her light sails in: sun-set 7h. 17m. but obscure.—8 to midnight, fresh winds and dark gloomy weather, not able to carry any more sail to keep her out of the

way of the sea as it is squally. During this day have had to steer various courses to keep out of the way of the sea from boarding her and serving us the same again, and also winds not steady, veering around. No cooking done this day.

Tuesday 7th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., more moderate with clouds passing, sea more regular, at 3 a.m. called the watch (Hudson), set main topsail and starboard clew of mainsail, sea going down.—4 to 8 a.m., winds moderate with passing clouds, not so much sea; 5 set mizen topsail, going nicely, neither of us have slept this night past, our cabin is miserable, constantly wet, our bed and clothes all wet, cannot change them, or no use to do so. This last 24 hours we would have been very bad off, had it not been for the bottle of rum we got from the Princess Royal on Sunday last, kept our life in as we cannot do any cooking, 7h. took in mizen topsail, squally.—8 to meridian, moderate, heavy clouds passing, and considerable sea going yet, at 8h. 30m. shipped a very heavy sea, which hove the ship flat on her starboard beam ends, the yard arms were in the water, and all that side of the foresail and top sails; only fore and main top sails, foresail and jib and fore topmast staysail were on at the time; let go and clewed down the top sails, no small job just then, but that was our only chance, she came back again in about 1 minute. although the time looked an hour, we are not able to carry much sail, on account of the weather being puffy and squally, to keep her out of the way of the sea. Passed a bark steering S.W. at 10 a.m. Eighteen miles S.E. is allowed for heave of the sea. Ther. Air 69°. Water 62°.

Meridian to 4 p.m.—Moderate, set mizen topsail, coming on cloudy and squally with rain about; furled mizen topsail, clewed down fore and main topsails; squalls passed over rather heavy. Set fore and main topsails again; wind moderate but veering, not so much sea. Fitch bailed out six buckets of water from cabin that ran in during the morning, and filled empty keg with salt water. Began on the sixth water keg.—4 to 6 p.m., light breezes with passing clouds and heavy sea. Set mizen topsail.—6 to 8 p.m., moderate, cloudy, sea more regular. Sun-set 7h. 12m., but obscure. Set signal light, and took in mizen topsail; the weather don't look like carrying much sail with the sea heaving.—8 to midnight, moderate with dark clouds and squalls, and bearing a threatening appearance. Heavy sea still running. Many times during this day, had to keep ship before the large seas, as they heave in a S. Easterly direction.

Wednesday 8th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., strong breezes arise, very heavy squalls with dark clouds and rain. From 1 a.m. to about 3, a strong blow of continued squalls with rain, clewed down fore and main topsails, let her scud under the foresail and fore topmast staysail; did not call the watch as everything leads aft. Sun-rise 3h. 46m., but obscure. Set fore topsail again.—4 to 8 a.m., fresh winds and very cloudy, and threatening appearance. About 7h. 30m., a heavy squall struck us, clewed down fore topsail, called the watch, and hauled tight the gear, the fore and main sails are furled by that means; squall lasted about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.—8 to meridian, strong breezes with dark cloudy weather; about 9, set fore topsail. Very heavy seas

running from westward; got meridian altitude, but rather dim. Opened can of chicken. One mile per hour allowed to S.E. for heave of the sea. Ther. Air 60°. Water 60°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., heavy gales with dark cloudy hazy weather, and passing showers of rain, with very heavy sea running, but regular.—1 p.m. furled fore topsail, running under foresail and fore topmast staysail. Ship scarcely able to keep out of the way of the sea, labouring heavy, and shipping considerable water; sent down fore and main top-gallant and royal yards; heavy squalls attending throughout.—4 to 6 p.m., strong gales with squalls, thick and heavy showers of rain. Sea running cross from S.W. and N.W., making bad work of it.—6 to 8 p.m., gales moderating, but dark and cloudy, sea not so heavy, set fore topsail. Sun-set 7h. 14m., but obscure; set signal light.—8 to midnight, moderate gale, sea going down, but running in almost every direction, and striking the ship from all quarters pitching and rolling very bad. During this day had to keep the ship before the sea at times when it looked the worst. No cooking done to-day.

Thursday 9th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderate and cloudy, hazy, sea going down.—3, set main and mizen topsails. Sun-rise 3h. 46m. for time.—4 to 8 a.m., light winds and dark heavy clouds flying, and apparently clearing away from westward—6 set jib, mainsail, and spanker; 8 hauled up spanker; light drizzling rain.—8 to meridian, light winds, hazy and cloudy weather; mist all driven off; 10, hauled up mainsail and squared yards. Doing some general ship work, not many lazy times. Got meridian altitude, but dim. Current 24 miles allowed for heave of the sea. S.E. by E., true. Opened 1 can of mutton soup. Ther. 67°. Water 59°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., light breezes with black clouds rising in N. and W., with a heavy swell heaving S.E., got out our canvas bedding to dry, and put below again, bailed 5 buckets of water out of cabin, cleaned cabin. A school of porpoises are playing around the ship.—4 to 6 p.m., gentle breezes with passing clouds.—6 to 8 moderate breezes, hazy and cloudy, swell heaving, sun-set 7h. 14m. for time. Set signal light.—8 to midnight, strong gales with heavy squalls and passing showers; at midnight furled main and mizen topsail, jib and mainsail; heavy gales blowing and very rough seas; settled the fore topsail half way down, and find that enough. No cooking to-day.

Friday 10th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., strong gale in the first part, with heavy black clouds passing, latter part moderate; have to keep ship before the sea at times, and never mind the course; running under half of fore topsail, foresail and fore topmast staysail. Sun-rise 3h. 46m. for time.—4 to 8 a.m., gale moderating, with a very heavy sea heaving to S.S.E.—8 to meridian, fresh breezes, and detached broken clouds; heavy sea, ship labouring heavily, and shipping considerable water; we are wet the most of the time. Sun out bright at meridian. 24 miles allowed for heave of sea to S.S.E., true. Opened 1 can mutton soup. Ther. 68°. Water 62°.

Meridian, fresh gales, passing clouds; 3 moderating, set fore, main and mizen topsails; heavy sea, shipping some water. 4 to 6 p.m., moderate,

broken clouds, chilly weather, sea heavy.—6 to 8 p.m., same weather. Sun-set 7h. 14m. for time. Set signal light.—8 to midnight, moderate, heavy sea heaving to south throughout; nothing transpiring; had to keep the ship off course, before the sea, many times during the day. No cooking done.

Saturday 11th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., gentle breezes with passing clouds, seas continuing, but going down: set mainsail.—4 to 8 a.m., light breezes and passing clouds: swell heaving.—8 to meridian light breezes, passing clouds, swell heaving; sent up fore and main top-gallant and royal yards, set main top-gallant and royal; set up main topmast back stays, and other small work.—Meridian altitude puts us 33 miles south of Ushant, and our longitude nearly up. Finished 6th keg of water and began on 7th; finished the 3rd box of crackers, opened another, most of them mouldy; opened 2 tins of turkey. 12 miles allowed south for heave of sea. Ther. 70°. Water 60°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., moderate breezes and coming fresh, hazy and overcast. At noon found my reckoning up for longitude, kept north to get in latitude of Ushant, and ran east to sight it; 3:30 fresh breeze and sea making up; furled jib, main top-gallant sail, royal, mizen topsail, and mainsail; drizzling rain; filled empty keg in hold with salt water.—4 to 6 p.m., blowing a fresh gale, drizzling rain and overcast; furled main topsail.—6 to 8 p.m., strong gale with very heavy and dangerous sea; our latitude being up, kept off more to east to suit the sea, shipped some very heavy ones, filled deck and cockpit; furled fore topsail, running under foresail and fore topmast staysail, weather same, set signal light.—8 to midnight strong gale, overcast, dark and gloomy, with dangerous seas, shipping water; have to keep her before the seas.

Sunday 12th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderating, with squalls, cloudy and thick weather, heavy seas continuing; shipping water, bailed some out of cabin; saw a large shark alongside.—4 to 8 a.m., strong breeze and sea the same, and shipping water. About 8, while captain was getting his breakfast, shipped a very heavy sea between main and mizen rigging, which completely knocked her on her beam ends, and me (Fitch), up to my neck in the water; I let go the helm then, seeing it was of no use, and grasped the mizen mast, to keep myself from going overboard; after the sea passed over her, doing all the damage, taking some small things with it, and filling the cockpit (holds about 2 barrels), and half filling the cabin, she righted again, making the 4th time she has been on her beam ends since we left.—8 to noon moderate, sea not so heavy; got meridian altitude, not very clear, seems inclined to break away; we have everything wet now, bed and clothes, cabin is very miserable, wet and damp all the passage, bailed out about 40 buckets, but no chance to dry anything. Ther. 60°. Water 54°.

Meridian to 4 p.m., light winds, cloudy, and heavy sea; set jib, the three topsails, mainsail and spanker; saw a barque steering S.W. 4 p.m. soundings 60 fathoms, white sand.—4 to 6 p.m., light winds and heavy swell, saw a ship steering S.W.; a steamer south; bailed out 6 buckets of water.—6 to 8 p.m., moderate, cloudy, and a heavy swell; sun-set 7h. 15m., but obscure;

set signal light,—8 to midnight moderate, with strong breezes at intervals; 10 furl mizen topsail and spanker, clewed down fore and main topsails, set them again; same throughout. No cooking this day.

N.B.—From our position at noon found we had over-run the reckoning, as the longitude puts ship close up to French shore, and the soundings at 4 p.m. 60 fathoms, white sand, and latitude $48^{\circ} 56'$ N. puts ship in position of Island of Ushant (France), bearing south 27 miles, from which I take its longitude $5^{\circ} 5'$ W. as my departure, having over-run my reckoning 60 miles, from New York to Island of Ushant; not very bad in a distance of 3,300, miles.

Monday 13th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderate and steady breezes, with clouds and overcast, saw quantities of kelp: 3 set mizen topsail, cross jack and spanker. Sun-rise obscure, 3h. 45m. a.m.—4 to 8 a.m., fresh breezes not steady; 6 a.m., hauled up cross jack, saw large quantities of kelp; swell going down.—8 to meridian moderate and pleasant, with broken clouds, not promising weather; 10 saw a steamship steering east. Noon sounded, got 43 fathoms, white sand and shells; have not sighted land yet. Opened 2 cans of turkey. Ther. Air 72° . Water 58° .

Meridian to 4 p.m. light winds, cloudy and threatening, sea moderate, several sail in sight beating down channel; 2 p.m. furl cross jack, standing in to make the land about Start Point.—4 to 6 p.m. light winds and drizzling rain, saw a barque to leeward.—6 to 8 p.m. light winds and cloudy; standing down to head the bark off, she hove to, set American colours; Nettie Merryman, of New York, Captain H. A. Rawlins; came to under his lee quarter, he put on board 2 bottles of brandy and a broken white signal lamp; from Havre, with passengers bound for New York; gave our position, Start Point, bearing north 35 miles, and N.E. to the Bill of Portland; kept off for that place at 7:15 by his time.—8 to midnight fine breezes, overcast, with showers of rain; in latter part furl mizen topsail.

Tuesday 14th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderate and cloudy; at 2 a.m., wind shifted to N.W., gybed ship on port tack.—4 to 8 a.m., fresh breezes, clouds and blue sky; 7 a.m., set mizen topsail, mainsail and spanker; saw a large fleet working down Channel.—8 to meridian fresh breezes and passing clouds; 9 a.m., spoke Heron brig; H. V. Troop, of Liverpool, N.S., bound for Messina; reported the Bill of Portland N.E. 10 a.m., made the Bill of Portland, N.N.E. Passed through a very large fleet of shipping of all classes and nations working down Channel. Meridian—Bill of Portland bearing N.N.W., 20 miles distant. Ther. Air 70° . Water 58° .

Meridian to 4 p.m., moderate breezes, passing clouds. 2 p.m., exchanged flags with a Russian barque standing in for Poole Point, bearing N. by E.—4 to 6 p.m., fresh breezes, several sail in sight, strong ebb tide S.W. Poole Point N. by W.—6 to 8 p.m., moderate breezes. 7 p.m. Needles Light bore north.—8 to midnight moderate and clear. 10 p.m. abreast of St. Catherine's Light, Isle of Wight, bearing N. by W., going along with fine steady breeze. A brig passed, steering east.

Wednesday 15th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., moderate and fine, several sail

beating down Channel. 2 a.m., hauled in more for the land. 4 a.m., abreast of Newhaven—4 to 8 a.m. moderate and fine breezes, saw a bark rigged steam ship steering S.W.—6 a.m., Beachy Head bore E.N.E. set cross jack—8 to meridian fine breeze, with clouds and hazy, keeping along the land; 11 a.m., abreast of Beachy Head, 1 mile distant; set fore and main royals, top-gallant sails, and flying jib.—Meridian—Eastbourne abeam N.W., about 2 miles distant; a number of vessels lying at anchor off there. Opened 2 cans of turkey, and 1 of mutton soup. Ther., air 62°. Water, 60°.—12 to 4 p.m., moderate breezes, clouds and blue sky; 3 p.m., passed a revenue cutter, which saluted us, but did not board; several sail going various ways; abreast of Hastings, and close to spoke several boats. 4 to 6 p.m., fresh breezes and cloudy; quite a number of boats came off from Hastings, got some papers from them, and learned for the first time that the Great Eastern had successfully laid the Atlantic Telegraph Cable—8 to 6 p.m., the same weather, and boats around, all the time, saluting the little Yankee ship most vigorously.—8 to midnight moderate and calms; 9 p.m. made Dungeness Light E.N.E.; calms—not making much way, several fishermen around—Steering courses along the land, and following it around the bends to keep out of the tide.

Thursday 16th.—Midnight to 4 a.m., fresh breeze and moderate, several sail passed steering various courses up and down Channel. 2 a.m., Dungeness bore N. by W., 1 mile distant. 3 a.m. abreast of Dover. 4 a.m., South Foreland bore N.E. 2 miles—4 to 8 a.m. moderate and light winds; 7 abreast of Deal, several boats came off, wanted to know if I (Hudson) did not want to take a man for pilot. I want to take her all the way, so that no one can say they took her any part—8 to 12 a.m., moderate and fine, with clouds; sailing along the land: about noon Broadstairs bore N.E. kept up for that place, a steamer came off and spoke us; passed Ramsgate, a boat came off there also to report us.—Meridian to 4 p.m. fresh breeze and coming on to blow very heavy from W.S.W., so could not carry any sail, rounded South Foreland and wind being so, had to beat up to Margate. Coming on very heavy could not carry any sail, ship being on her beam ends, and several boats came off from Margate to see her, found we could do nothing, flood tide also; the boat Jessie of Margate, Capt. Thomas Watler, came off and towed us in, furled sails, made several tacks to fetch in, about 3 p.m., got inside the pier in the basin, and the crowd on the pier gave many lusty cheers for the little ship that had so successfully braved the Atlantic. The rest of the day many people came off and we went on shore and put up at the Hoy Hotel, Mr. Stevens. During the remainder of the day being entertained by the several people around, and many visitors also.

Friday 17th.—This day strong winds from N.W., and nothing favourable towards making a start; have to lay still: many people coming to see the little ship from all quarters, all round the country; some say she never came across, but if they had the privilege of reading this, I think they would alter their opinion. Winds the same during the latter part of the day.

Saturday 18th.—This day fine and pleasant, winds westerly : about noon light winds N.E. 2 p.m., flood tide, floated out, made all sail and stood on the course for Sheppy Island ; very light winds easterly ; a number of small boats accompanied the ship out for 2 miles ; the dog Fanny is very sick, she has been well taken care of and had a warm bath, but is very feeble ; had several fits during the night—4 to 6 moderate and fine but hazy, making very little way—6 to 8 p.m., fine weather and clear, winds very light from S.W. doing very little, ebb tide setting, furled fore and mizen top-gallant sails and royals, could carry them easy, but too much sail on for working quick—8 to midnight, passed Herne Bay about 9 o'clock, and still bearing about the same at midnight, S.W., ebb tide setting ; passed the Girdler Lightship, flood tide making up at midnight ; quite a number of vessels going up ; the dog has had a number of fits this watch.

Sunday 19th.—12 to 4 a.m., moderate, very light winds, still under weigh but making very little way ; daylight got up abreast of Sheerness ; several vessels around, nothing transpiring, the dog still getting worse, can do nothing for her. 4 to 8 a.m., light winds easterly ; not doing much, several steam ships pass up and down ; 6 a.m., up with Southend ; the steamer Londonderry, Capt. White, ran alongside and very kindly asked if I wanted a tow, which was very thankfully accepted ; gave him a line and furled sails ; about 5.30., by the time of a sloop close by ; the dog Fanny could hold out no longer, and died at my feet in most fearful agony, and had fits very frequent, I could do nothing that I knew to save her ; after being with us all the time and now after all danger is past to lose her is almost too much to think of. At about 8, one of the New York and London line of steamers passed and saluted ; asked him to report me on his arrival 41 days out to-day, and been capized 4 times on the passage. 8 to meridian moderate breezes easterly ; going up towards Gravesend about 11 a.m. the steam ship anchored to wait for tide ; ship was besieged with boats coming alongside and tearing things in general ; still lying astern of her, received a visit from Capt. White of the Londonderry, and returned on board with him, and accepted of his hospitable invitation to dinner. 1 p.m., she got under weigh, we cast off and took on board Mr. Charles Thomas Marshall, boatman of Gravesend, to pilot the ship up to Greenhithe ; set topsails, fore and mainsails, and jibs ; sailed up ; went on shore : on board the Coast Guard Ship got permission to lay her alongside, where she will lay to paint and clean her a little, and until a proper place can be procured up in the City for her.

Ship making her passage in 34 days from Port to Channel, 38 from New York to Margate—the first port put into from stress of weather, and New York to Gravesend when boarded by customs officers, and received a clear pass, 40 days 16 hours.

The log is kept in civil time, same as on shore, so no change in respect to nautical time is necessary. In reading these remarks, if not stated, that in nearly all instances when any work, making sail, furling sail, and other things, that one had to do it, the other steer.

The third stove has not been very much use to us, we have not been able

to light more than 12 days during the whole time, either from water flying over her, or being so unsteady, and have not had warm coffee more than twice; out of 5 pounds of coffee only used 1 pound, the rest spoiled with the water; our bread in the latter part of the passage, from dampness, is all spoiled, having to throw nearly half of each box away.

6 p.m., hauled ship astern of the Coast Guard Ship at Greenhithe and made fast; anchor out ahead, so that she can be cleaned before proceeding to the City, as she is in a most filthy condition in the hold, with slime, from so much water getting in and not being able to get it out dry.

Summary of Log.

Date	Course	Dis.	Lat	Dep	Lat. D.R.	Latby Obs.	Vari- ation	Diff Lon	Long in.	Winds
July 10	S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	42	25	31	39°58		$\frac{1}{2}$ W.	41	73°17	W.N.W. to N.E.
11	S.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.	49	30	39	39°22			51	72°29	E.N.E.
12	S. 75° E.	43	118	41	39°10	39°35		53	71°36	E.N.E. to S.W.
13	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	168	8	168	39°27	39°24		216	68°00	W.S.W.
14	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	139	7	138	39°31	39°32	1	178	65°02	W. to N.E.
15	E.S.E.	63	23	58	39°09	39°01	1	75	63°47	N.E. to S.W.
16	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	92	5	91	39°00	39°06	$\frac{1}{2}$	118	61°49	S.W. and W.
17	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	124	38	118	39°44	39°48	$\frac{1}{2}$	155	59°14	N.W. and W.
18	E.N.E.	104	41	96	40°29	40°31	$\frac{1}{2}$	126	57°08	W.N.W. and W.
19	E.N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.	115	28	41	40°59	41°01	$\frac{1}{2}$	148	54°40	W. to S.W.
20	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	99	29	94	41°30		2	125	52°35	W. to N.E.
21	S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S.	26	19	17	41°12	41°15	2	23	52°12	E. to S.E.
22	N.N.E.	72	66	29	42°21	42°19	2	39	51°33	S.E. to S.S.W.
23	N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.	119	51	107	43°10	43°13	$\frac{2}{3}$	147	49°04	S.W.
24	N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	109	59	93	44°12		$\frac{2}{3}$	130	44°56	S.
25	E.N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.	85	20	82	44°32	44°31	$\frac{2}{3}$	114	45°02	S.
26	E.N.E.	89	33	82	45°04	45°05	$\frac{2}{3}$	117	43°05	S. to S.W.
27	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	117	37	110	45°42	45°35	$\frac{2}{3}$	156	40°29	S.S.W. to S.W.
28	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	117	34	112	46°08	46°06	$\frac{2}{3}$	162	37°47	S.W.
29	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	172	36	167	46°42	46°38	$\frac{2}{3}$	241	33°46	W. to N.W.
30	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	51	5	50	46°33	41°33	$\frac{2}{3}$	73	32°33	S.W.
31	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	129	37	124	47°10	47°09	$\frac{2}{3}$	182	29°31	W. to S.W.
Aug. 1	E.	130		130	47°10	47°17	$\frac{2}{3}$	191	26°30	S.W. to N.W.
2	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	109	15	107	46°54	46°51	$\frac{2}{3}$	147	23°53	W.N.W. to W.
3	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	114	31	109	47°22	47°20	$\frac{2}{3}$	160	21°13	W.
4	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	76	5	75	47°15	47°05	$\frac{2}{3}$	110	19°23	Around compass
5	N.W.	25	19	18	47°24	47°21	$\frac{2}{3}$	27	19°50	E. to S.W.
6	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	109	10	108	47°31	47°28	$\frac{2}{3}$	159	17°21	W. to N.W.
7	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	103	12	102	47°16	47°16	$\frac{2}{3}$	150	14°53	N.W. to W.
8	E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.	124	33	112	47°49	47°50	$\frac{2}{3}$	168	12°05	S.W. to N.W.
9	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	109	3	108	47°53	47°53	$\frac{2}{3}$	162	9°23	W. to W.N.W.
10	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.	102	10	101	47°43	47°40	2	151	6°52	N.W. to W.
11	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	73	15	66	47°55	47°56	2	100	5°12	W.
12	N.E.	83	58	60	48°54	48°56	2	91	3°41	W.S.W. to W.
13	N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	69	51	45	49°45	49°40	2	69	3°56	N. to S.W.

Aug. 14.—At meridian, Bill of Portland bearing N.N.W., 20 miles distant, and by the position when spoke the bark Nettie Merryman on the 13th of August, Start Point 35 miles. I have over-run my log about forty miles instead of sixty, as I supposed, as I stated on the 12th to the Island of Ushant, France, allowing for the tides, of the set of them I was not acquainted with; wind W. to N.W.

15.—Eastbourne abeam, bearing N.W., 2 miles, W. to S.W.

16.—Towed into Margate about 3h. p.m., W.S.W.

I hereby certify that this Log is a true and authentic account of the voyage.

(Signed) J. M. HUDSON,

Capt. RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, of NEW YORK.

Further Particulars.

The Red, White, and Blue was launched at 4 p.m. on the 21st, June 1866. Previous to launching she had been on exhibition for a few days at junction of 13th Street and Broadway, and was taken on this date to be launched on her briny element; while resting on the dock her shoe or false keel was put on, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, which gives her $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches keel altogether. The time of high water having arrived, she was put bows to the edge of the dock, on account of jib-boom and bowsprit being out, and the dock to the water being a drop of 5 feet, no ways were under her; all her spars were in and yards aloft, no ballast of any kind on board; when all was ready those on board left her: I (J. M. Hudson) deeming the occasion a very good one to find out if she was in any way not adapted for the projected voyage, was the only person launched in her. She was got off the trucks, and as many men as could put a hand to assist crowded round her, and one good shove shot her on to the water; she did not take a bucketful on deck, and considering the weight aloft, did not look to turn over, or in any way feel crank, as the people on the dock said she would, but found themselves disappointed. For a few days the ship laid in the same place, at foot of Pike Street, East River, to get sundry small jobs done while opposite the shop; next morning after launching found some water in her hold, where it leaked through the patent plug; had to take the mizen mast out and have the place soldered up; when finished every thing was put back to its place, water kegs stowed and filled, &c. It was quite amusing to me while lying there and at the battery also, to hear the many thousands of people that came to see her, say "That thing will never get across!" "That Captain ought to be tried for murder!" and others "They ought to be put in a Lunatic Asylum for two fools!" And the poor ladies bless them, they were all praying for us.

As her name was not made public for private reasons, every one seemed to have a name of his own for her, the "Herald," the "Lilliputian," "Brooklyn," "Eagle," the "Fools' Own!" some "Capt. Hudson's ship!" the "Yankee Doodle!" and many others; it was only when she made her trial trip on the 27th June, that it in any way came out. At 11 o'clock on that day hauled to the end of the dock and set all sail on her; cast off at 11h. 30m., having on board six persons beside myself

and in the hold 120 gallons of water. She stood her sail remarkably well, wind being east at first, and variable afterwards, until 1 p.m., light winds set in from south, began beating down the bay as far as Staten Island, stopped there, left at 5 in the evening, proceeded to city, wind southerly, laid her inside the battery to finish getting stores, &c., on board, and wait until the day of sailing, the 9th of July. Whilst lying there many more remarks were made, similar to those above noticed, but let them have their own opinions, I had mine.

The object of this expedition is to be at the World's Fair in Paris, to show the French they have not all complete without something notorious to give the rest a contrast, so consequently I have to start this present year 1866, as the Fair opens in April 1867, and cannot go that year to be in time, so I have concluded to go to England to pass away the time until the beginning of the next year.

It must be understood in reading this Log, that in the remarks, "making and taking in sail," that there is only one on deck and he steering, so consequently he has to call the other to do what is related, with very few exceptions, or any other work about the ship. And also that this Log is kept in civil time, the same as on shore, beginning at midnight and ending on the next midnight, but the working up the day's work goes in at noon, which makes one half of two days the latter part of one and first part of the other.

Particulars of vessel.—Built by O. R. Ingersoll, 243, South Street, New York.—Length, 26-ft.; Beam, 6-ft. 1-in.; Depth of hold, 2-ft. 8-in.; From deck to keel, 3-ft.

She has a sharp stern, and has a water tight compartment in each end of 4 feet, and a cylinder in each side goes to, but not joining the compartments; she is all metallic and completely decked over, with a small cock pit around mizen mast.

The spars made by Arthur Bartlett, 252, South Street;—dimensions as follows:—

Bowsprit 2-ft. outside bows; jib-boom 3ft.; flying jib-boom 2-ft; pole 10-in.; fore mast from deck is 6-ft. to top, 6-in. mast head; topmast 7-ft. 6-in. 18-in. below top for mast head, 5-ft. hoist, 1 foot mast head; top-gallant mast 3-ft. 9-in.; royal mast 2-ft. 6-in.; pole 1 foot; main-mast 7-ft. from deck to top, 6-in. mast head; the topmast, gallant, and royal, are the same proportion as the fore; mizen mast from deck to top 5-ft. 6-in., 5-in. masthead; mizen topmast 6-ft. 2-in., 4-ft. hoist, 10-in. mast head; top-gallant mast 2-ft. 6-in.; royal 1-ft. 3-in., 10-in. pole; spanker boom 8-ft. long; gaff 5-ft. 10-in. pole on each: fore and main lower yards 10-ft. each; topsail yards 7-ft. 6-in. each; top-

gallant yards 5-ft. 3-in. each ; royal yards 3-ft. 6-in. each ; cross jack yard 7-ft. 3-in. ; mizen topsail yard 5-ft. 3-in. ; mizen top-gallant yard 3-ft. 6-in. ; royal yard 2-ft. 9-in. ; fore topmast steering sail booms 5-ft. 6-in. each ; fore and main top-gallant steering sail booms 4-ft. each.

The sails made by D. M. Cumisky, 39, Burling Slip, are as follows :—1 jib, 1 flying jib, 1 fore topmast staysail, 1 foresail, 1 fore topsail, 1 fore top-gallant sail, 1 fore royal, 1 mainsail, 1 main topsail, 1 main top-gallant sail, 1 main royal, 1 cross jack, 1 mizen topsail, 1 mizen top-gallant sail, 1 mizen royal, 1 spanker. All these are bent to set,—1 fore topmast steering sail, 1 fore top-gallant steering sail, 1 main top-gallant steering sail, 1 storm fore staysail, 1 storm fore trysail, 1 main trysail. She was also draughted for her spars, the setting of them, and their length, by Mr. Cumisky. The ship was fitted and rigged by Captain Hudson, and one rigger to help.

The master's department consists of 1 boat compass, 1 quadrant, 2 charts from Hatteras to Newfoundland, 1 chart North Atlantic, 1 chart from Feroe Isles to Gibraltar, 1 pair of parallel rulers, 1 pair of dividers, 1 weather indicator, 1 14-sec. glass, 1 log line—8 knots, 1 7lb. lead, 40 fathoms of line. Books—library, 1 Bible, 1 Prayer book, 1 Bowditch's navigator, 1 Blunt's coast pilot, 2 Rogers's commercial code of signals, 1 Nautical Almanac, 1 Masonic Journal.

Colours, &c.—1 American Ensign, 1 English do., 1 French do., 1 American pennant, 1 Anchor and rope—50 fathoms, 1 Water pump, 1 Tin dipper, 1 Piece of rubber hose. Ship has no Chronometer on board. Surgeon's department,—fitted by Major John T. Lane. The Indian Doctor's Small Pox remedy consists of—6 bottles of Indian liniment, 6 boxes of Vegetable Pills, 1 box containing 1 bottle of powder, another a mixture of the never failing Small Pox cure, which has cured—Yellow fever and Cholera.

— The preserved can meats were presented by Isaac Reckhow, 34, Summit Street, Brooklyn.—2 dozen cans Roast Beef, 2 dozen cans Roast Turkey, 2 dozen cans Roast Chicken, 2 dozen cans Mutton Soup. He also gave Capt. Hudson his dog Fanny.

Stores put up by Wm. H. Ritch, 39, South Street.—200-lbs. of Bread assorted, 5-lbs. of Coffee, 2-lbs. of Tea, 10-lbs. of Butter, 4 boxes of smoked Herrings, 1 dozen cans of Milk, 1 piece of smoked Beef, 15-lbs., 1 Cheese, 17-lbs., 6 bottles Pickles, (2 stolen,) 1 can Mustard, 1 can Pepper, 1 box Salt, 1 bottle Worcestershire Sauce, 12 10-gallon water kegs, 2 bottles of Brandy, 1 of Whiskey, 2 of Bitters. Stores enough for three months.

AN OVERLAND CRUISE IN AN OPEN BOAT.

BRITONS never shall be slaves, neither to a foreign invader nor yet to conventional systems of holiday-making ; one " paddles his own canoe " over half an ocean voyage, another knocks to smash so many pairs of boots pedestrianising in the Highlands, each seeking pleasure in his own way.

Five of us, all good men and true, proposed *doing* a portion of the Highlands in an entirely novel style—something in the amphibious way, land and water combined—at one time sailing, at another, like Hannibal of old, dragging our boat overland.

Having provided ourselves with everything which a slight experience in the same line could suggest, including a portable four-wheeled carriage for our boat, we started from Millport on a certain Monday morning not long since, in a trim little jolly-boat, seventeen feet keel. There was a slight breeze, so hoisting our lugsail and keeping two oars going, we are soon clear of the bay, and standing across to the Garroch Head, at the south end of Bute. The day is dull, so we miss the fine view of Loch Ranza, the Cantyre coast, and the Kyles of Bute. The sky darkens, the thunder grumbles in the distance—gradually it approaches nearer and nearer, till down pours the rain in a perfect flood ; the sea actually seems to boil. Talk of drops as large as shillings ; every drop was, as the Irishman said, as big as *eighteenpence*. We make ourselves as comfortable as possible with our waterproofs, and in a quarter of an hour or so the storm had abated to a great extent. The favourable breeze which has carried us on our way so swiftly and pleasantly hitherto now gives place to light baffling *cat's paws* ; so, lowering the sail, we take to the oars, and give way heartily to the lively " Hey, haul away " chorus of our helmsman. Calling a halt at a small Island opposite Tarbert, a fire is kindled, and we soon have an abundance of good hot tea, which, with the accompanying solids, and a clear sky, puts new life into us. Off again, with oars and sail, turn about, or both together, till we reach the fleet of fishing boats. Here our appearance occasions considerable alarm—the cut and whiteness of our sail, the smartness of our boat, and the number of our crew being unpleasantly suggestive of a cutter from the Jackal. Quite a number of the wherries run out of their course to intercept us, one so notably that we lay to to allow it to come up. The men explained, just as we had fancied all along, that they were trawlers, and that we had caused them some uneasiness, winding up with some general remarks about earning

their bread, and the difference between the laws of man and strict justice.

We arrive at Ardrishaig at about 9 p.m., where, through the kindness of the polite and obliging harbour-master, we have the boat and its belongings put into a place of safety for the night. Took a short stroll through the village, and then to bed.

Tuesday.—Up betimes in the morning, rig out the carriage, and set our boat upon it. By this time quite a crowd has collected, one-half of which admires the boat, while the other half prophesies every possible and impossible accident to the carriage; all seem to agree, however, that we are more or less insane to think of carrying a boat to Loch Awe in such a way. The services of a carter secured, we stow our luggage, mast, sail, oars, &c., in the cart, pass a tow line to the boat, and get under weigh, one after another of us climbing into the cart, till at last one only is left on foot to attend to the working of the thing generally.

Leaving Cairnbaan on the left, we come to Kilmichael Glassary, where a sheep market is being held. Here the novelty of our turnout creates quite a sensation—the dealers desisting from their badgering and bargain making to have a look at our equipage as we move along. Passing the cosy little village of Kilmartin the scenery becomes more interesting, bearing a strong resemblance to the Rocky Valley and the Dargle Glen in Ireland. Loch Awe at length appears in the distance, a sharp turn of the road brings us in a few minutes to the shores at Ford, having accomplished the fifteen miles in a very reasonable time; and notwithstanding the croakings of our Ardrishaig friends, without the slightest accident. The boat launched, the carriage unshipped, everything is stowed away very comfortably, and we are off again steering for a delightful nook, where we land, and make arrangements for a nondescript mid-day meal. A fire is soon lit, the tea-kettle filled, &c., &c. This is a very amusing part of the day's proceedings—every one is busy, one blowing the fire till he is quite red in the face, another climbing into all sorts of impossible places looking for fuel, while a third is laying out and cutting up the edibles. While these highly important preparations are going on, a gentleman, apparently belonging to the London Canoe Club, paddles along the shore; he is unfortunately at too great a distance to admit of our inviting him to join us. Dinner over we once more go on board and begin rowing. On leaving the shore the loch shows to great advantage, embosomed in a perfect amphitheatre of mountains, Ben Cruachan towering away above its fellows. It (the loch) stretches away north till it becomes lost in the dim

distance. Shoals of the most fairy-like islands are on every side, nearly all of them thickly wooded, while upon a bold promontory, overgrown with the oak, the ash, or the still more hardy pine, stand the ruins of some castle, grim and grey, the whole mirrored in a lake of glassy smoothness.

Now the afternoon is wearing fast into evening ; the changing light serves to enhance the beauty of the scene, however ; the hills assume a ruddy glow, gradually deepening into purple ; the sky shows the richest tints, mellowing down till the moon has undivided mastery of the heavens, and pours down a flood of silvery light. Nature calls both for rest and refreshment, so a smart spurt of half-an-hour or so brings us to the little pier at Port Sonachan Inn. Here, after tea and a short stroll, we retire for the night.

Wednesday.—Start with a fresh, favourable breeze, and a cloudless sky, all sail set ;—through ever so many complicated channels amongst the islands, we enter the River Awe. Ben Cruachan is now quite at hand, looking, if possible, more imposing on a near than on a distant view. Further north, Ben Lui smiles benignly, while scores of other Bens, each with its appropriate designation, exert themselves to their very utmost to please us. The fresh breeze and the brisk current carry us on at a rattling pace, and we are soon at the very wildest part of the Pass. Here the mountains are of the most rugged description, presenting at some places a sheer precipitous front. The sheep seem to be endowed with the climbing powers of the monkey tribe, as they may be seen in the most impracticable spots nibbling the scant herbage.

Arrived at Brander, which, instead of being a village, or at least a hotel, is nothing more than a small pier and a horse-shed, we once more bring the carriage into requisition, and make horses (some might be inclined to think longer-eared animals) of ourselves, dragging the boat along. We see two votaries of the gentle art, one of whom has hooked a fine salmon, and is playing it right skilfully. Once or twice he has it up almost within reach of his servant's landing-hook, when it makes another desperate bolt, and the whole process has to be gone over again. At the suggestion of one of the anglers we set our sail, but its only appreciable effect is to frighten all the horses we meet completely out of their wits. Crossing Awe Bridge, a mile or two brings us in sight of Loch Etive ; it is all down hill, and we soon reach navigable waters at Bonaw.

Launching the boat and doubly reefing our sail, we are soon careering down the loch under the influence of half a gale of wind. We run through Little Connel and a number of other strict tide-ways almost

without noticing them, but on nearing Connel proper we wisely land and walk forward to reconnoitre. "Never say die" is our motto; so with oars and sail combined we are soon through the much talked of Connel. Now the view is of the most varied and extensive description—on the right, the hills of Lorn, Loch Linnhe, and the jagged, bleak-looking peaks of Morven, before us the fertile slopes of Lismore, and beyond the bolder shores of Mull; on the left, the picturesque crags and knolls of Kerrera, while shorewards, from Dunstaffnage to Dunolly Castle, we have a succession of panoramic views, now a beautiful little bay, now a fierce headland.

Inside of Malden Island the wind heads us, so down sail out—oars, a few minutes more and we are at Oban Pier; for once, thanks to the favourable breezes, at an early hour. We spend a very pleasant evening in the village, visiting some friends and strolling about till a late hour.

Thursday.—Start shortly after eight, returning by yesterday's route. Here we have the prospect of a good hard row, a stiff breeze, and a tide like a mill-race dead against us. Talk of Connel Ferry! There are at least fifty of them to-day. Sometimes we make little progress for a long time, then reaching comparatively still water we go ahead a bit. At length we see the foam and hear the roar of the rapids, although some miles distant from them. On a nearer examination, however, it is not so bad after all. Two of us land, and, with a rope, tow the boat through in no time. Off again, through middle-sized and little Connels innumerable; in narrow channels between islands, where the water rushes through like a maelstrom; inside of other islands where twenty maelstroms are hard at work. Amidst all this we are in the highest spirits and the best humour—joking, laughing and enjoying ourselves prodigiously.

At Bonaw, where a carter is awaiting us, our land journey begins again. We are becoming quite expert at this part of our work. In five minutes the carriage is put together, the boat firmly lashed upon it, ready to start. If our good ship had the gift of speech it would surely protest against the rough-and-tumble sort of life it is compelled to lead—at one time bumping over the road, at another "by the foaming billows tossed."

At Brander we meet the gentleman whom we had seen in his canoe a couple of days before, and, in the course of a long conversation, discover that he has paddled, wherever it was practicable, all the way from Callander, undergoing fatigues that would be too much for most folk.

Our *al fresco* dinner over, we launch and row through the very finest part of Loch Awe. We have a fine view of Kilchurn Castle, a fastness that played a most important part in the feuds of the different chieftains in the district, it having been in the possession of almost all the western clans at one time or another. As late as the year 1745 it was in a defensible condition, and even yet its ruins are extensive and complete. That popular song, "The Macgregor's Lament," takes some notice of the castle and the surrounding country.

"Kilchurn and its towers,
Glenstrae and Glenorchy no longer are ours."

We regret that we are unable to spare more time exploring the beauties of this locality, but night is approaching, and we have still a good deal of work before us.

Arrived at Cladich Pier, we are fortunate enough to find a carter quite at hand, so that there is not a moment's delay. The road for the first mile or more is remarkably steep, so that we were compelled to walk. One of our party remarks on the folly of keeping a dog and barking one's self, nevertheless we assist the horse by pushing at the steepest parts. At the inn we have, as Dundreary says, a slight refreshment—an oyster, or something of that sort; after which the carter being apparently in better spirits, we go ahead in grand style, the horse trotting and occasionally even galloping. It is now dark, but we take things as we find them, laughing, joking, and singing, while the unfortunate who is on foot attending to the beast yells like a wild Indian to encourage the carter to greater exertions. We reach Inverary about midnight, and by that time the good folk of the town have all retired for the night. It is some time before we gain admittance to our hotel, and some time longer before we have tea.

Friday.—After a walk round the town, admiring the policies of the Mac Callum Mhor, we start, the townspeople turning out *en masse* to give our departure due *celat*. An hour or two easy rowing brings us to Strachur. Here we again hire a carter, and after the usual preliminaries are soon on the road. The scenery is bare and tame compared to what we have seen. At Loch Eck the wind is, as it has been during almost all our cruise, right ahead; but we care little for that, and ply the oars with might and main. Our intention was to have rowed down the Echaig to Kilmun, but on reaching the river find that it is altogether too shallow; there is nothing for it but to rig out the carriage again; and here begins the most fatiguing part of the whole excursion. The road is soft, wet, and new, deeply laid in many places with rough stones. We push away manfully, and soon reach Cot House

Bridge, where we launch for the last time, skimming down the remaining part of the river at a great rate. We pass in succession Kilmun, Sandbank, and Kirn, arriving at Dunoon about eight o'clock. Our very delightful and enjoyable trip is now virtually at an end. Once more in known parts we consult our ease, and on our arrival at Millport the following day are received with a sort of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" welcome.

It may be proper to say that the idea of our cruise was in no way borrowed from the London Canoe Club, the thing having been arranged long before the Rob Roy was heard of.

THE GREAT SHIP RACE FROM CHINA.

THE truly marvellous race between the fleet of China clipper ships from Foo-chow-foo, for the premium offered by the London brokers for the first season's teas, and their almost neck-and-neck struggle during the whole voyage of 16,000 miles, is an event exciting a vast amount of interest in almost every maritime port both at home and abroad.

There were nine ships engaged in the contest, and not five as previously reported. They were as follow, together with the time of their respective departures from Foo-chow-foo:—Ada, 686 tons, Capt. Jones; built at Aberdeen; owners, Wade and Co.; date of sailing, June 6th. Ariel, 853 tons, Capt. Keay; built at Greenock; owners, Shand and Lowther; date of sailing, May 30th. Black Prince, 750 tons, Capt. Inglis; built at Aberdeen; owners, Findlay and Co., date of sailing, June 3rd. Chinaman, 688 tons, Capt. Downie; built at Greenock; owners, Park Brothers; date of sailing, June 5th. Fiery Cross, 689 tons, Capt. Robinson; built at Liverpool; owner, J. Campbell; date of sailing, May 29th. Flying Spur, 781 tons, Capt. Pyrie; built at Aberdeen; owners, Robertson and Co; date of sailing, June 5th. Serica, 708 tons, Capt. Innes, built at Greenock; owners, Findlay and Co.; date of sailing, May 30th. Taeping, 767 tons, Capt. M'Kinnon, built at Greenock; owners, Rogers and Co.; date of sailing, May 30th. Taitsing, 815 tons, Capt. Nutsfield; built at Glasgow; owners, Findlay and Co.; date of sailing, May 31st.

The struggle, however, was between the Fiery Cross, Ariel, Taeping, and Serica. The Fiery Cross obtained a start of one day over the others. The Serica, Ariel, and Taeping crossed the Bar of Foo-chow-foo in company together, May 30th. The Taitsing sailed the following day. There was a fair wind, N.E., blowing, which the Fiery Cross kept to

till they arrived in the Downs, where they both took steam tugs to tow them to the river. The ships had to shorten sail to enable the tugs coming up to pick up the hawsers to take them in tow. This was about eight o'clock a.m., the tugs starting almost simultaneously and both ships still neck-and-neck. The Taeping, however, was fortunate enough to have a superiority in the power of the steam tugs, and reached Gravesend some time before the Ariel. The Serica followed closely upon them, and passed Deal at noon, and got into the river with the same tide which had taken the Taeping and Ariel up the river to the docks, when the result of this extraordinary race was declared to be as follows:—

1st. Taeping, docked in London Docks at 9h. 45m. p.m. Thursday Sept 6.

2d. Ariel, docked in East India Dock at 10h. 15m. p. m. „

3d. Serica, docked in West India Dock at 11h. 30m. p.m. „

The Taeping, therefore was the winner of the premium, about five hundred pounds, the bills of lading of each ship setting forth that 10s. per ton extra is to be paid to first sailing vessel in dock, with new tea from Foo-chow-foo. The Fiery Cross arrived in the Downs on the 7th, and was compelled to bring up to an anchor on account of a heavy gale blowing, where she remained some time. She, however, managed to get into the London Dock by eight o'clock on Saturday morning, some 34 hours after the Taeping. The fifth ship arrived in the river yesterday forenoon.

During the past few days the excitement occasioned by the probability of the arrival of the first ship in this great annual ocean race from China was unprecedented. The friends of each vessel have been supporting their favourite by betting considerable sums. During no previous year has so much interest been centred in the result of this race, and from the fact of so many Clyde-built ships being engaged in the competition Scotchmen generally have largely partaken in the speculation which has existed at almost every maritime port both in Britain and China.

It will be remembered that last year the ships Fiery Cross and Serica left Foo-chow-foo for London together on the 28th of May, both having been towed to sea by the same tug, and that both vessels arrived off the Isle of Wight simultaneously on the 10th of September, after a passage of 106 days. By a stroke of good fortune, however, the tug sent out by the owners of the Fiery Cross sighted her, took her in tow, and arrived in London one tide before her rival the Serica, the latter having failed to sight the tug on the look-out for her. Singular to observe, the Taeping, Ariel, and Serica were all built by Messrs. Steele

and Company of Greenock. The Taeping and Ariel were constructed on the composite principle, wood and iron. The Serica is iron-built. The cargoes of the ships were—Taeping, 1,108,709 lbs. of tea; Ariel, 1,230,900 lbs.; Serica, 954,236 lbs.; Fiery Cross, 854,236 lbs.; and the Taiting, 1,093,130 lbs.

The time occupied on the voyage by the three ships has been 99 days, being seven days shorter than the time occupied by the Fiery Cross and Serica last year. The Ariel, which is a new ship, was the first favourite among the shippers in China.

We understand that the owners of the Taeping, Messrs. Rogers and Co., have presented Capt. McKinnon, with the sum of £500, in addition to the premium of £500 won by him.

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB. (*Nova Scotia*).

THE annual race for the splendid Cup presented to the Club by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, came off on Wednesday the 1st August, and created an immense amount of interest among the members of the club. According to regulations adopted, "the cup shall become the property of the member or members of the club who shall have won thrice consecutively in any yacht of which he or they shall be the owner or owners." The winners hitherto have been as follows:—1st. Aug., 1861, Wave, J. B. Knowlan, Esq.; 1st. Aug., 1862, Wave, J. B. Knowlan, Esq.; 1st. Aug., 1863, Petrel, Wm. Hare Esq.; 1st. Aug., 1864, Thought, H. W. Albrow, Esq.; 1st. Aug. 1865, Whisper, E. Moseley, Esq.

From the speed displayed by the "Whisper" she having won every race contested by her, it was evident that her chances of success were good. The "Wave" also a proved clipper, having been entered for the race, an exciting contest was anticipated,—The early part of the day was most provokingly calm, and it was not until 1h. 50m. p.m. that the following yachts in obedience to the starting signal which had been hoisted from 11h. 50m. a.m. on board the committee's vessel, succeeded in taking up their positions:—Whisper, sloop 14½ tons, E. Moseley, Esq.; Petrel, schooner, 14½ tons, W. Hare, Esq.; Wave, sloop 21½ tons, D. H. Pitts, Esq.; Blanche, schooner, 16½ tons, Lieut. Fowler, R.N.; Kate, sloop, 8 tons, George Drillio, Esq.; Lurline, sloop, 10 tons, Lieut. Webber, R.A.; Spray, sloop, 8 tons, C. E. Brown, Esq.

Fortunately a slashing breeze now set in from the southward. The change was electrical. From the dull monotony of that detestation of

yachtsmen, a dead calm, every thing became life and animation. The start was effected in capital style at 2h. 11m. 0s., and soon the moorings were left far astern.

"The beautiful barks—their course now mark,
They are flying before the gale ;
The signal gun—it had scarcely done
When aloft went each flowing sail :
Hark to the cheer of each timoneer
As he urges his gallant band,
With, 'Hurrah, my boys ! and to day my boys,
For the Cup from our Prince's hand."

The wind being from the southward course No. 1. was given in accordance with the Club regulations. "From starting point to and around Mar's Rock Buoy, thence leaving the said buoy on the port hand to the Committee's vessel, and ending by passing between the said vessel and the Eastern shore. The Wave quickly took the lead, making short tacks to the eastward of the flag-ship, while the Whisper performed similar evolutions to the westward of the same ship. All the yachts were beautifully worked past the shipping until a clear space was gained, when a long stretch was made for the Eastern shore, the Wave leading, and slightly to windward the Whisper pressing her closely, and the tidy little Kate holding more than her own with her larger competitors. Spray, also a second class yacht, made an excellent start, and was admirably handled. It soon became evident that the contest lay between the Wave and the Whisper. As they tacked down the harbour they presented a beautiful appearance. Both were admirably handled, and no racing tactic that could improve the position of each was left untried.

The beautifully setting canvas of the Wave was a special object of admiration ; and never were greater encomiums lavished on a "love of a bonnet" by a bevy of fair ladies, than were by the enthusiastic yachtsmen on

"The mainsail flat standing, and jib lifting kind,
The staysail and topsail like cards by the wind."

The Wave off York Redoubt had greatly increased her lead, when a short tack made close in on the western shore by the Whisper, greatly improved the position of the latter, and revived the spirits of her crew, who had almost despaired of the race.

Mars' Rock Buoy was now reached and rounded as follows :—Wave, 4h. 0m. 0s.; Whisper, 4h. 7m. 30s. Spray, 4h. 48m. 15s.

The other yachts, seeing all chance of success gone, bore up, and ran down in company with the competing yachts.

All possible canvas was now set, and the speed of the two leading yachts narrowly scrutinized. It soon became evident that the *Whisper* was gradually closing on her rival. Now the *Wave* would get a puff, which would enable her again to increase her lead; then the *Whisper's* turn would come, and the distance be again shortened. The arrival at the committee's vessel was as follows:—*Wave*, 5h. 17m. 25s.; *Whisper*, 5h. 20m. 0s.; *Spray*, 6h. 1m. 45s.

The *Whisper*, owing to time for tonnage, was adjudged the winner of the Cup. This makes the second winning for Mr. Moseley, and unless some new yachts make their appearance next year, in all probability the Prince's Cup will pass away from the Club. In common with many of the members, we are of opinion that the Cup should always remain in the Club, and a smaller piece of plate be given to the member who shall thrice have won the Prince's Cup. This was evidently the intention of His Royal Highness, for such conditions accompanied the Cup subsequently given by him to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. It is but just to the owners of the "*Whisper*" to state that they made such a proposition to the Club, after the Cup had been won last August, but which, from some cause or other, was not accepted. If not too late now we would suggest that some such measure be adopted, as would keep the Cup in the Club, such being evidently the intention of the illustrious Donor. We would also suggest that the time of sailing for the same Cup be altered to September or October, and the course made further seaward, when, instead of a drifting match, as is usually the case under the present arrangements, a fair opportunity would be given to test at once the speed and weatherly qualities of all the yachts.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Parish succeeded in getting some very good stereoscopic views of the start. He also took one of the officers and members of the Club on board of the "*Wellington*." The latter is an admirable one, the features of all on board being recognizable without the aid of a stereoscope.

We learn it is proposed by the "*Royal Halifax*" to give a grand picnic at an early day. Such an arrangement, we have no doubt, will be highly appreciated by the ladies, for whose benefit it is specially designed.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THIS Club appears to be progressing favourably notwithstanding a frequent change of Commodores. The cause of success may be attributable to H. P. Green, Esq; who keeps steadfast to his post of Vice-Commodore, and we believe, from what we hear, that he is the "right man in the right place."

The annual sports began at Cantley on the 14th of June, with a light westerly wind, when a prize of £15 was offered for first-class yachts; and the following appeared at the start:—Red Rover, 15 tons, S. Nightingale, Esq.; Marguerite, 15 tons, H. K. Thompson, Esq.; Waterlily, 14 tons, H. P. Green, Esq.

The course was about four miles long, which had to be traversed three times. The start took place about noon, the wind having slightly increased—Red Rover with a lead, followed by Marguerite, and Waterlily in the rear. In this order they continued for some time when Waterlily crept up to Marguerite and took second place, the Red Rover drawing ahead, completing the first round thus:—Red Rover, 12h. 53m. 0s.; Waterlily, 12h. 57m. 10s.; Marguerite, 16h. 4m. 11s. In going for the second round the last named vessel finding further contention a forlorn hope, wisely withdrew, thus leaving her comrades to battle it out in a variable wind. There was no change in the positions of the vessels, and the Red Rover won the match, 9m. 15s., ahead of Waterlily.

The next match was for £10, between yachts of the second class over a course of four miles, with half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The following started:—Spray, 7 tons, F. G. Foster, Esq.; Blanche, 7 tons, R. Morris, Esq.; Scud, 10 tons, Messrs. Morris; Vixen, 7 tons, Col. Wilson and Millard.

In starting the Blanche jumped off with the lead, Scud second, and Vixen close up, but the latter got aground, where she remained too long to allow her any chance. The Blanche kept the lead, and the Spray and Scud had a smart brush together, which was very exciting, but the latter eventually passed her rival. The wind which had been falling at length died away, and the Blanche and Scud finished the round, with 12 minutes between them.

In consequence of the calm, the race was postponed till next day, when the Blanche and Scud again contested, but this brought a protest from the latter.

July 12th.—Wroxham Broad was the scene of the second meeting of
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this Club, when the prize of £15, brought three of the first class yachts to the start :—viz, the Red Rover, Waterlily, and the Siren, belonging to Mr. Butcher. The wind was light and they were therefore enabled to carry whole sail. The five rounds were well contested ; the Red Rover which went off with the lead keeping it throughout, but having to allow the Waterlily 30 seconds for difference of tonnage the latter took the prize.

The next match for a prize of £7 to the first yacht, and £3 to the second, was contested by the Spray, 7 tons, Mr. G. Foster; Scud, 8 tons, Messrs. Morgan ; and Vampire, 10 tons, Mr. W. S. Everitt. This race was a " Corinthian match" one professional waterman in each boat being allowed, and the yachts were steered by their respective owners, the Scud taking the lead, followed next by Vampire, and then Spray, these positions were maintained throughout the four rounds sailed. The Scud at the finish headed Vampire 4m. 25s., and Spray was 2m. 8s., behind the Vampire. Consequently Scud received the £7, and Vampire £3.

August 9th.—The third regatta of the Club was held on Oulton Broad, with a strong westerly breeze, rather squally at times. The first match was to take place between vessels of the first class for a prize of £15, but only two entered, viz., the Red Rover and Siren. The principal reason assigned for this paucity of vessels was that the success which has attended the Red Rover, deterred others from joining in the fray, therefore the match was abandoned. In the second match, the committee, in order to gain more competitors gave three prizes, viz., £10 to the first vessel, £5 to the second, and £3 to the third. This arrangement had the desired effect, and brought the Vindex, 9 tons, Mr. Tomlinson ; Vampire, Spray, Vixen, Scud, and Belvidere, 9 tons, Messrs. Barnsby and Teesdale, to the starting buoys. The regulations were the same as before stated in the Wroxham Corinthian match. They started under jib and mainsail, the Spray taking the lead, but Belvidere (which was sailed by Mr. S. Nightingale, owner of Red Rover,) followed closely, challenged the leader, and soon passed her, thus gaining a position which she maintained to the finish. The Vindex also passed Spray in the first round, the Vampire was only 10 seconds (fourth), in fact the whole of the six rounds which constituted the course were contested by these four vessels with a pertinacity which caused much excitement among the spectators. In the third round the Scud's crew anxious to improve her position, attempted to give her more motive power, but failed, therefore she retired from the contest. During the fourth round the Vixen gave up, so that three out of the four left were

sure of a prize. On, on, the gallant barkies flew, and altho' there was no change in their positions—yet there was nothing to boast of between them, for the sixth round terminated as follows :—Belvidere, 2h. 28m. 30s. ; Vindex, 2h. 28m. 55s. ; Vampire, 2h. 29m. 50s. ; Spray, 2h. 30m. 44s. A very close match it must be allowed.

The prizes were awarded thus :—Belvidere £10, Vindex £5, and Spray £3, having to receive from Vampire 1m. 30s. for difference of tonnage.

As the above match was over so early, another was got up between the Scud and Spray for a purse, four rounds only to form the course. They started well together, but 'ere the first round was completed the Spray drew ahead of Scud a few seconds, which at the conclusion of the match she had increased upwards of one minute, and became the winner of the prize.

August 30th.—The concluding match of the season was held at Cantley, and it was determined, in order to show more sport, and equalize the chances, that the several yachts should be handicapped; therefore the Vindex was made 10 tons, Spray, 7 tons, Scud, 15 tons, Vixen; 13 tons ; half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage. The prizes were £8 for first, and £4 for second. At the time of starting the wind blew fresh from N.N.W. ; lower sails were set on all with the exception of the Spray, which luxuriated in a topsail. Vindex merrily led the ball, and Scud and Spray amused themselves in a friendly contest, whilst Vixen took it easy, and made it a voyage of pleasure. The Scud at length disposed of her rival Spray, and then made a dash after Vindex, whom she overhauled after a smartish contest and passed into first place, finishing a very good match thus :—Scud, 3h. 4m. 58s. ; Vindex, 3h. 4m. 59s. ; Spray, 3h. 6m. 45s. ; and Vixen, 3h. 11m. 43s.

Scud having to allow Vindex 2½m. and Spray 4m., these two vessels received the prizes.

After this another match between first class vessels came off for £10 to first vessel, and £5 to second. The competitors were, Marguerite, handicapped at 12 tons only, Siren, 18 tons, and Red Rover, 20 tons. The Marguerite had the lead at starting, followed by Siren, which was soon passed by Red Rover, and then the Marguerite was in peril, for her famed rival ranged up and succeeded 'ere completing the first round, in taking the lead, which she maintained to the finish. During the race the Marguerite carried a topsail, whilst the Rover was content with lower sails only until returning on the second round, when she hoisted a topsail, coming in 9m. 5s. ahead, after allowing 4m. to Marguerite, therefore the former took the £10 and the latter the £5.

THE WRECK REGISTER AND CHART FOR 1865.

A FOREIGNER, looking at the Wreck Chart of the British Isles, might not unnaturally conceive that a very large proportion of the ships that pass to and from our ports every year were wrecked on our shores. When, however, he came to be informed that the number of vessels that cleared outwards and entered inwards last year alone, from the different ports in the United Kingdom (without counting vessels employed solely as passenger ships), was 409,255; that they represented a tonnage of 65,231,034; and that the value of their cargoes must be estimated at not less than 500,000,000*l.*; the said foreigner would probably be much surprised, after all, to learn that not one per cent. of this great multitude of vessels was wrecked either in our narrow seas or on our coasts.

Such, however, are the facts of the case, and it is not for us to justify even the loss of this relatively small amount of valuable property. On the contrary, we are amongst those who contend that, as education advances, and careful and thoughtful habits are instilled into sailors, this percentage of wrecks must diminish.

Considering the increasing trade of this country every year, and the consequent increase of shipping frequenting our shores, the general average of marine disasters reported to the Board of Trade, will probably continue to augment proportionately from year to year.

Again, it should be remembered that the number of wrecks in a year cannot fail to be increased or diminished, according to the prevalence or absence of gales of wind like those which proved so disastrous to the ill-fated ship *London* in January last, and to so many other vessels which were in such comparatively safe anchorages as Torbay affords, where it had been supposed the whole British navy might have ridden in safety during the fiercest storms.

Thus, in October 1859, there was the *Royal Charter* gale, and a loss of 343 ships. In January, February, and November, 1861, there were north-east and south-easterly gales, which added 460 to the number of casualties. In January, October, and December 1862, there were westerly gales, with upwards of 540 casualties; and in January, March, September, October, November, and December 1863, there were westerly gales with 930 casualties. In November, 1864, there were 264 casualties, with the wind chiefly in the south-south-east and south-west; but, owing to the absence of any special gales of remarkable duration and violence during the previous part of that year, the total number of

casualties in it was 274 below the number in 1863 ; and it is worthy of remark, that the whole number of casualties, other than collisions, reported in 1864, was less than the number reported in any year since 1858. The annual average for the ten years ending 1865, including collisions, is for total losses, 505, and for partial losses, 889 ; as against this the numbers for 1865 are, for total losses, 540, and for partial losses, 1,116.

From the carefully-compiled Wreck Register of the Board of Trade, we find that the total number of wrecks and casualties, from all causes, on the coasts of the United Kingdom and in the surrounding seas, reported in 1865, is 1,656. The number reported in 1864 was 1,390. The corrected annual average of the eleven years, from 1855 to 1865 inclusive, was 1,372. It should, however, be mentioned, that the wrecks in 1864 were below the average of the preceding five years, although they were above the corrected average of the last ten years.

The number of ships lost or damaged in the 1,656 casualties reported in 1865, was 2,012, representing a registered tonnage of upwards of 377,000 tons.

Of these 2,012 ships, 1,690 are known to have been ships belonging to Great Britain and its dependencies, with British certificates of registry ; and 238 to have been foreign ships. Of the remaining 84 ships the country and employment are unknown. Of the British ships, 1,198 were employed in the British coasting-trade, and 492 were employed in the (over sea) foreign and home trade ; and of the foreign ships, 11 were employed in the British coasting-trade. Thus the number of British vessels wrecked continues to maintain a sad pre-eminence in the work of destruction ; and we regret to add, as a natural result, in the sad loss of life.

Of the total number of casualties (1,656) reported in 1865, 354 were collisions, and 1,302 were casualties other than collisions. Of these 1,656 casualties, 540 resulted in total losses, and 1,116 in partial damage, more or less serious.

We find that 470 total losses took place from causes other than collisions ; 245 only were caused by stress of weather ; 99 were caused by inattention, carelessness, or neglect ; 38 arose from defects in the ship or in her equipments (and of these 38 no less than 30 appear to have foundered from unseaworthiness), and the remainder from various other causes.

Again, of the 882 partial losses, other than collision, 501 were caused by stress of weather, 137 arose from carelessness, 48 from defects in the ship or her equipments, and the remainder from various causes which we

believe to be, in the majority of cases, obviously preventable if ordinary care and skill had been shown.

It is for those who feel an interest in preventing shipping disasters, to ponder over these startling facts, and to continue to direct public attention to this important subject. Our object is, to some extent, accomplished in thus calling general attention to it ; but our main purpose at present, is to make a few remarks on the distressing loss of life which these various and inexcusable causes of disaster inevitably produce.

We find that the total number of ships reported to have foundered, or to have been lost on our coasts from unseaworthiness, in ten years, is 423 ; and that the number of casualties caused through unseaworthy ships, unsound gear, &c., and resulting in partial damage in the same time, is 499. With these 423 vessels sank, probably, one million sterling's worth of property, and several hundred valuable lives.

In 1865 there were 98 casualties to fishing-smacks and vessels. There can be no doubt that the weather must have been most severe to produce such havoc amongst our fishing-craft; but, even in these cases, the indications of handy trustworthy weather-glasses, or barometers on the plan of those so usefully employed by the National Life-boat Institution at nearly all its numerous life-boat Stations, might probably have saved many a fishing-vessel and her hardy crew from the terrible fate which overtook them, not without unmistakeable atmospheric warnings, during the fearful gales of last winter.

But excluding these 98 fishing-vessels, the number of ships employed in the regular carrying-trade that have suffered from wreck or casualty during the year, is shown to be 1,914. If this number be again subdivided, it cannot fail to be observed that more than half of it is represented by the unseaworthy, over-laden, or ill-found vessels of the collier class, chiefly employed in the coasting trade. In corroboration of this remark, the reader has only to cast a glance at the accompanying Wreck Chart. It will be observed that the north-east coast is, as usual completely covered with the sad results, in too many cases, of unseaworthy, over-laden, and ill-found vessels in the coal-trade.

The wrecks are thus specified in the Returns to the Board of Trade.

Vessels.	No.
Fishing Smacks	98
Colliers laden	535
Colliers in ballast	140
Metallic Ores.....	150
Stone Ores	109
Ships with other Cargoes, and other Ships in Ballast	980
Total Vessels	2,012

It is a remarkable fact that, taking the past seven years as our guide, we find that casualties, to comparatively new ships, continue to bear a very high proportion to the whole number of disasters ; thus :—908 casualties happened to nearly new ships ; and 1,701 to ships from 3 to 7 years of age. Then there are casualties to 2,087 ships from 7 to 14 years old ; and 3,477 from 15 to 30 years old. Then follow 1,267 ships from 30 to 50 years old. Having passed the service of half a century, we come to the really old ships, viz., 230 between 50 and 60 years old ; 102 from 60 to 70 ; 48 from 70 to 80 ; 14 from 80 to 90 ; 6 from 90 to 100 ; and 4, 101 years and upwards. The ages of 3,002 are unknown. The state of rottenness and the want of repair of some of the ships above 20 years old, often call for remark. Even at the age of 25 to 30, it sometimes happens that a ship is so rotten as to fall to pieces immediately upon touching the ground, without giving the crew the slightest chance of getting out their boats. In one case, an old ship, a foreigner, which went to pieces as soon as she touched the ground, it was found that her seams had been payed with clay and red ochre, to keep the water out. It seems to us that the Merchant Shipping Act has failed entirely to control this sad state of things ; and, indeed, its authors contend that the provisions of the Act never contemplated touching them ; for they argue—and there is much force in their observations—that the common law of the land should be brought into operation to compel shipowners, like all other owners of property, to be answerable for wilful or overt acts of carelessness.

Of the 2,012 vessels lost or damaged in 1865, 82 were rigged as ships, 130 were steam ships, 542 schooners, 419 brigs, 187 barques, 187 brigantines, and 196 smacks : the remainder were small vessels rigged in various ways. Of the 2,012 vessels referred to, 902 did not exceed 100 tons burden, 793 were from 100 to 300 tons, 210 were from 300 to 600 tons, and 107 only were above 600 tons burden.

From the table showing the parts of the coasts on which the casualties happened, it will be seen that, as usual, the greatest number occurred on the East Coast. The numbers are as follows :—East Coast, 868 ; South Coast, 187 ; West Coast, 386 ; N.W. Coast of Scotland, 46 ; Irish Coast, 146 ; Isle of Man, 15 ; Lundy Island, 3 ; Scilly Isles, 5.

As regards the loss of life, the returns show that the number lost from shipwreck on or near the coast of the United Kingdom in 1865, was 698. These lives were lost in 164 ships ; 124 of them were laden vessels, 33 were vessels in ballast, and in 7 cases it is not known whether the vessels were laden or light ; 131 of these ships were entirely lost, and 33 sustained partial damage. Of the 698 lives lost, 275 were lost in vessels

that foundered, 53 on board vessels in collisions, and 335 in vessels stranded or cast ashore. The remaining number, 35, were lost from various causes, such as being washed overboard in heavy seas, by explosions, &c. The loss of life in 1864 was 516, which was less than the number in any year since 1855. In that year (1855) the National Life-boat Institution began to take most active steps to provide our coasts with life-boats, having, during the previous 30 years, struggled hard for support to carry on its great and national work on our shores ; but in that year the late Captain Hamilton Fitzgerald, R.N., left the Society the munificent legacy of 10,000*l*. Its Committee most wisely and promptly decided to spend the whole of the money in placing new life-boats on the coast. Since that period the Institution has contributed to the saving of 5,758 lives from shipwrecks. How many of these persons, in addition to their wives, children, and other relations, have reason this day to bless the name of this and many other benefactors who have given the cost of life-boats, and who have thus aided to accomplish such a large amount of solid, palpable good work.

The greatest loss of life during the seven years ending in 1865, occurred in the Irish sea, which is one of our principal highways to and from America. The number of lives lost on the coasts and sandbanks of the Irish sea, during these seven years, is more than double the number lost on any other part of the coasts, although during the year 1865, the number on the East Coast of England was very slightly in excess of the number lost on the coasts of the Irish Channel.

The most fatal winds during the year 1865 are thus given :—N. 61 ; N.N.E., 59 ; N.E., 90 ; E.N.E., 58 ; E., 55 ; E.S.E., 56 ; S.E., 97 ; S.S.E., 60 ; S., 94 ; S.S.W., 133 ; S.W., 192 ; W.S.W., 102 ; W., 73 ; W.N.W., 91 ; N.W., 101 ; N.N.W., 59=1,881.

It will thus be seen that westerly gales are far more destructive to shipping than gales from any other quarter.

Again, we find that distinguishing the casualties of the past seven years, according to the force of the wind at the time at which they happened, 678 occurred when the wind was at force 6 or under, that is to say, when the force of the wind did not exceed a strong breeze, in which the ship could carry single reefs and top-gallant sails, and that 810 only happened with the wind at force 9 and upwards, that is to say, from a strong gale to a hurricane.

Thus we observe that in the last seven years, 118 took place in a calm ; 176 in light air or just sufficient to give steerage way ; 450 in light breeze ; 220 in gentle breeze ; 784 in moderate breeze ; 1,280 in fresh breeze ; 1,217 in strong breeze ; 441 in moderate gale ; 886 in fresh

gale; 1,837 in strong gale; 1,444 in whole gale; 505 in a storm; 693 in a hurricane; 50 variable; and 400 unknown.

During the past year the number of collisions reported was 354, of which 114 occurred in the daytime and 249 at night. In 1864 the number was 351, that being an excess of the number of collisions reported in any year since 1855.

We know of nothing more distressing than a collision between two powerful ships far out at sea. On a recent occasion, when the screw steam-ship *Osprey*, of Liverpool, and the steam sloop-of-war, *Amazon*, came into violent collision, nothing but the calm that brooded upon the waters off Start Point saved hundreds of lives from being lost. Indeed, if the survivors had not fallen in, after the collision, with some fishing smacks about twelve miles outside Torbay, when they were pulling their boats about the Channel, with a compass which had gone wrong, and with no food or water on board, we should have had to-day to lament a frightful addition to the list of deaths.

Amidst this desolation and havoc, it is very satisfactory to find that the means used in saving life from shipwreck on our coast have made, and are making, the most encouraging progress. There are now nearly 200 life-boat stations on our shores, and nearly the whole of them belong to the National Life-boat Institution, whose activity and usefulness have commanded, not only the admiration of the British people and Parliament, but also that of nearly every maritime power throughout the world. Indeed it is a remarkable fact, that during the past few years, kindred Institutions have been established on the coasts of many of these nations; while at one of our thriving colonies in the antipodes, it is reported to the Institution, they have built self-righting life-boats equal to those of the mother-country.

Again, the Board of Trade support 249 life-saving rocket-apparatus stations, which are worked by that valuable body of men the Coastguard. These, in conjunction with the provision of lighthouses and floating light-vessels, and life-boats on nearly all of the most difficult points of navigation on our coasts—the gradual improvement of natural harbours of refuge; the decoration of the Albert medal by Her Majesty the Queen, and the Rewards of the National Life-boat Institution to our boatmen and fishermen for noble efforts to save life from shipwreck; all these admirable provisions testify to the unceasing skill and liberal care for the safety and deliverance of our tens of thousands of seafaring men, which their perils, acting upon a benevolent public, have drawn forth.

At present nearly every class co-operates with the Institution. The
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resident gentry and others, at its life-boat stations, give their superintendence ; the boatmen give readily their personal services for stipulated payments ; the railway and steam-packet companies convey the life-boats carriage free ; and the public support the Institution liberally.

The Life-boat Society is infinitely more than an office or an agency. It is an organization of intelligence, a focus to which information converges, and a centre from which it radiates. By the circulation of facts which it maintains, it interests the whole public, awakens sympathy, excites to effort, and is continually submitting itself and its work to general supervision. It lives on its proper merits, and every shilling it receives may be said to be given under the valuable law of "payment for results." Thus, though it may be possible at the present moment to say that the Institution has not reached this or that place on the coast to supply its wants, we are to remember that it is chiefly owing to what the Institution has done to interest the public in the subject, that isolated cases of deficiency attract even casual notice ; while the principle of progress at work in the Institution is a guarantee that at no distant date every want when pointed out, or as it arises, will be promptly supplied.

All this comes of private benevolence, energy and zeal ; and so striking is the result that the principle has, as we said before, commended itself to nearly every other maritime country in the world.

We feel assured that an Institution of such national interest and importance will continue to receive a large amount of the sympathy and support of the British public, in aid of the maintenance of its noble life-saving fleet of one hundred and seventy-two boats ; and that no society has a stronger claim for that sympathy and support than the National Life-boat Institution is testified by the gratifying fact, that its life-boats and other means, preserve every year, under Providence, hundreds of our hardy sailors from a premature grave, and many homes from the desolation of widowhood and orphanage.

UNREPORTED REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

Owing to the pressure on our space for some months past, we have been unable to give detailed accounts of several minor Regattas ; but in order to preserve these links of racing records, we now give such particulars as may be useful to repair the unavoidable omission.

July 19th.—The Southampton Yacht Club gave a first prize of 15 sovereigns, and a second of 5 sovereigns, for cutters not exceeding 12 tons, 1 minute allowance for difference of tonnage. For these prizes started, the

Quiver, 12 tons, Capt. Chamberlayne, and the Don Juan, 10 tons, Mr. W. Cooper. The Buccaneer 12 tons, Capt Bayly was also entered but did not arrive in time. In the early part of the match the wind was light at W.N.W., but at the termination it had freshened. The course was from the P. and O screw steamer Etruria, moored off the Royal Pier, round a flag-boat off Cracknore Hard, thence round H.M.S. Eolus and back, three times round : the two vessels started at 12h. 17m. the Don Juan with the lead, but the Quiver in the second tack went to the front, and steadily increased her distance on each round, the flag-ship being reached on the last round thus :—Quiver, 3h. 22m. 10s.; Don Juan, 3h.30m. 20s.

On the 28th July, a Regatta was held at Gareloch under the Commodoreship of Robert C. Cumming, Esq., of Barremman. The first prize of 12 sovereigns brought out the Alice, 8 tons, Mr. Nelson Boyd, Belfast; and the Armada, 8 tons, Mr. B. B. Bell, of Gourrock. These little rivals were very closely matched, and after an admirably contested struggle the Armada came in the winner, only however defeating the Lady Alice by 49 seconds. A purse of 8 sovereigns was sailed for by the Excelsior, 6 tons, Mr. D. Bryce, and the Viola, 6 tons, Mr. J. Brown; the Excelsior at once took the lead and won as she liked.

August 6th.—The Ranelagh Yacht Club sailed off their closing match of the season. The prizes were, £10 to the 1st class, and £8 to the second; for the first there started, the Dione, 12 tons, Mr. T. Field; Octoroon, 12 tons, Mr. F. H. Lemann; Clytie, 12 tons, Mr. S. Harwood; for the second class prize the Ærolite 7½ tons, Messrs. W. M. Dowdall, and F. E. Cooper, merely sailed over the course, having no competitor. The start took place at 12h. 2m. 30s. with a squally W.S.W. wind and heavy showers of rain, the course being from Erith to the Chapman Head: the Octoroon was only entered to make sport, as her owner undertook, should he win, to hand the prize to the second vessel. The Octoroon took the lead but was speedily joined by the Dione, and they sailed a beam and beam race to the Chapman, when rounding the steamer there the Octoroon, which had the inside berth, was forced against the steamer in the act of gybing, but fortunately sustained no damage; they had a beating and reaching wind home, the Octoroon taking the lead, with the Dione second, and they arrived at Erith in the following order:—Octoroon, 5h. 24m. 30s.; Dione, 5h. 28m. 30s.; Clytie, 5h. 45m. 35s. The prizes were duly presented to the owners of the Dione and Ærolite.

The annual regatta at Dawlish was held on the 13th of August, when the numerous attendance from all parts of the county testified the amusement and interest derived from these aquatic sports: besides the sports afloat, plenty of shore entertainment was provided by the efficient committee of management, and a most enjoyable and rational day by the sea-side was the result. The principal prizes were, 10 sovereigns for the first, and 5 sovereigns for the second vessel, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons. The following vessels came to the starting buoys. Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly; Ianthe, 13 tons, Mr. F. Moore; Stella, 13 tons, Mr. W. Lean; Fly-

ing Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Hook; Electra, 12 tons, Mr. E. Turner; Xanthe, 15 tons, Mr. G. B. Cotton.

The course was gone over three times, making a total length of 21 miles. The vessels started at 1h. 15m., the Buccaneer at once going to the front; this little vessel has quite established herself as the champion of her class on the Southern coast, her gallant owner Capt. Bayly being an enthusiastic and clever yachtsman, well deserves the successes he has achieved. Going for the western boat the Ianthe got on terms with the Buccaneer for a short time, and the Electra, a new vessel, took third position; the Buccaneer however went to the front and resumed the lead; on the second round she rather increased her advantage over her antagonists, being remarkably well handled, and the Xanthe took third place from the Electra; on the third round it was evident the Buccaneer had her sailing gear bent without a "kink," and that the "talent" was lying about in heaps on her deck; the Stella and Flying Fish successively overhauled the Electra, and the crews of the Ianthe and Xanthe exercised all their skill to force a passage on the Buccaneer, but the brave little rover kept the snow white streak boiling away ahead of them, and her warning emblem in the van. After a well sailed contest they arrived at the flagship in the following order and times:—Buccaneer, 4h. 18m. 0s.; Ianthe, 4h. 23m. 0s.; Xanthe, 4h. 25m. 0s.; Stella, 4h. 26m. 0s.; Flying Fish, 4h. 26m. 30s.; Electra, 4h. 27m. 0s.

The Buccaneer and Ianthe were awarded the prizes.

On the 15th August, Lyme Regis was the scene of action, when a first prize of 20 guineas, and a second prize of 5 guineas, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons, Thames measurement, brought out the following vessels:—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly; Ianthe, 13 tons, Mr. F. Moore; Electra, 12 tons, Mr. E. Turner; and Xanthe, 15 tons, Mr. G. P. Cotton. The allowance of time was 30 seconds per ton, over a course of 21 miles. The Buccaneer went away with the lead, which she maintained throughout, well hunted by the Ianthe, and they arrived at the flagship thus:—Buccaneer, 4h. 39m. 30s.; Ianthe, 8h. 40m. 30s.; Electra, 8h. 47m. 30s.; Xanthe, 3h. 50m. 0s. The Buccaneer and Ianthe took first and second prizes.

Two prizes of £7 and £3 respectively, for yachts not exceeding 9 tons, Thames measurement, were won by the Lapwing 9 tons, Mr. H. H. Brutton, and the Ida, 8 tons, Mr. T. B. Arscott, defeating the Baby, Mr. E. Brett, and Vixen, Mr. C. Rugg.

On the 20th August, the members of the Temple Yacht Club sailed their final match of the year from Charlton to Greenhithe and back; the starters were:—Rifleman, 6 tons, Mr. W. Antill; Gnat, 4 tons, Mr. B. Hatchman; Silver Star, 4 tons, Mr. W. Turner; Strathfieldsaye, 9 tons, Mr. J. Ham.

At 10 o'clock they got away with a very light northerly wind, the Gnat taking the lead, but the Rifleman soon joined issue, and after a struggle with Gnat eventually secured the lead; at the conclusion the wind died away and they drifted past the winning mark at Greenhithe, the Rifleman at 7h. 34m. 9s.; Gnat, 8h. 7m. 0s.—taking first and second prizes.

On Tuesday, August 21st, the good people of Teignmouth held an aquatic

Carnival, and a purse of 15 sovereigns for the first, and 5 sovereigns for the second vessel, brought the following yachts to the starting buoys:—Buccaneer, 12 tons, Capt. Bayly; Queen, 15 tons, Capt. Whitbread; Flying Fish, 12 tons, Mr. W. Hook; Stella, 13 tons, Mr. Moore; Ianthe, 13 tons, Mr. W. Lean. They started with a very light wind at 12h. 30m. the Buccaneer taking the lead, with the Queen second and Ianthe third. After the first round of the course, the Flying Fish went into third place; there was a determined struggle between the Buccaneer and Queen, and on the second round the latter seemed likely to bring her competitor to terms, but the Buccaneer would not have it at any price, and the wind freshening up in the third round, she went away with the lead again, and won as she liked, the Queen taking second prize. The following were the times at the flagship:—Buccaneer, 5h. 32m. 15s.; Queen, 5h. 39m. 15s.; Ianthe, 5h. 47m. 45s.

First and second prizes of £7 and £3, for yachts not exceeding 10 tons, brought out the Pixie, 9 tons, Mr. Le Bretton; Fern, 9 tons, Mr. Strickland; and Lapwing, Mr. Brutton. The Fern took the lead, but on the second round the Pixie went to the front and won cleverly, with the Fern second.

On Wednesday August 22nd, high festival was held at Exmouth; a first prize of 12 sovereigns, and a second of 3 sovereigns, brought the following yachts to the starting buoys:—The Queen, 14 tons, Capt. Whitbread; Flying Fish, 14 tons, Mr. W. Hook; Lone Star, 15 tons, Mr. G. T. Seymour; and Xanthe, 15 tons, Mr. G. P. Cotton. They started at 1h. 40m. p.m., the Flying Fish taking the lead followed by the Lone Star; the Queen however speedily overhauled the leaders, and going to the front declared to win: the Xanthe carried away her topsail and was forced to bear up; the Flying Fish made a clever struggle with the Queen, but the latter would not be denied her triumph, and they arrived at the flagship as follows:—Queen, 3h. 20m. 3s.; Flying Fish, 3h. 22m. 53s.; Lone Star, 3h. 29m. 30s.

Two Prizes of £6 and £3, were sailed for by the Lapwing, 8 tons, Mr. Brutton, and the Ida, 8 tons, Capt. Arscott; the Lapwing winning as she liked.

The silver cup presented by the Ladies of Exmouth for Corinthian crews, was won by the Montag, Mr. G. P. Cotton, defeating the Red Jacket, M. La Penstere.

A second regatta at Lowestoft on Thursday, August 23rd, brought out the little clippers of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club. A first prize of 10 sovereigns, and a second of 5 sovereigns, were contested for by the Vindex, 9 tons, Mr. J. Tomlinson; Vixen, 9 tons, Messrs. Wilson and Millard; Scud, 9 tons, Messrs. J. B. and H. Morgan; and Spray, 7 tons, Mr. F. G. Foster. They started at 2h. 24m. 31s. the Vixen going away with the lead, the Scud second; on the second round the Scud took the lead with the Vixen second, and Vindex third, and they arrived at the flagship at the following times:—Scud, 4h. 17m. 0s.; Vixen, 4h. 17m. 35s.; Vindex, 4h. 19m. 52s. Spray not timed.

A first prize of £4, second of £2, and third of £1, was sailed for by a Mosquito fleet comprising the following :—Volunteer, Mr. D. Fuller; Reindeer, Mr. H. Reynolds; Paragon, Mr. C. Page; La Chasse, Mr. W. Oxley; Queen of the Waveney, Mr. B. Kemp; and Rosalind, Mr. J. Hogg. They started at 3h. 32m. 55m. over a course of six miles, the Volunteer taking the lead from start to finish, and the three winning vessels arrived at the following times :—Volunteer, 4h. 30m. 54s; Reindeer, 4h. 38m. 50s; Queen of the Waveney, 4h. 38m. 55s.

A match between the Myth, 9 tons, Mr. J. H. Harvey, M.P.; and the Red Rover, 15 tons, Mr. S. Nightingale, for a silver cup, wound up the meeting; the Red Rover defeating the Myth easily.

THE SAILING BARGE MATCH.

THE fourth annual sailing match of the Thames Barges, under the patronage of the barge owners Protection Society took place on Tuesday, July 10th.

When we inform our readers that there are 8,000 sailing barges employed upon the river, distributed amongst some 1,500 owners, and giving employment to about 16,000 men, it will afford sufficient reason for the amount of excitement displayed, for of all the aquatic festivals held upon the Thames none can hold a candle to the now famous barge match, in the intense interest it excites along the banks of the great metropolitan river from London Bridge to the Nore; and the river Medway contributes no small proportion of the enthusiastic supporters that assemble in thousands upon the eventful day to witness the exciting struggle between the "Bargees."

The sailing barges vary in tonnage from 25 to 50 tons register, they are flat bottomed, some are fitted with lee boards to enable them to beat to windward, and will carry on an average twice their registered tonnage: they are divided into three classes, viz., "stumps," "topsail," and "gaffsail" barges: the rig of the "stumps" consists of mainsail, fore-staysail, jib and mizen; the mainsail being set with an enormous "sprit" or yard, in lieu of boom and gaff; and the mast is stepped in a tabernacle, so that it can be lowered on the deck when passing under bridges. The topsail and gaffsail barges differ from the stumps in being fitted with topmasts, and are thus enabled to set topsails, and the latter class are generally the largest, and better suited for making coasting trips from the mouth of the Thames than either of the other. A 100 ton barge is 75 feet long, 18 feet in width on deck, and 16 feet on the bottom.

Some four years since Mr. Henry Dodd, the well-known contractor and brick manufacturer, took the matter in hand, and with most praiseworthy energy and perseverance, and no small expenditure of time and money, succeeded in establishing these matches; he was energetically backed up by the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, under the management of whose officers the matches are sailed; to Mr. Dodd therefore and this club pertain all

the credit of their owners, and it is since they have been... effects... peculiar... most... bottomed... ance of the... there that... the sails... sun—a... brilliant yellow... their bottoms... tillers, which... profusion of... chromes, poppy... which look... themselves behind... waterman's traditional...

The matches were continued to the
Topsail Barges—1st Prize—£2 Cup to the Crew. 2nd Prize—£12 Cup to the Owner, £3 to the difference of tonnage.—The following

Flower of Kent, 86 tons. T. Sumner; James, Waterloo, 88 tons. A. Jordan; A. Boakes; Perseverance, 94 tons. A. Jordan; Arnold, 94 tons. Murrell; Robert Stone, 94 tons. Wood; Robert, 100 tons. W. C. Chase, 64 tons. Fletcher; Monarch, 90 tons. J. Finner; Paragon, 96 tons. C. Jordan; Polka, 64 tons. H. Dodd.

Stamp rigged Barges—1st Prize—£10 Cup to the Crew. 2nd Prize—£7 Cup to the Owner, £3 to the difference of tonnage.—The following were the entries—

The Tyne, 70 tons, Gray's Chalk Quarries Company; Formby Bros.; Three Brothers, 72 tons. G. A. and A. Foster; 80 tons. W. Peters; Elizabeth, 80 tons. W. Peters; Son and Smith; Charles, 74 tons. Chas. Wood; Ellen, 60 tons. W. Peters; Jesse, 68 tons. B. Jacobs; Emma, 80 tons. W. Peters; George; 70 tons. G. T. Woolton; Volante, 50 tons. T. F. Wood; Maria, 70 tons. C. Wood; Marian, 66 tons. T. Gardner; Blackfriars, 78 tons. Lee, Son and Smith; The Nore, 72 tons. A. Jordan; Defiance, 78 tons. Lee, Son and Smith.

The course was from Erith to the Nore and back, and the vessels were moored in two tiers off Erith; the scene presented at the start was most novel and exciting, for besides the 40 barges about starting, the Princess Alice saloon steamer was engaged by the barge owners' society, and had a numerous assemblage on board; the Oread steamer was engaged by Mr. Henry Dodd, on board of which he entertained a large party; the Ibis steamer was under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who was accompanied by an immense number of his congregation, and besides these there were the Penguin, Widgeon, Earl of Essex, and City of Rochester steamers crowded to excess; if to these we add numberless barges, their decks black with a countless multitude, smacks, rowing boats, and though last not least a pretty average number of yachts, the stirring spectacle may be imagined, but nothing save actual presence could convey a correct idea of the reality.

At 12h. 15m. the starting gun was fired, and then arose such a babel of sound as fairly beggars description; the clanging of the palls as hundreds of stalwart arms hove up the anchors, the rattling and cheeping of blocks as the gear flew through them, the flapping of the great mainsails as they were sheeted home, short—sharp—hoarse commands jerked out with all the energy of barge captains lungs, and above all the ringing cheers that arose from the partisans of the different crews, made Erith Bay ring again. A very light air prevailed from the westward, the sun was truly tropical in power, and the immense fleet drove slowly down with the tide, so closely together that it was almost impossible to single out any for special mention; in Long Reach however we made out the Monarch, and Henry and Clara, leading the topsail fleet, and the Defiance and Blackfriars the stumps. In the Lower Hope the Henry and Clara took the lead, with the Monarch and R.O.W. in close attendance on her, the Stumps, Blackfriars, Defiance, Marina and Superb leading their fleet; the spectacle presented in the Hope was really beautiful, the barges forming a long line, with their sails a good full, the white foam rolling out from under their bluff bows, the flashing sun-rays glistening upon their many coloured canvas, and sparkling on their brilliant paint work, whilst astern and to leeward were a throng of steamers, barges, smacks and yachts, with their crowds of occupants cheering on and encouraging the merry laughing crews of the barges, who danced about the decks, smoked their pipes, and returned the fire of *badinage* that was levelled at their frolics with all the *gusto* that "sandboys" are proverbially reputed to enjoy. As they approached Southend the tide had nearly done, and it became evident that unless the course was shortened the matches could not be concluded until far in the night, the Princess Alice therefore came to an anchor, and the leading vessels of the respective classes rounded in the following order:—Topsail barges—Monarch, 3h. 54m. 50s.; Henry and Clara, 3h. 55m. 0s.; Robert Stone, 3h. 55m. 40s.; R.O.W. 3h. 56m. 50s.; Beary Hart, 3h. 56m. 52s.; Waterloo, 3h. 56m. 55s. Stump Barges.—Blackfriars, 4h. 2m. 45s.; Defiance, 4h. 3m. 20s.; Maria, 4h. 4m. 30s.; Superb, 4h. 6m. 30s.

They rounded in excellent style, quite equal to yachts, and though there were some two or three collisions, yet the good temper and kindly feeling that prevailed, might well be imitated in many a yacht match.

On the course up the Bessy Hart, Bertha, and R.O.W. took the lead of the topsail barges; and the Defiance passed the Blackfriars, the Maria still retaining third place in the stump class: the wind became still lighter and at last it fell flat calm, so that it was resolved to conclude the match at Rotherhithe, and the winning barges passed the steamer in the following order and times:—

TOPSAIL BARGES.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Bessy Hart	9	12	0	Bertha	9	20	0	R.O.W.....	9	27	0

STUMP BARGES.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Defiance	9	45	0	Blackfriars	9	57	0	Maria	10	1	0

Mr. Cecil Long, Vice-Commodore of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, immediately presented the prizes, and we have to congratulate that gentleman, Mr. H. Dodd, and the Hon. Sec. Mr. Farnfield, on their excellent management, and the success that crowned their labours, despite that great drawback to a match—want of wind.

RETURN VOYAGE OF THE XABIFA.

THIS little vessel returned from Melbourne on Thursday 24th May, having encountered most unfavourable weather nearly the whole of the voyage. On board of her were Richard Hellings (master) and a crew of four.) She left Queenscliffe on Tuesday, the 15th May, at 1 a.m., with a light breeze from N.W.; passed Cape Schank at 4h. 40m. a.m., rounded Wilson's Promontory at 6h. 45m. p.m., light baffling winds all night, which lasted till noon of Wednesday, when the wind chopped round to the N.E., gradually increasing to a gale; at midnight under double-reefed trysail and jib: the gale continued all Thursday; when forty miles northward of the Promontory split foresail; during the night the wind shifted to the eastward, blowing hard with cross seas; on Friday morning, at daylight, wind S.E., under close reefed trysail and foresail only, barometer down to 29.22; at 8 a.m., fell calm, and then came round from S.W., and increased to a gale with heavy cross seas which lasted all day; when running before it at 2 p.m., was obliged to heave to, and remained so till daylight of Saturday, when she stood on her course; at 2 p.m., owing to violence of the storm and heavy sea, had to heave to again, and when taking in sail, one of the crew named John Whiteside, owing to a sudden lurch of the vessel, lost his footing and fell overboard; the cutter was wore round several times and every effort was made to render him assistance, but without avail; he was seen for several minutes, and then disappeared; hove-to all night; on Sunday at daylight, bore away

again on her course, wind a-beam, and shipping a deal of water ; passed Cape Howe at 4h. 30m. p.m., fair wind all night ; on Monday at daylight off Bateman's Bay, favourable wind all day ; passed Jervis Bay at midnight ; on Tuesday, 22nd, light wind from N.E., passed Kiama at noon, and Wollongong midnight, Wednesday light breeze from N.E., off Port Hacking at noon, passed Botany, 9 p.m., reached Sydney Heads, 5. a.m. on Thursday 24th May, and dropped anchor in Woolloomooloo Bay, at 7 a.m.

The following is extracted from her Log :—

"The yacht *Xarifa* arrived in Sidney harbour at daylight yesterday morning after a boisterous passage from Melbourne. A sad accident occurred a short distance from Cape Howe—one of the crew, when shortening sail, accidentally fell overboard. Every exertion possible was made to save his life, unhappily without success.

The *Xarifa* cleared Port Philip Heads at 2 a.m. on Tuesday, the 15th instant, with a light breeze from N.W.; passed Cape Schank at 4h. 10m. a.m., Cape Paterson at 9 a.m., Liptrap at 2 p.m., sighted Cleft Island at 3 p.m., and Wilson's Promontory at 6h. 45m. p.m.; abreast of the Light at 8h. 30m. p.m.—wind light with strong flood tide. Light airs and calms continued till noon 16th, with barometer 30·45, when the breeze freshened from the north, with every appearance of a blow. Barometer began to fall gradually, and the yacht was put under snug canvas by 5 p.m. on that day ; 6 p.m. tacked to the eastward—blowing hard from N.E.; close reefed foresail, and took two reefs in trysail; midnight blowing still harder; tacked to N,W ; night very dark. 17th May, 4 a.m.—Raining hard ; lightning all round the horizon ; sea fast increasing ; split foresail, and sailed under double-reefed trysail and storm jib. 10 a.m., bent new foresail, close-reefed ready for use. Noon, Seal Islands bore to S.W. thirty miles, Hogan Island S.S.W. eighteen miles, Promontory S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. forty-six miles ; gale from N.E. 4 p.m.; wind and sea still increasing ; close reefed trysail, set close-reefed foresail, and took in storm-jib ; battened down skylights and hatchway. 6 p.m., tacked to the East. 8. p.m., tacked again, wind blowing very heavy and veering to E.S.E. Midnight, thick rain ; vessel labouring very much with a heavy cross sea ; barometer, 29·22. 18th, 4 a.m.—Barometer, 29·28 ; no improvement in weather ; vessel behaving well, obliged to keep going, not having too much sea room. Daylight.—Fell calm ; sea very confused ; set storm-jib, and shook one reef out of trysail. 8 a.m.—Barometer, 29·35 ; light southerly weather ; wind looking very wild. Noon.—Barometer, 29·45 ; blowing hard from S.W. ; stowed foresail ; still running, but with fear of broaching to. 2 p.m., gale increasing, with a frightful sea ; vessel steering very wild ; took in jib, and hove-to under close-reefed trysail. 4 p.m.—Barometer, 29·55 Hove to.—Midnight more moderate, but still heavy sea ; vessel making good weather. 19th, 4 a.m.—Still hove-to ; squalls heavy from S.W. daylight.—Barometer still rising ; bore away on starboard tack, under close-reefed trysail, close-reefed foresail and storm jib ; gale still raging, with a heavy sea. 8 a.m.—No improvement in weather. Noon.—Gybed and hauled up N. by E. for Cape Howe ; barome-

ter 29-82. 2h. 30m. p.m., struck by a heavy squall, during which and whilst getting the head sails in the sad accident referred to occurred; remained hove-to for 16 hours. 20th, daylight.—Barometer 30·8; wind a little more moderate; set close-reefed foresail and ran for the Howe, with a troublesome cross sea, shipping water freely. Noon.—Still running under same canvas. 4h. 20m. p.m., made the Howe and ran into smooth water; carried a fine breeze, and made Bateman's Bay at daylight on 21st.; since that time nothing but light winds and calm weather have been experienced.

BALLASTING BOATS.

SOME time ago there occurred a lamentable boat accident in the River Thames, when no less than ten promising youths, cadets on board the training-ship Worcester, were drowned. The boat was under sail at the time, and was said to be a "good and safe boat," but she had no ballast.

We do not wish to allude to this melancholy accident with a wish to impute blame to any person in charge of the cadets on board the boat in question, or to awaken any sad recollections; judging however, from the evidence then given at the coroner's inquest, it would appear that, whilst the palpable cause of this accident was the want of ballast in the boat, most mistaken notions, even amongst practical seamen, exist on the subject, and that from such mistaken views future accidents may be expected to occur.

At the inquest three witnesses stated that they did not approve of carrying ballast in boats. One of these witnesses was the captain of the ship, another was her boatswain, and the third was a Greenwich waterman. They were all therefore practical men. The captain, indeed, went so far as to say that "many lives had been lost by placing ballast in boats." As, on the other hand, we are persuaded that many more lives have been lost by the upsetting of boats under sail, owing to their having no ballast to counteract the pressure of the wind on their sails, or to their being insufficiently ballasted, it may be useful to devote some consideration to the subject.

The phenomena of upsetting may be thus plainly described. Boats, in common with other floating bodies, have a central axis, or centre of motion, round which they have a tendency to revolve; which centre will be higher or lower with reference to the general mass of the body or structure, according to its shape and to the distribution of weight within the same; whilst the stability or resistance to upsetting will be great or little according to the relative positions of this centre of motion, and the centre of weight, called the centre of gravity. Thus the lower the centre of gravity is below the centre of motion, the greater is the stability. When the two exactly correspond, there is no stability, but a tendency to revolve round the common centre; and when the centre of gravity is carried above the centre of motion, what is called in mechanics an unstable equilibrium is produced, or, in plain English, the body is top-heavy, and must upset. The first of these axioms

that is, displacement by the common use of metal balls, or of ballast stored in the bottom part within a vessel of wood. The second by an empty cask which has an aperture at a distance in revolving round the common centre; whilst the third has been the other lately illustrated by persons climbing the mast of small boats and thus upsetting them.

I believe, therefore, that the addition of any weight placed low in a boat or other vessel, as ballast, must not be its similarity, and thereby make her too heavy to move. But in point, all this would be admitted by the three witnesses above referred to, and their disapproval of ballast in boats must have arisen solely from the fact of its causing a boat to sink after upsetting instead of still floating although entirely immersed; and their choice therefore must have been, of what they thought a lesser danger in preference to a greater. If however, we can make it clear that by the selection of a suitable material for ballast, most dangers may be avoided, we shall render a service—one that can be readily done.

Now it is known that a most mistaken notion regarding ballast very commonly exists, many persons supposing it to be necessary that it should be composed of lead, stone, or some other substance heavier than water. There could not, however, be a greater mistake, since equal weights of any substance afford similar ballast: the only difference being that the heavier the substance the more concentrated it will be, and vice versa; so that in large vessels in which the whole of the interior space is of much value the heaviest description of ballast is more suitable, because the resultant amount will occupy less space. Indeed, as any ordinary decked cargo-vessel would sink if filled with water, whether ballasted with metal or not, it would be of no advantage in such vessels to use a lighter description of ballast. The case as regards boats and small pleasure-vessels is, however, quite different, and for a long period it has been the custom of the Royal Navy to ballast their boats with small casks, or barrels of water, which would float of themselves if immersed, and would therefore have no tendency to sink a swamped boat. But if a boat is ballasted with any substance lighter than water, should she get swamped or upset, the whole of the surplus buoyancy of the material would if it were properly secured, be transferred to the boat herself and therefore help to float her. Accordingly, in the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution, nearly half the ballast is composed of cork in water-tight boxes stowed under the deck, which is also water-tight. As long, therefore, as the boat is tight and sound these boxes of cork act solely as ballast, but should she get stove in below the deck, the surplus buoyancy of the cork would then prevent her sinking too deep or be made good in a high sea.

As, however, this would be too expensive a description of ballast for ordinary boats, and from its great lightness would take up too much room, a more suitable material would be wood, and a light or heavy description of wood could be adopted as might in each case be most convenient. Thus fir wood has about half the specific gravity of water, weighing about half as

much, bulk for bulk, and therefore every cwt. of fir ballast in a boat would impart about 56lbs. of surplus buoyancy to her. In those cases however, where a sufficient quantity of fir ballast would occupy so much space in a boat as to be inconvenient, a heavier description of wood might be employed. The most convenient shape in which to employ it would perhaps be in two balks, or logs, placed side by side, fore and aft, above the keelson, and lashed securely to the bottom of the boat; but the same rule might not apply to all boats, as the position which would be convenient in one might be inconvenient in another.

We strongly recommend to all owners of sailing-boats, and especially of open pleasure-boats, the serious consideration of the subject, believing, as we do, that the general adoption of wooden ballast would be the means of preventing many accidents, and of saving many human lives.

ARRIVAL OF THE ALICE—AMERICAN SLOOP.

ABOUT 7 a.m., on Tuesday, July 31st, there anchored in Cowes Roads among the numerous yachts a suspicious looking craft, different from all others in rig and appearance. She was at once pronounced to be an American yacht, sloop rigged, and in build and accommodation a miniature "Silvie." We ascertained that she was called the Alice, of 27 tons, Capt. A. H. Clarke, belonging to the Boston and New York Yacht Clubs. Her owner, T. G. Appleton, Esq., preceded her departure by steamer to Liverpool. The yacht brought with her as passengers Mr. Longfellow, a nephew of the poet, and Mr. Stanfield, of New York. The crew consists of three men and a Chinese steward beside the master.

She sailed from Boston on the 12th of July, and at noon took her departure from Cape Ann—the light-houses bearing North, distance 10 miles. On Monday evening last the 30th, she arrived off the Needles and hove-to for the night, and the next morning proceeded through the Needles passage without falling in with a pilot, and subsequently anchored in Cowes Roads. By her log she appears to have experienced some breezy weather on the passage in which she behaved admirably, particularly in a sea way, and was as stiff as a pump-bolt. She has a cockpit, like most of the American yachts, from which you enter the saloon which is most tastefully fitted up, and with all the requirements of berths, and state-rooms, &c., befitting a vessel of 100 tons. The following are her dimensions:—

* Length over all . . . 54ft.

Breadth of Beam . . . 17ft. 6in.

Draught of water Aft 6ft. 10in. Forward 2ft. 5in.

Her mainmast 50ft., main boom 63ft, 18ft. of which is abaft the taffrail. Bowsprit 18ft., topmast 20ft.; carries a jib-topsail and gafftopsail besides her standing sails, mainsail and forestaysail, or jib, and thus spreads 1,500 yards of canvas. As to the term "Beauty" as applicable to a yacht, of the "Alice"

we will say she's a "duck," with any amount of room inside for stuffing. That is just her appearance as viewed from her cockpit.

She has been dismantled and refitted and during the Yacht Squadron week went out of harbour and cruised about the Solent. She was entered in the R.Y.S. match, round the Isle of Wight, but as the additional "weights" had been put upon her by the English measurement, raising her from 27 tons, A.M., to 57 O.M., the owner considered it useless to compete with her would-be competitors, and therefore withdrew her from the match. In a subsequent interview with the commodore and members of the squadron, we understand that the owner, through Captain Clark, offered to sail against any yachts of a similar length to the Alice, say 54 feet, for a cup value 200 guineas, each party to stake £100, viz.—once round the Queen's course. Secondly, round the Isle of Wight, and thirdly from Cowes round the Eddystone and back. As there was no one who would accept the challenge, the Alice left those waters for Ryde, Portland, and Cherbourg. We also understand that Captain Clark further issued a challenge to sail any yacht of the Alice's length, over a course of 40 miles for 1,000 dollars.

After starting it at the Squadron's regatta, where the little Alice had been the observed of all observers, she left Cowes on the 14th of August, under the charge of Capt. Clark, with her owner, Mr. Appleton and his friends Messrs. Longfellow and Stanfield, and proceeded to Ryde, where they became the guests of the members of the R.V.Y.C. during the regatta. On the 17th, through the auspices of Lord Henry Lennox of the Hironnelle, the Americans paid a visit to Portsmouth harbour, and visited the dock-yard establishment: in the evening the Alice returned to Cowes. On the 18th she got under way and proceeded on a cruise to the westward, but as the weather was fine with light winds the yacht brought up off Yarmouth, where the party disembarked and proceeded in carriages on a visit to our Poet Laureate at Freshwater, returning to the yacht. On the following day they became the guests of Admiral Sir A. S. Hammond Bart., at Norton.

On the 20th at 7 a.m., they again got under way with light airs, and proceeded down Channel, and in the evening anchored within the Portland breakwater. After inspecting some of the Channel Fleet and the locality, they left in the forenoon of the 21st and proceeded across Channel to Cherbourg, and in the evening anchored among the American and French Fleets. On the following day they were visited by the French authorities, who proffered to them all the courtesy and civilities they are so famed for. During the brief sojourn of the yacht, they were visited by Admiral Goldsborough of the U.S. Squadron, and several of the French officers.

On the 23rd they left Cherbourg with a pilot on board, on a tour of the Channel Islands, and sailed in company with the English yachts *Waterlily* and *Zouave*, and anchored at St. Pierre, Guernsey. Here they disembarked and paid a visit to Victor Hugo, thence embarked and cruised among the Channel Islands landing at Jersey, Goree, &c. After sojourning for a couple of days they quitted those waters and returned to Cherbourg on the

26th. Here they spent a couple of days, and on the 28th left for Havre, and anchored in the roadstead the same evening. On the following morning sailed for Dieppe, where the American gentlemen landed, the yacht remaining in the harbour until the 9th September. During the interval Mr. Appleton and friends proceeded to Paris, where they remained about ten days, seeing Argenteule and the country around, returning to Dieppe on the 12th. During their sojourn at Dieppe the yacht was inspected by the authorities, and Monsieur le Maire presented to the owner a souvenir in the shape of a medal, in commemoration of the transatlantic visit of the yacht. On the 10th they got under way and in the evening anchored in Dungeness roads. On the passage across they encountered a strong gale from the north-west, and a nasty chopping sea, during which the yacht behaved admirably and crested the waves like a seabird.

Owing to a continuance of bad weather they remained at anchor until the 13th, on which day they proceeded to Dover. On the 15th they were again under way, and left with the intention of returning to the Isle of Wight, having in their progress down Channel a moderate breeze from the southward and westward. Having reached as far as Eastbourne, they dropped anchor off the town, but towards midnight a strong breeze from the southward, sprang up and increased to a perfect gale, which rendered their position, on the lee shore, doubly hazardous. At 6 a.m., through the violence of the gale and terrific seas the Alice parted her cable, and at one period, from the storm which prevailed, her position became somewhat critical. She, however, continued to crawl off shore and ran for Dungeness, under the jib with the bonnet off, it being utterly impossible to carry more canvas upon her. It now blew a perfect hurricane with terrific squalls.

Upon reaching Dungeness, finding under the circumstances of the wind that there was not safe anchorage there for them—the ships riding and rolling gunwale under in a perfect surf—they concluded upon running for Dover Harbour. Here we digress for a moment, and pass from the log of the Alice to the following interesting narrative of her appearance from shore as recorded in the papers by the correspondent of the Shipping and Insurance office at Dover.

"On the 16th at 2 p.m., the American yacht Alice of Boston, Captain Clark, put back from Beachy Head and made for Dover Harbour. When to the westward of the Admiralty pier she experienced some very heavy seas, the rise and fall of the waves at the back of the pier being nearly 20 feet. Notwithstanding, the little yacht came boldly on, flying over the crest of the waves and in the most gallant style rounded the pier and arrived safe in the harbour, amid the plaudits of an immense concourse of people who had assembled to witness the performance of the gallant little barque, and the splendid manner in which she was handled." The American party here landed and proceeded on a tour to the great metropolis. On their return they embarked, and on the 27th left Dover Harbour with a moderate breeze

from the northward and eastward, with which they proceeded down Channel, and at 2 p.m., of the 28th ult., anchored within the Isle of Wight.

The American gentlemen having concluded upon leaving the yacht at Cowes for the winter, she has been hauled up on Mr. Ratsey's slip at East Cowes. They in the meantime will take passage in one of the Liverpool steamers for the States, returning here in the spring of the ensuing year.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL FRENCH.

One of our oldest yachtsmen has passed from amongst us, and left a void that it will be difficult to fill up. None of our wandering cruisers who have dropped their anchors in the picturesque harbour of Queenstown can easily forget the courteous kindness extended to them by the Royal Cork Yacht Club, nor the genial open hearted Irish welcome of its veteran Admiral. It is the only Club whose chief enjoys that title, together with the privilege of carrying the British Union Jack for his broad pendant; well and worthily has the brave old Admiral adorned the one and carried the other, and if his successor but follow in his footsteps, the fine old Club need have little apprehension for its future.

Many many years has Admiral French presided over the destinies of this, the oldest of our Royal Yacht Clubs, he looked upon it in a measure as a part of himself, and its present prosperity is no small proof of his devotion to its interests. An enthusiastic and accomplished yachtsman himself, and the owner of many yachts, he lost no opportunity of fostering that aquatic spirit for which the yachtsmen of Cork have ever been distinguished; and in the person of his son—Mr. Pascoe French, that well-known and talented yachtsman, has left a worthy representative.

His memory will ever be connected with the annals of yachting at Queenstown, and deeply and deservedly is his loss regretted.

Thomas George French died at his seat, Merino, Passage West, on the 22nd September, 1866, aged 86,—in the fulness of years and honours.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RED WITH YELLOW DIAMOND—1.—*c.b.* Centre Board Sloop, *e.g.* Sliding Gunter rig. *w.y.* Wherry rig. *m.m.* Bermudian rig. 2.—**"Pierced"**—means that the centre of a flag is occupied by another colour, as it may be said your own flag is "Red pierced Yellow": it is generally used where a device is emblazoned on the inner colour, as if you had your device on the diamond, it would be described as "Red, pierced yellow, with crest in centre."

3.—Greenwich time.

R. W. ORKNEY'S.—The distance from Spithead to Gibraltar is 1,363 miles; from Gibraltar to Malta, 1,167.—From Spithead to Constantinople 3,507 miles.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1st, 1866.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN. *

A NAUTICAL, YACHTICAL NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE SEA LIFE—VIGO.

"WHEN you want a fair wind go out and look for it," is no doubt an excellent nautical apothegm, but it is one which requires no little pluck to act upon, as it pre-supposes a state of things which offers only a choice between two evils. Either you *have* a wind and it is against you, or you have it not and are doomed to enact Mr. Coleridge's slightly hacknied, "painted ship upon a painted ocean." But besides pluck you must possess a sanguine disposition—you must have a firm faith that fortune does favor the brave, and that in going forth to seek the wind you want, instead of waiting its leisure, you will succeed in your object and be compensated for the loss of all those comforts you are leaving behind; then again there is impatience, a cogent agent indeed in bringing yachtsmen "up to the scratch." To us it was irresistible, and although a head wind, a heaving sea, and a lowering sky confronted us on leaving the harbour, the longing to break new ground came upon us and not only drove us forth but kept us to our work through the long dreary hours of the day. With night however came doubt, and as the quickly gathering darkness hid from us those headlands that had seemed to

* Continued from page 352.

stick to us all day so pertinaciously, there came a lusting after the flesh pots of Coruna

It came first about dinner time; somehow or other no one was able to do justice to that meal—appetite was not the strong point of any of us just then. It rarely is when, owing to the swinging table, dishes reconcile themselves to an angle which brings them immediately under your noses on one side and almost out of arm's reach on the other. I will not say the party were sea sick, preferring to accept the explanation offered—they were “bilious,” they said, “the afore-mentioned flesh pots had been somewhat too freely dipped into, and they would be all right in the morning!” This too may have been the reason why the usual after dinner rubber did not come off, and indeed, biliousness apart, it is a difficult matter to attend to one's cards and equilibrium at the same time, and as for tobacco—well, as a general rule the party were no believers in King James's “counterblast,” but to night even the “anti-tobacco society” would have been satisfied; a general grumpiness was over all, and a disinclination to talk except when the conversation consisted in anathema's against the weather, and wishes that we were back in port.

On deck matters wore a still less inviting aspect; it was in truth a very nasty night and dark withal. The cheerful light which streamed through the cabin window lost its cheer directly it ventured to creep over the plashy decks, and as it fell on the dusky, waterproofed forms, of such among the crew as came under its influence, invested them with a ghost like and sinister aspect differing much from the popular idea of the “Jolly Tar.” There was a rather heavy sea running, and ever and anon the jib-boom, like the cane of some irate schoolmaster, would make a vicious thwack at some unusually turbulent billow to its own no small danger, and the certainty of a cumulus of salt water overleaping the bows and sluicing everything from stem to stern. All apertures however by which the sea could effect an entrance below had been carefully closed, and as we had a couple of reefs down we were in the facetious language of mariners “all snug.” In short every thing showed that we had not yet found our favouring gale, but were hammering away against a head wind in a dogged kind of way the reverse of inspiring.

Still, matters being only disagreeable and not in any sense dangerous, no one was found to whisper the craven suggestion “bear up,”

and Guendolen was kept hard 'at it all that night and part of the next day, until at last Finisterre was put astern, and then, oh joy! we were able to lie our course and the barometers and our spirits began to rise together. Lisbon began to loom large before our minds eyes, and no doubt this sanguine prevision would speedily have become reality, had not the discovery been shortly after made that the tanks had mutinied and refused to give forth anything but a turbid stream, very nasty to look upon and odious to taste, refusing to be purified even in a filter. Whatever may have been the cause of this, and no one seemed able to account for it, one thing was certain—an adjournment to the nearest port was inevitable, and Vigo answering this description we were enabled to ease off another point of the sheet and go in search of it at an accelerated pace.

It was still early in the afternoon when the Bayona or Cies Islands, which form the breakwater to this fine harbour, appeared to us under the jib-boom out of the fog and drizzle in which we had been all day sailing, thus proving satisfactorily the accuracy of our reckoning. At the same moment the horizon began to brighten, and like a dull curtain the grey mist rapidly rolled itself away, revealing a glorious landscape lit up by a mellow afternoon sun shining out of a sky whose few clouds were only of a nature to add additional beauty to the scene, and give the happiest augury of coming fine weather. It was indeed a change as delightful as unexpected.

The harbour lies a considerable distance inland and is bounded on both sides by beautiful hills, at first rugged and volcanic in appearance, and afterwards passing by gentle transitions from the grand to the lovely, the bare rocks becoming covered with verdure, and luxuriant woods adorning the hill sides to the water's edge. In front of the town, which though miserably poor and filthy, is picturesquely situated on the right of the landscape, lay ships of all nations reflected in the placid sea, and among them the pretty little feluchas belonging to the port, like large sea gulls, crept slowly along their sails scarcely filled by the light breeze. There are two good entrances into Vigo harbour and to those who know it, a third. It is sheltered from westerly winds by the jagged rocks before mentioned under the name of Bayona or Cies Isles, on one of which stands a light-house at an elevation of 600 feet. The two main channels lie to the north and south of the group, and the less known

one is a small strait between two of the islands. The northern entrance is quite free from dangers, but from the southern end a bad reef projects, which in daylight it is very easy to avoid after one has discovered the Boio rock which forms a part of it, and which is always above water; however there is ample room to work a ship in either channel, and I should be inclined to look upon Vigo harbour as perhaps the easiest to enter of any we visited on the Spanish coast.

The afternoon was occupied by the crew in cleaning out and replenishing the tanks, and by the dwellers abaft in Sketching, Photographing and Marketing. A quiet night with all hands turned in, except an anchor watch, succeeded, freshening up all energies, and at early dawn next morning we were once more on our way to Lisbon with a glorious topsail breeze abeam, while the sun who had been such a stranger to us since crossing the Bay of Biscay shone out cheerily—all things seemed to welcome us to a land of perpetual summer, and to congratulate us on having passed old Winter's southern limits.

There was however an exception to the general expansion and light heartedness. This was the Cook on whose behalf Tom Bowline had to break bulk with the medicine chest immediately after leaving Vigo. The foolish fellow had been suffering from attacks of English Cholera for some days, and instead of reporting his case had dosed himself into a really serious illness. Our Medico preached a fine sermon on the occasion, which like most sermons received respectful attention at one ear and was kicked ignominiously out of the other. Tom's back was hardly turned before the patient began to open up to Ben Bolt his own peculiar views of medical treatment.

"I tell'ee what it is, sir," said he, "if I had but bin at home, I'd a'cured myself in twenty-four hours, no matter how bad I was."

"And how pray—if it is no secret?" asked Ben. "Why, sir," he replied sinking his voice as though the approaching revelation was too valuable for general publicity, "I'll just tell ye—my father you see was a large grazier, and at times twenty, aye thirty, of the calves would be took bad with this very *diryhariar* and I never knew him to lose one on em."

"And what was the receipt?"

"Hequal parts of hacorns and them red berries as grows on dog-roses—grind 'em to a powder along with whiting, and melt 'em in a

naggin of gin—that's it, sir! Now as I uphold, wots good for a beast, must be good for a christian—as for this here stuff?"—He paused, but the sentence was finished by a most expressive shrug that wanted no words to express his conviction that Dr. Bowline's drugs were neither good for man nor beast.

Whether from want of faith in Tom's prescriptions, or from some other cause the poor "*chef*" became rapidly worse, and at one time the balance between life and death was evenly poised indeed. He quite gave himself up, and one night when at the worst called for the log slate whereon he wrote a few farewell words to his wife at home, in the full conviction that he would never see another sunrise; the rest of the crew held the same opinion and expressed it pretty openly in the fore-castle.

"He won't do no good, I'm fearing, sir!" said the quarter-master, standing within a foot of the sick man, and speaking his mind quite aloud and unreservedly. "Last ship as I sailed in, we'd a chap as died aboard of us—he was took suddint just like this man, sir—just looked the same curous fashion about the eyes, sir. He did seem at fust to get a bit better, but Lor bless ye, it warn't no kind of good, sir—the man died, he did, sir!" A significant nod conveyed to all present including the cook the fatal inference.—Job's comforter however turned out a false prophet, and to our great relief the patient rapidly amended and was soon again at his galley fire.

Scarcely had the cook escaped from the doctor's hands when the steward fell into them. His was a lucky escape indeed—Ben had been sensitizing some photographic paper with a strong solution of nitrate of silver, which he had afterwards poured into a large graduated glass measure, and having left the main cabin for the purpose of finding a bottle to pour it into, the steward seized the unlucky moment to qualify his daily grog with nearly two ounces of the fearful compound, under the belief that it was plain water; no sooner had he swallowed it than he discovered his mistake, and came rushing on deck with faltering voice, trembling knees, and hands clasping his stomach.

"Oh, gentlemen, what have I taken? I am poisoned, I've mixed my grog with that stuff in the glass and its burning awful!"

"Poisoned!" cried Bill Binnacle, "You've drunk enough to polish off the ship's company—I doubt if the whole College of Surgeons could cure you. Here! Tom! Tom!"

But Ben had experience in all matters connected with his black art, and knew that the antidote was at hand. Seizing a bucket he dipped it over the side and insisted on the terrified man's taking a good long swig at it—the result, as every chemist knows, was that the chloride of sodium or common salt in the sea water, instantaneously converted the nitrate of silver into the chloride of silver, an insoluble salt which was thrown up in quantities, and the man was “*quitté pour la pour.*” For more than a week after however, everything he eat or drank tasted like “six pennorth of halfpence.”

CHAPTER IX.

CANINE.

“And dog will have his day.”

HAMLET.

ON looking over his notes, it strikes the Chronicler that certain members of the expedition have received a scantier notice than their importance demanded, and perhaps now, when Guendolen is pursuing a straight course to Lisbon with charming eventlessness, when our yachtsmen, no longer at war with the elements, can tread the even decks without taking thought for their equilibrium, it will be a good moment to turn our attention to the kennel and see how it fared with its inhabitants.

“Sick as a dog” is a proverb, and in the case of our dogs it was well exemplified. During the bad weather and even before it, no more miserable community could be found than inhabited the wooden house built for them abaft the foremast; quarrelling and sea-sickness seemed to divide their time pretty equally, and this, their unhappy dragged appearance, and the unavoidable dirtiness that their presence entailed, went far to convince most of us that dogs on board a yacht are mistakes. In the prospect of their usefulness in Albanian coverts, these annoyances were borne philosophically, but it is open to grave doubts if in the end they repay the bother and trouble. As in many other matters “*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*”

It may be remembered that there were no less than five speci-

mens of the canine race on board: two retrievers, two Olumber spaniels, and a pointer; and of these but one, old "Jack," the king of the kennel, was allowed the *entrées* into the cabins. But Jack was no ordinary tyke; of aristocratic descent, he could boast a clear pedigree from the celebrated Castle Forbes breed, and being a gentleman "he behaved as sich." But not only was he a gentleman by birth and behaviour but he was a hero. Jack had been through the Crimean campaign and was perhaps as well entitled to the war medal as many who received it. During the hard winter when shot and shell were plenty and salt pork all too scarce, Jack used from time to time to desert from his master's hut, to reappear, sometimes after the interval of a fortnight, sleek and in good case; his maligners asserted that during these intervals Jack subsisted entirely on defunct Turks. I can neither endorse nor rebut the accusation, but *certainly* whatever he eat, it agreed with him. But besides being a gentleman and a hero, Jack was a dog of education. In the sporting field who ever knew him to leave heel till he got his orders? Who could lay to his charge the indiscretion of flushing a bird? And when in addition to these sterner and more classic branches of dog education, is added his proficiency in all known drawing-room accomplishments, such as going through his drill with a musket, refusing to eat meat on a Friday, smoking a pipe, &c., it will be admitted that his claim to descend the companion was valid. In duck hunting he was unequalled, and so delicate of mouth was he that after a few chases the duck would refuse to dive and allow herself to be caught and brought in, knowing well that no harm would accrue to her from such a policy. On entering a port, no sooner was the anchor down than Jack followed it and swam ashore on his own private business, rarely returning until blue peter was hoisted, the meaning of which all the sailors averred he perfectly understood; he would then swim off to the yacht and by barking attract the attention of the man on deck, who would heave him the bight of a rope into which he would swim and allow himself to be thus lifted on board.

Alas! alas! poor Jack is now no more! He has lately gone to his happy hunting grounds, and over his remains lies a handsome slab on which are recorded his many virtues in befitting *doggerel* verse.

"Barney," the second retriever, was a youthful relative of Jack, a

promising young fellow, but who had yet to receive the finishing touches of his education.

"Don," was a one-eyed pointer of cynical and saturnine disposition. The Ishmael of the kennel—his teeth and claws were against every dog, and every dog's teeth against him. In the field however he was "as sure a dog as ever fought at head."

Manent, "Rattle" and "Scamp" the two Clumbers, two little beauties as far as looks went, but possessing one vice, a serious one enough on board ship, that of devouring or tearing in pieces every leather article they came across.

Their first few offences in this way were submitted to with a grumble and perhaps a passing kick, but at last matters came to a crisis. In an access of dandyism Ben Bolt had a pair of leather tipped canvas shoes pipe clayed, and had deposited them in the sun on the poop deck to dry. An hour after the steward descended the companion with a grin on his face holding one of them up, as he termed it, "in flitters!"—Up sprang the wrathful Benjamin and commenced a search for a stick to "half kill the brutes;" but Dick Marlingspike who owned the culprits interfered in their favor. "If" said he "you had caught them in the act and they knew what they were thrashed for, I should not interfere, but now it will do them no good."

"Very good," said Ben, after some altercation in which he asserted that it was not their improvement, but personal vengeance he desired—"Very good, if I catch them in the act I am free to thrash them?"

"Certainly," replied Dick, and went back to a letter he was writing, satisfied with the arrangement. Not so Ben—burning to avenge his mutilated shoe, he placed it in a conspicuous position with a string attached to it, which he brought down the companion and fixed in such a manner that a slight pull would dislodge a weight and give the alarm; then arming himself with a formidable rope's end he sat and watched.

He was not long kept in suspense. In a few minutes a tug was perceptible, then another somewhat stronger and down came the weight. Ben grasping his rope's-end crept up the companion and cautiously raising his head looked towards the bait. They were both at it, gnawing away as though it were some excellent bone. It was enough—with a terrible war-whoop the injured Ben was upon

them and——! But if the yowling of whipped dogs was musical to his ears, it may not be so to my readers; suffice it is to say that some five minutes after he re-descended very much out of breath, and throwing away the rope's-end ejaculated. "There, I don't think they'll gnaw leather again in a hurry!"—They did though.

CHAPTER X.

HALF-TON DATE. ARRIVAL AT LISBON.

"What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold,
Her image floating on that noble tide."

CHILDS HAROLD.

THE last short chapter on kennel affairs must be considered by the reader as interpolatory and episodical, and must not be allowed to interfere with the smooth current of the journey. How truly enjoyable was this portion of the cruise!—Hitherto, as might have been expected from a stormy northern November, the scenes detailed have presented our travellers more in the guise of rough and ready "Salts," than of Sybarites enjoying a *dolce far niente*, but the change had now come, and the pen of the Chronicler must accommodate itself to the narrative of the less exciting but more agreeable phase of yachting life that attends fair winds and summer skies.

"What—summer skies in December? Well done Paddy!"

One instant captious and facetious reader, allow me to describe a day in these latitudes and then say whether to British senses Dame Nature be not chargeable with the anachronism.—The wind being steady and fair, Guendolen parted the calm water on an even keel. With the exception of the man at the helm there was little or nothing for any one to do, and men and officers could take their pleasure as seemed best to each. At 12 o'clock, Meridian (more for the sake of practice than of necessity, as we were coasting along within a mile or so of the shore) the dead reckoning was made up, an observation taken, the place on the chart pricked and all hands "lickered up." Sailors have a great capacity for sleep; accustomed to be deprived of it for many hours on an emergency, they have acquired the faculty

like the prudent "Dugald Dalgetty," of making "a good provant" of it in fine weather against the possible call of some less halcyon hour; so for the most part silence reigned forward of the foremast. Aft our four travellers devised many and various devices of killing time; sketching, cornet practice, pistol shooting at an empty bottle towed astern, *écarté*, chatting, smoking, reading, writing, eating, drinking—oh I can assure you time hung heavily on no one's hands, and isolated as we were from the great world there was no place on board for the dark stranger who on shore sits behind the horseman.

And all this in the month of December!—Think of this, ye who pay long coal bills, (or owe them,) ye dwellers in a land of Mackintosh and Bronchitis. In the month of December we can sit on deck in shirt-sleeves till the sun has over-run a quarter of the southern hemisphere: and when we turn into our berths, instead of drawing curtains, poking fires, and feeling afraid to stretch our feet to the bottom of the bed even though the blankets have been doubled, up goes every hatch to allow the balmy night air to play unrestrained over our sleeping faces; and when the steward comes next morning to our bedsides with a cup of hot tea, and ever so thin a slice of bread and butter as a strengthener against the toil of toilet, instead of feeling "gooseflesh" the moment an unwilling foot leaves the snug harbour of "Blanket Bay," instead of standing over the morning bath, (perhaps breaking the ice thereon) with a shivering anticipation of the next dreadful step, we shout out a cheery "on deck there! man the buckets!"—And springing up the companion ladder in the proper costume for such a purpose, receive a deluge of salt water which has no suspicion of chill in it, and are almost dry again in the warm morning sun before we can get the rough towel at work to give ourselves—as Pat calls it—"the polish complete." I declare reader, I cannot help asking with Claude Melnotte "dost thou like the picture?"

Our breeze brought us as far as Cape Roca and there left us early one afternoon. It was succeeded by a stark calm which lasted until night fall, and disappointed us in our expectations that we should get up to Lisbon by the end of the flood so as to obtain *pratique* before the officials "knocked off work" for the day. With the night however came up a land breeze from the east, by means of which we entered the Tagus by the northern and safest channel, and applied ourselves to the task of beating up the river against wind and tide,

rendered still more difficult by the additional inconvenience of a thick fog. For a time things went pretty well and we began to think lightly of difficulties of which we had heard somewhat from others who had tried the same experiment. Presently the lighthouse on the starboard side of the entrance glimmered feebly on us through the fog, and as our charts showed a rock somewhere in its vicinity, the ship was put about and we stood away for the other shore, with an injunction to the look out to keep his eyes skinned, and to sing out when he saw anything like land or a vessel. In addition to this we thought it prudent to keep the lead going and accordingly it was sent for.

It came—but oh, those vile abominable Clumbers! they had devoured all the leather which unites the lead to the rope—even Dick was inclined to forget his philosophy, and trounce them well.

After standing on the starboard tack as long as we thought it safe, and shaving two or three vessels lying at anchor in the fog rather closer than was agreeable, we tacked ship again to the southward shore, keeping our make-shift of a lead going, and every man at his station to spin her round again should the water shoal; by compass we were doing very well, we were looking up nicely and were beginning to feel “cocky” at the way in which a smart schooner well handled could turn to windward against even a sluicing tide, when lo! a small tub of a flat bottomed felucha appeared out of the gloom astern and passed out of our sight to windward, weathering us as easily as if we were some old turf boat! Here was a fall for our pride! something was evidently all wrong with us, and a dawning sense of the truth was just coming over our minds, when a shout of “lighthouse ahead!” from the look out, proved most conclusively that we hadn’t made an inch on the last two tacks. The felucha having little or no draught of water was able to make some progress, while we with our 11 ft. aft, had no chance against the strong ebb which rushed down the river. There was but one course to pursue, that of anchoring until the turn of tide, and accordingly after firing three rounds of our cannon for a pilot, which met with no response, we “let go” where we were and tumbled into our berths, to snatch as much sleep as was possible under the infliction of the devil’s tatoo, performed lustily on the gong by the look out, as a precaution against collisions.

The night, the fog, and the ebb tide wore themselves out sluggishly,

and it was to the sound of the ascending anchor that we sprang from "the downy" to greet the first appearance of the Lusitanian capital. We might as well have stayed in our beds, for we were yet a long way from Lisbon, and as the wind was still easterly we had to beat up the river. However, now that the tide was favorable Guandolen asserted herself, and weathering easily everything going the same way, brought up in due time opposite the gaudy little tower of Belem, to receive *pratique* from the Sanidad boat which had put off thence to intercept us. Apropos of the Sanidad boat it may be as well to mention, that in addition to the usual questions put on such occasions, we were asked if we had a pilot on board, and on our answering in the negative were strictly interrogated as to whether we had signalled for one. We replied that we had not only done so but as the fog was too thick to allow of signals being seen we had fired three rounds of cannon, to induce a *Palinurus* to come on board. Not satisfied with our assertion the Portuguese coast-guard walked over to our cannon and with official suspicion placed his finger into the muzzle, and after testing our truth by sight, smell, and taste, dropped the subject. It appears that in the Tagus pilots are a government institution, and every vessel entering is obliged to avail herself of their services at a fixed tariff, unless able to show good cause, (as we had done) for the omission.

The day of our arrival was a great one for Portugal, not only on account of its distinguished visitors but from some other at first hidden cause: at least we were too modest to attribute as a compliment to ourselves the salvoes of artillery that greeted our passage up the Tagus from the forts on both sides. We subsequently discovered that all this powder burning was in honor of the Queen of Portugal's patron saint, whose "*jour de fête*" it happened to be. This is at least an item in the annual army estimates from which heretical England is free; any lady or gentleman at home who indulges in the luxury of a pet saint, and wishes to do him or her such a noisy honor must pay for their complimentary powder.

All this time we were slowly approaching the capital and were singling out as objects of speculation, the most imposing looking buildings from the mass of houses that clothed the hill bank of the river to the water's edge.

On the southern side of the Tagus and nearly opposite the modern city is old Lisbon. It conveys the idea of an out of the world,

quaint little old maid, quite thrown into the background by her younger and more gaudy sister. Old Lisbon however seems to have got used to be neglected, and has long ago overcome all bitter feelings on the painful subject of her inferiority. Soon we were elbowing our way through a crowd of vessels, most of whom had come heavily to grief in the storm which we escaped while at Coruna, towards a snug berth within easy hail of the landing place, arrived at which the sound of the descending anchor informed us that another stage of our journey was ended, so while the sails were being furled we adjourned below for the induement of long shore togs, and by the time that all was a-taunto, were ready to step into the gig, and go in search of adventures.

Most accounts of Lisbon, including Lord Byron's, that I have read describe it as a dirty town, such certainly was not our impression. We found it cleaner to the eye, sweeter to the nose, and more comfortable to the feet than any of the peninsular towns we yet visited. The last point is indeed an important one, as every one will admit who has suffered from the usual continental system of round paving stones, which after a few hours walking upon reduces—enlarges I should rather say—the feet to two huge chilblains, making them feel as though they had by some mistake got into some one else's boots much too small for them. The houses in Lisbon are regular and of good size, but the public buildings—I take it for granted there are some—are not readily distinguishable from the private ones. Architecturally it is a very plain city, but the streets are generally broad and very airy. There may be—of course there are—regions of filthy slums, purlieus dedicated to Cloacina, but we never penetrated to them, and contend that to the eye of a traveller who is satisfied to keep in the main thoroughfare, unless there be something to be met with in the by lanes more attractive than evil odours and squalor, Lisbon is a fairly kept capital. All through Spain and Portugal one certainly misses the enlivening effect of plate glass windows, elaborately carved shop fronts, and the dazzling display of goods which characterise the shops of England and France, but as we before showed, even this has its advantageous side; and in spite of a lack of outward show the more modest Lusitanian shops answer *quâ* shops all the purposes required. Let me add—and to the yachtsman it is an important addition—that the markets are well kept, and amply supplied, especially the fish department which is quite

something to be seen by a stranger, so profuse, varied, and novel are the sea-denizens which flop about the flags or lie heaped in vast piles.

We nearly got into a sad scrape on this our first day in Lisbon. Previous to starting on our journey we had each provided ourselves with a little zinc whistle of surpassing shrillness, which we wore pendant from our coat button holes, and in anticipation of the members of our party getting separated by any mischance, we had fixed upon a certain signal consisting in one long note and two short ones three times repeated, which would reveal our whereabouts to each other. The idea was a good one and had already proved useful more than once—on this occasion Tom Bowline and Dick Marlingspike having turned a couple of corners while Ben and Bill were absorbed in a shop window, the recall was sounded—was heard—was replied to, and the party re-united—when lo! a whistle to the right—another far away to the left—a third in this direction, a fourth in that, until all around us the air was full of whistling north, south, east, and west—and apparently converging to us as to a common centre. Then followed the sound of running feet, coming nearer and nearer until the runners themselves burst upon the scene, and we found ourselves the focus of a number of breathless policemen, who appeared nearly as unable as we were to explain the circumstance. They looked at us and we at them blankly, we had no Portuguese, they no English! At last one of them caught sight of the whistles at our button holes, and with much action seized it and exhibited it to his comrades, which seemed to explain all to them, they certainly had the advantage of us.

Just then a gentleman who spoke a little French came up and the murder was out! Whistles in Lisbon take the place that watchmen's rattles do, or did, at home, and the call we made was an appeal for assistance. Hearing this, these zealous conservators of the peace had hurried up expectant of a row, and found four inoffensive Britishers! Of course we pleaded ignorance, apologized, and so were dismissed with a caution.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GLORY.*

PART X.

TURLAQUIN had in times long gone been owned by the family of Cassidy, and many a broad acre of the country side to boot; but the prodigality which revelled only in the present and took small note of the future, the craving for excitement that turned day into night, and rendered life unbearable that was not passed amidst horses and hounds, in the scarlet coat or the silken jacket, in joyous festivity and ceaseless roistering, caused the moidores to melt into marks, and the festivities and follies of Turlaquin became as dreams of the past, save when mouldering skeletons were unhung from their closets, to identify some legendary tale with the "good ould times of the princely Cassidys!"

Although Peter Cassidy had been a plodding man of business, one of those *hard realities* that abominate anything bordering on romance, yet there was a sparkle in his eye, and a proud elevation of his head, whenever he was referred to as the blood of the "raale ould stock," and often had he been heard to repeat with grim facetiousness a famous wise-woman's prophecy, that

"What a Cassidy lost, shall a Cassidy win,
And they yet shall flourish in Turlaquin!"

But when Peter was no more and his nobles dwindled to nine-pence, the fulfilment of the wise-woman's prophecy came to be regarded as old woman's talk, even by the most sanguine believers in prophetic lore. When therefore it became noised abroad that the fine old mansion of Turla, that for years had known no other inhabitants than the owl and the bat, along whose deserted corridors the spider had woven his dusky tapestry, and within whose once gorgeous *salons* the wild cat had established her lair, was in the hands of a busy troop of cunning workers in wood and stone, in paint and glass, in silk and satin and velvet; when mirrors and looking glasses, gilded cornices and costly furniture, rare pictures and marble statuary began to arrive in quantities vast and varied; when the terraced walks and noble gardens emerged from their wilderness, when conservatories and hot houses and vineries were rescued from rotting solitude and teemed with gorgeous blooms, when the fountains cleansed of foul green slime cast up diamond froth to frolic in the spring sun beams, when beauteous swans sailed majestically on the placid bosom of the lily bordered lake, when

* Continued from page 453.

the stable courts resounded to the neigh of proud chariot steed, and prancing charger, and on many a shining panel and glittering harness were displayed the armorial bearings, and haughty device, and defiant motto of an ancient race; and when noble stags chafed their antlers against the mighty oak and giant elms that had withstood countless storms, then the wise people of W—— began really to believe that the erstwhile patrimony of the Cassidys had found a veritable owner at last, and that a millionaire of some description, was about to settle down amongst them, but whether peer or parvenu in vain they endeavoured to discover. Right faithfully was the secret kept, and meanwhile the old house of Turla arose like the fabled phoenix, grander than ever from its ashes. Wondrous were the tales disseminated about fairy like *boudoirs*, magnificent banquetting halls, and *salons* of more than oriental richness, until curiosity was stimulated to fever heat, to behold this enchanted palace that rumour made to rival in splendour the labours of the Genii of the lamp. Then when the ceaseless hum of skilful artisans waxed faint in those ancient halls, there arrived a troop of liveried servants, portly coachmen, footmen dight in silken hose, smart grooms in belts and leathers, stalwart rangers, and grave looking gardeners; whilst the bright eyes and coquettish caps of youthful Phillises flashed hither and thither, as they tripped lightly to the behests of a stately Abigail, whose sombre silk, important air, and massive bunch of keys, denoted her to be matron of the household. A staid elderly man whose embrowned features, gradually silvering locks, square cut suit of russet cloth, ubiquity of person, and grave demeanour, proclaimed him steward of the manor, exercised a vigilant supervision wherever his searching grey eye could reach, and that seemed to range on a good steady average from the truck of the flag-staff that tapered up into the sky from the the topmost tower of Turla, to where the lead line sank deepest in the lake, and from where the terraced gardens over-hung the Atlantic, to the gorse fox cover at the base of Turla hill; and Terence Murphy, the oracle of all W——, had been heard to say, that it would tire the toughest boy of all the Murphys to walk that bit of a journey, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same.

Every thing and every body seemed to settle down as by some potent will into its and their place: so quietly and in matter of course had the transformation been effected, that it appeared more like the realization of some fairy tale than sober truth; people rubbed their eyes and could scarcely credit their senses, when instead of Turlaquin, a name become synonymous with desolation and decay, disappearing in crumbling ruin and weed grown wilderness, whose ghastly solitudes truant urchins fled in tremb-

ling haste, there stood the stately old pile as tradition had reputed it to appear in the days of its pristine glory, save that instead of being the scene of wild merriment and ruinous extravagance, instead of its spacious court yards echoing to the deep bay of hounds and the noisy shouts of reckless sportsmen, a decorous quiet reigned, and although a numerous and ever occupied retinue imparted a cheerfulness, life, and energy, that contrasted strongly with the death like torpor preceding, yet was there that seemingly propriety—that almost elegance of order, the unerring evidence of an establishment governed by a master spirit of refined and cultivated taste.

Still no master spirit made an appearance upon the scene, and sadly put about were the fashionable coteries' of W——; as to whom the coming man could be; dinner parties, balls, and fêtes loomed in the distance, that were to revive the gaieties which the terrible events of the winter had banished; seedy equipages were painted up; sorry coated nags experienced a welcome change in diet and care, faded liveries were renewed, and wardrobes underwent economical revolutions, in the feverish preparation for the advent of such an embodiment of wealth and magnificence as the new owner of Turlaquin promised to be: early dawn and dusky twilight saw eager watchers all agog for reeking horses and travel stained chariots, but time wore wearily on, each morning witnessed a constant readiness to speed upon the call of welcome, but days passed and morrows arrived again, and there were sore greetings of vanity and much vexation of spirit; and if patience be a fashionable garment it must have been worn nearly threadbare, for no more distinguished arrival in W——, took place than that of Rose Cassidy, who lovelier than ever, and accompanied by a sedate Duenna, returned to the homely comforts of the Wreckers' Roost.

Mr. Dennis Branaghan, formerly of Ballybranaghan, familiarly known as Daddy Bran, one of those irrepressible sly little squireens indigenous to the soil, who could extract news from a notice board, and whose *specialité* in that respect left him little else to do, made a raid into the domain of Turla, and was not he the man to meet the demand; but although Mr. Dennis was as reasonably astute as ever Philadelphia lawyers are reputed to be, he took little by his motion; everyone he conversed with was frigidly polite and courteously uncommunicative, their intellectual capacity extended no further than their own business, until the square built old steward turned up, and he displayed such a lively interest in Mr. Branaghan's business as compelled him suddenly to remember that it was elsewhere, and required his immediate attention. The only trifle Daddy Bran could pick up however he turned to

good account ; he dined seven times, supped fifteen, had three breakfasts, and spent one week out, on the strength of it ; he was sufficiently versed in heraldic lore to discover that coach panel and horse trapping bore the well-known cognizance of the ancient Cassidys.

"Did you hear the news my dear?"

"Ah no Mrs. Brown ! what is it in the name of goodness?"

"Well I have it on Daddy Bran's own words, for he dined with us on purpose to tell us all about it!—its a Cassidy my dear that's coming to Turlaquin!"

Forty three sound, honestly invited to, good entertainments did Daddy, to use a sporting phrase, "bag" by his skilful management of this bit of news, and probably three times that amount to which he invited himself, but notwithstanding that the genealogical tree of the Cassidys was uprooted, and lopped, and barked, and squared into balk, and sawn into plank—notwithstanding nonagenarian dowagers were called into council, and wagged their glossy old fronts with awful solemnity, they could not discover even a twig of a Cassidy likely to be the coming man.

As may naturally be supposed, the pilots who held their nightly conclaves at the Roost, were brimful of the doings at Turlaquin, for as that ancient domain bordered many a mile of their daily cruising ground, they had ample opportunities for observing how mouldering towers and crumbling battlements resumed their fair proportions, and dreary wastes of chase and garden became marvels of picturesque beauty : it was little wonder therefore when the supposed name of the new proprietor was in everybody's mouth, that the hostess of the Wreckers' should be overwhelmed with enquiries about all the branches of the Cassidys, and how many brothers Peter had, and who were dead and who alive ? But the widow professed entire ignorance of the subject, she had something else to think about than of people that were dead and gone ! And the puzzled pilots declared she was an altered woman entirely of late, she was not half so communicative or cheerful as she used to be, and seemed to take no interest in a subject that kept all W——, in a fever of excitement : and there too was their old shipmate Dick Archbold, that used to be the oracle of the sanded parlour, he had become almost a stranger to his wonted chair by the ivy grown bow window, whilst his "missus," the bustling active old lady that was nearly as good as Daddy Bran for news, was now taciturn and moody, for ever at the widow Cassidy's elbow, going over the "Roost," together, whispering mysteriously, and occasionally filling the widows place when the latter disappeared for a day or two—nobody could think where ; and Dick Archbold on such

occasions would take possession of the hitherto sacred little parlour, and actually smoke his pipe there with a dignity that seemed to foreshadow a coming something that the wondering pilots could in no wise fathom.

But at length this mystery at all events was explained, for Mrs. Cassidy bade all the pilots to a mighty dinner, she was determined, so ran the tale, to express her gratitude to those who had rallied round her in the dark hour that had passed, and enabled her to look forward to peace and comfort in her old age. So it was in the bustle and importance of this unusual event that she had been occupied, thought the worthy mariners, and when the day came they were fully prepared not only to do full justice to the good things provided, but to express their determination no matter how the world wagged that the roof tree of the Wrecker's Roost should never harbour a care, not so long as they had a shot in the locker ! No—no!—was not Biddy Cassidy one of themselves, was she not the widow of a pilot ? and he too one of the Cassidys ! and did she not identify herself with them, for when she might have asked some of the richest men in W——, to such a festival, aye even the great Mr. Radley himself, sure never a man was to sit at that table but genuine salt water dogs, born and bred pilots of W——.

And the whole hearted, hard fisted, sons of the sea were right, for Biddy was grateful to them, and wished to show it to the honest simple minded friends amongst whom she had fought the bitter strife of adversity, amongst whom she had found help and comfort, and who whilst battling out the precarious life that pitiless storms and raging seas entail upon the toilers of the deep, forgot not to range a phalanx of brave hearts and hopeful spirits around the stricken wife and tearful maiden that the ocean had bequeathed to their care, and she wished to tell them from her own strong woman's heart, that heart would never change to the humble one's that had helped to make the Wreckers' Roost a welcome refuge and happy home to her.

A lovely day it was, the breath of infant summer was fanning into bloom the gorgeous crocus and the simple snowdrop, and peeping coyly from emerald solitudes the early primrose and bashful cowslip filled the air with delicate perfume ; busy birdies' hopped, and twittered, and plumed their feathers daintily, and winged sportive flights amongst the budding branches of hawthorn and rose briar and creeping honeysuckle, as they kept their valentine trysts ; the lark poised on high in the cloudless heavens poured forth its merry welcome to the young spring ; the gulls flashed their snowy wings in the bright sun-rays as they chased the darting fry in the calm clear waters of the bright green

bay ; there was an inspiring pure fragrant air abroad that filled every living breathing thing with virgin life, and nature seemed to frolic in a very carnival of happiness, as if to banish for once the thought that man's evil passions had ever wrought the foul blot of sin to deface her fair empire, or fashioned the bitter cup that could plunge human hearts into the despair of the living tomb.

High holiday reigned that day in the vicinity of the Roost ; well dressed groups of weather embrowned stalwart seamen, happy looking matrons, and prattling little one's too, were there, and blushing sweet-hearts made merry music with their joyous laughter ; never a happier company seated themselves to festive enjoyment than that assembled in the great sanded parlour, and never was the traditional profusion of an Irish welcome more fully borne out ; the elegancies of the mode à la Russe had not then obtained in that remote western seaport, nor had the wonderful aroma or delicate piquance of "Amontillado" or "Pale Golden," of "Moët," "Perrier Juet," "Macon" or "Chablis," "Margaux" or "Lagrange," nor yet Imperial "Steinberg," depraved the tastes or impaired the digestion of these Atlantic mariners ; I shall not shock the fastidiousness of my epicurean readers by detailing the giant fish, or the mighty joints, or the monster fowls that dwindled the very guests into pigmies ; or how when Jack Flaherty was asked would he take "another cut of beef ?" he naively replied "I *will* take another cut of beef Mrs. Archbold av ye plaze, but *cabbage* is my object !" Nor will I venture by any hydrostatic formula to explain how a steady flow of berry brown ale, supplemented by contributory streams of bubbling mountain dew, vanished like a river in the sands ; the above mentioned Jack Flaherty's notion of the entertainment, in terseness and brevity, sets the Chronicler's pen at defiance.

"Arrah shure 'twas a mighty grate dinner intirely, lashins to ate, oshuns to dthink, bread, butter and tay besides—full and plinty, an ther was more tuk away than iver come to the table, and whin 'twas fare-ye-well Calevy an all was done, ther' wasn't a man, woman, or child that couldn't dance the Pather-o-pee* without as much as shakin the down from a Sally Catkin !"

What an uproarious shout burst forth when Dick Archbold's brief speech portrayed the good qualities of their hostess, and called for a sailors cheer in honour of blooming Rose Cassidy : and many a deep toned voice echoed the wish for increasing prosperity to make the Wrecker's Roost as wealthy, and the "widow as big a man," as the Cassidy they heard was coming to Turlaquin.

There was a flush on Biddy's face, and a dimness of the eye as she

* A chalk line on the floor to test the steadiness of a dancer.

essayed her thanks, but it was evident she had nerved herself to the task, and her voice rose clear and earnest ; hers was not the hackney'd phraseology that fulfils the term "apposite," it was the simple tribute of a full heart's gratitude ; she had nearly concluded, when the measured tramp of horses, and the noise of carriage wheels were heard, and to the boundless astonishment of all, the magnificent equipage and splendid liveries of the new owner of Turlaquin were seen at the door of the Roost : but if the astonishment caused by this was great, that which ensued was ten-fold : Biddy left the chair at the head of the table, into which she installed Mrs. Archbold, whilst Rose leaned affectionately on the arm of her mother.

"It is no secret to me !" she continued "that all W—— is upon thorns to see and know the Cassidy that is coming to Turlaquin, but I thought when the time came for that Cassidy to arrive, that the truest welcome would be from the oldest friends !"

An incredulous stare passed from one to the other, and many eyes were directed to the door, as if the advent of the great personage was instantly expected.

"Ay boys and sure ids thrue enough !" exclaimed old Archbold, unable longer to repress the enthusiasm that was well nigh choking him, "up with the whole of ye and dhrink to the health of our own Cassidy—our own Biddy, for we'll see her safe to night in Turlaquin !"

There was a moment of dead silence, and then the old tower of the Roost shook to its foundations, for such a cheer burst forth as only those whose lungs have been exercised amidst the war of the elements can give ; again and again those cheers rang out as Biddy confirmed the joyous news, and told them from amidst her tears that no matter where her lot was cast, they should ever find her the same ; not a question arose amongst those simple sons of salt water as to how this great change had been wrought in Biddy's fortunes, it was enough for them to hear from her lips that it was true ; they had always regarded her as a thrifty prudent woman, out of her own hard savings she had won back the squandered acres of the Cassidy's, for they never doubted it was so ; in the wild joy of that moment never a thought crossed their minds of the strange purchase or mysterious voyage of the Golden Glory, had not a long twelve months of Leth's tide rolled on since the keel of that good schooner struck a furrow in the waters of W—— Bay.

The moment which Biddy had long dreaded at length arrived, the moment for bidding adieu to the poor old Roost, dear to her through trials and joys ; the eventful moment when a thousand conflicting thoughts came crowding upon her, regret, gladness, anxiety for the

future; few would have given credit to that woman—that bustling money getting woman, for the thoughts that were then passing through her heart; she had faced the stern hard world in the terrible battle for existence, and had read it like a book; and there was that within her, a mysterious silent monitor that warned her the hardest trial of all was before her,—that of unforeseen, almost unheard of prosperity: and as she stepped into her splendid equipage—an equipage that the noblest and proudest in the land might have envied, the joyous congratulations and blessings of tried and true friends resounding in her ears, the bright sun flooding rays as upon a favoured one, the pure air of heaven laden with the breath of flowers and resonant with the melody of merry birds, when surrounded by all that could speed away care and make life seem like the happy dream of a spirit land, that beautiful—idolized child by her side, for whom she had toiled and struggled fearlessly when the cloud of her life was blackest and most luring, and for whose happiness its silvery lining had now shone forth in virgin brilliancy; she felt that moment was upon her—that fleeting moment when the human heart—weak and prone in its nature—may work its fall, or triumph to the end; when the noxious weeds of pomp and vanity, and the pride of wealth, strove hard to overshadow unto death the struggling buds of purity and goodness; I say at that moment—amidst the flush of all the happiness that earth can yield,—and wealth promise, Elizabeth Cassidy fought the bitterest fight of all her long and chequered life, the arrogance of gratified ambition was wrestling strongly, and worldly passions waged wicked strife for their ancient province within her breast; but the still small monitor took voice, and from amidst that laughing, thoughtless, merry throng, an earnest, simple, whispered prayer was breathed to HIM, and then trustingly, humbly, and thankful that she was still permitted to know herself in that trying hour, she tearfully bade adieu to the lowly dwelling, strong in purpose to strive, and hope, for that true and faithful servant's guerdon, that bringeth peace at the last.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL SYDNEY YACHT SQUADRON.

THE annual general meeting of members was held at the Club Room, Bridge-street, on Thursday the 2nd of August. There was a full attendance of members; the Vice-Commodore, Mr. James Milsom, jun., presided. Mr. Edward Wyld, the Treasurer, produced the accounts for

the past year, which after payment of all expenses for last season showed a considerable balance in hand.

Letters were read from the Commodore, the Hon. W. Walker, and Mr. H. C. Dangar, both absent in England. The Commodore stated that he would be in Sydney again not later than October, and that there was a probability of his sending out a new 35 tonner. Mr. Dangar was also engaged in search of a new flyer; he had inspected several of the new boats, amongst others the famous little "Niobe," that ran such a gallant race with the big "Alarm," "Xantha," &c., in the ocean race to Harwich last year, but the chance was, that he would give an order to Hatcher of Southampton, for a real crack.

Some discussion took place upon a motion of Mr. John Cooper, to re-measure the Xarifa, and it appeared to be generally admitted, that some new system of measurement should be thought of, in order to equalize the vessels, many of which were built upon principles entirely at variance with the style of vessel in vogue when the present rule was adopted by R.T.Y.C., in England, from whom the R.S.Y.S., copied it. A majority of opinions prevailed that the matter should be left to the new Committee, who it is expected will seek the best practical advice they can obtain on the subject, before making a report.

The annual Ball was mentioned as likely to come off in September, and it was understood that the opening trip should not be later than the first week in October. The fleet will be unusually powerful this season, it being announced at the meeting, that in addition to the two 35 tonners expected from England, no less than four second class boats from 12 to 15 tons each, had been laid down here; the first by Dan Sheehy for Mr. Gilchrist is in a very forward state; the second by Lomax of Balmain for Mr. Wilshire will be the next launched; the third by Langford for Mr. Fairfax will follow; the fourth for Mr. J. Josephson is building by Gardner at Shoalhaven, and from the reputation of the different builders, great results may be expected. Sheehy is already famous, and nothing more need be said of him than that he built the Xarifa and Australian. Gardiner is an older builder, and has constructed a large number of very successful boats, of which I think the old Frolic and the Emma are the most famous; that he will turn out a craft both fast and handsome there is no doubt. Langford is also a builder of considerable repute and stands at the top of the tree for open sailing boats; his last production the Clio, being a perfect little beauty; what he will do with a larger and heavier craft so much beyond his previous efforts in size and tonnage is another question. Lomax is less known, but report speaks highly of his ability, and the craft he has now on the stocks is said to possess remarkably good lines.

The election of officers for the ensuing year produced the following result — Commodore, Hon. Wm. Walker; Vice-Commodore, James Milsom, jun., Esq.; Treasurer, Edward Wyld, Esq.; Secretary, G. H. Howell, Esq.; Auditors, J. J. Josephson and J. Grafton Ross, Esqs.

Committee:—Messrs. S. C. Burt; C. Parbury; J. P. Roxburgh; Col. Richardson; W. O. Galechrist; J. J. Josephson.

The past season of 1865-66, although full of promise at the outset, was anything but a brilliant one, and fell far short of the expectations of many old salts, who on the arrival of the English boats (*Alerte* and *Vivid*) prognosticated no end of sailing. Only two matches worth recording took place between vessels of the first-class, in both of which the *Xarifa* carried off the honours, beating both *Alerte* and *Vivid*. It is only fair to say that on both occasions the *Xarifa* was, as she generally is, favored with a very light breeze—all important to her. With a whole mainsail, or reef breeze, the result on one or both occasions might have been different. At the start with the *Alerte* there was a fair steady wind from E.S.E., and she went away from the *Xarifa* hand over hand; but as the wind fell, which it did gradually, the *Xarifa* came up again, but, after all, only won by her time, rating at 31 tons. She is, however, not only a lucky, but a wonderfully good vessel, whatever her true tonnage may be, and is always well handled and pluckily sailed. Her owner deserves to win, and long may he continue to do so. I regret that the *Alerte* did not remain long enough for a second trial. The *Vivid* was unfortunate in only coming out of dock a few hours before the start, and had to restow a good deal of her ballast at midnight. It was questionable whether she was not out of trim. The very light breeze also told against *Vivid*, having to make the best of her English cruising suit for the occasion. Since then her racing suit (made by the famous Lapthorne) has arrived from England, and also full particulars of her trim, and a bagful of hints from the original owner, who won two cups and several matches with her in 1860, 1861; so that there is every hope of some good tugs to come between her and the favorite, more especially as I hear her owner means to race and nothing else, during the coming season.

In the second class, *Ella*, built last year by Sheehy for Col. Richardson, claims pre-eminence, for every time she started, she fairly ran away from the old cracks. Neither *Gitana*, *Why Not*, nor *Ida* had the ghost of a chance, although the wind was mostly very light, much to the advantage of *Gitana*, hitherto almost invincible in light weather. The Colonel is very lucky in obtaining such a craft at the very outset of his yachting career; but he must look out for squalls the coming

season from the four new vessels building, all of which are of increased size. Had they been kept down to the Ella's tonnage, I should not fear her laurels being tarnished ; but yacht building has now arrived at such perfection that extra size is extra weight and power, and the biggest boat almost certain to win, if equally handled. The gallant Colonel has, however, this advantage—his boat is in trim, his sails are stretched, and he has got the run of things, which to a yachtsman is like the boasted possession of the lawyer, "nine points," or as a sailor would term it, "the weather gage." I should like to see the old Mischief hoist the signal of battle again. She is a bonny boat, and as good now as the day she left Ipswich for the Antipodes. She has done some rare sailing in her day ; but I never remember her going anything like so well as during this season. Her owner wisely sent to England for a suit of Laphorne's canvas, and it seems to have had quite a magical effect on the old boat. She only wants McDonald again at the helm, and then for a tug at the Ella. They are both of even tonnage, although I think the Ella carries the most ballast ; but with a good breeze, and a chop of a sea from the northward, the Ella would have her match ; in fact, I look upon the Mischief as one of the most beautiful sea boats in the fleet, whilst the Ella would, I think, if pressed in a heavy sea, chop too much and lose headway, wanting length enough for her large midship section, although it gives her great power and momentum in smooth water, *apropos* of which a recent English writer says, "The great difficulty to be contended with is that of having to build a racing yacht for smooth as well as rough water ; as for the power, you may have almost any amount of length and depth, while on the other hand, for the latter contingency, such proportion would be destruction, where buoyancy is the great desideratum. In fact, it is difficult to imagine more opposite requirements, and by no means an easy task to hit the happy medium."

Mr. Josephson's Ida has passed into other hands. The Ida is a wonderfully smart little boat, and fast to windward in a strong breeze, her best point, although carrying a mere moiety of ballast compared with other boats of her tonnage ; it is to be hoped that she has fallen into good hands ; her late owner built her himself, always sailed her himself foul wind or fair, and won a good proportion of prizes. So true a yachtsman deserves to be more than successful with his new venture.

Iron vessels have never been successful here, principally from their fouling so quickly ; the little Julia is no exception to the rule. Her first season on the Thames was a great success, and her owner and builder Dr. Bain (who constructed her I believe in his garden), got

great credit for her performances ; bearing this in mind I cannot understand her sailing so badly (when cleaned), as she has done in her present owner's hands, more especially as I know that no expense has been spared to get her trim, and fit sails and gear. She cannot have become sodden like a wooden vessel, and is far too strong (the only thing likely,) to have been put out of shape on the outward voyage. I cannot help thinking that her speed is to be got back, at any rate she is to be sold with a good inventory, remarkably cheap, and being a handy safe comfortable boat, and good looking withal, she would be a capital bargain for a beginner ; the great difficulty with her is the cleaning, but that applies also to the new class of yachts, most of which are so big that they must be docked for it, there not being sufficient rise and fall of tide to put them on shore. I wonder the R.S.Y.S. has not done something about a handy little slip of their own ; it was talked of some time since, but died away again. The present dimensions of the yacht fleet renders this an absolute necessity ; the cost amongst so many would be trifling, whilst the convenience and advantages would be immense. The yacht builder who would erect a slip at his own yard suitable for the purpose, to be used at a reasonable expense, would command the work of the Squadron, and what with re-fitting, new spars, jobbing and alterations, &c., that is not to be sneezed at. *More anon from*

Sydney Bell's Life.

THE SKIPPER.

ENGLAND v AMERICA ; "THE UNION JACK" OR THE "STARS AND STRIPES."

ARE we to sing "Ichabod—the glory hath departed ?" is the prestige of the sea to depart from our shores without even an attempt to recover our ancient fame ?—In our May and June numbers we took occasion to call our yachtsmen readers attention to the out-standing account that remains to be settled between English and American yachtsmen. There are two ways of settling this account ; one is to continue our present apathetic indifference and tacitly submit to the insinuation that we have neither energy nor inclination to renew the battle. The other is to be up and doing—and that instantly, to bring the skill, the enterprise, and the wealth that undoubtedly exist amongst our yachting ranks into active operation, and although we are somewhat tenderly close upon the eleventh hour, let us show by the triumph we achieve, that apathy and

not want of ability has been the cause of our dilatoriness. The time has arrived when either course must be adopted ; John Bull is as proverbial for his caution as Uncle Sam is for his go-ahead-ativeness, not only in matters of work-a-day life, but in national pastimes, and so far as yachting is concerned these characteristics are now brought into direct antagonism : U. S. has marked a very large *one* in this game, and if J. B. means to give a hint for a little more breathing time, it is quite evident that U. S. considers 15 years quite sufficient, and means to go in for marking a much larger No. 2, and winning the rubber. Perhaps U. S. has come to the conclusion that the "fencing stuff" for that "back yard" in which J. B. has been in the habit of seeing Britannia rehearse the little drama of "ruling the waves," has quite "burst up" the sturdy old gentleman ; if Uncle S. has—the more reason to convince him speedily of his mistake.

That we have vastly improved our yachts since the appearance of the *America* amongst us, has up to the present been assumed an established fact, and if appearances warrant the assumption, it has not been without reason ; that we have also improved their speed is a natural inference, and so far as the trials that have taken place around our shores, it would seem in a measure to be just, although we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a vessel built two years before the renowned Yankee schooner made her mark, has up to this present year held her own against the most successful efforts of all our builders. The question arises have we really improved our vessels as much as we think, our trials have been amongst ourselves only, and although English, Scotch, and Irish vessels have been pitted against each other, very much the same results have been obtained as a universal system broadly pursued might be expected to produce. We must also ask ourselves the question, whether we have improved in the handling of our vessels in due proportion, let us not forget that when the *America* passed into English hands they could make nothing of her, and the echoes of Hoboken resounded with the taunt, "that we had her for a model, but could not sail her !"

Suppose we feel satisfied however on these points, and that vessels and their sailing masters and crews are quite up to the mark ; why does the reluctance and hesitation exist, that is so apparent, to tackle the American yacht fleet ; surely our reputation for pluck and adventurous daring is as brilliant as ever, and the ambition that led us once fondly to believe that no other country could produce such a fleet of yachts, or such a band of yachtsmen, is not hopelessly blighted ; are we to relapse into Bay cruisers, Clyde summer birds, Solent sun fish, or Thames butterflies ; are pea-jackets, and gilt buttons, and shiny hats

to become synonymous with dinners *a la Russe*, promenades, club balconies, claret cups,—anything or everything but the glorious dominion of the sea, that glorious heritage, that priceless birth-right that every Briton should look upon as his own. Perish the thought!—arouse ye yachtsmen of the sea-girt Islands, shake off your nameless lethargy, and be yourselves before the world! un-brace your good binoculars and take a keen glance across the broad Atlantic; there is canvas bending under the shadows of Neversink, and burgees waving on the waters of New Amsterdam, and there is a little cloud gathering just inside of Sandy Hook that concerns you not a little just at present; we warned you before, and we repeat it now, that Uncle Sam is preparing for another little

“Shindy

From here to Indy,

That just will suit young bluff J. B.”

It is no use writing any more love letters “to hum!”—Six hour matches over forty mile courses, little ocean struggles of one or two hundred miles, Queen’s plates, one hundred guinea Tazza’s, and fifty sovereign claret jugs are of no further avail, a grander prize must now be done battle for, American yachtsmen have thrown down the gauntlet for the second time to the nautical world, and the eyes of that world are turned upon the yachtsmen of Great Britain; the prize is neither silver nor gold, but simply whether the laurel wreath for ocean speed and seamanship is once for all to deck the flag-staff of the Stars and Stripes or the British Union Jack.

We elsewhere give the log of the Alice sloop, belonging to the New York Yacht Club, which arrived in Cowes the latter end of July, crossing the Atlantic with all her racing gear. She offered to try conclusions with any vessel of her length, 54 feet, then and there in the Solent sea, for the sum of 1000 dollars; had we no tidy little “half century” of feet out of 1000 sail of our pleasure navy, to humour the the fair Columbian with a shred of English bunting? Echo, as Mr. Artemus Ward says, “is froze!” Well the saucy little lady finding her reception not entirely disagreeable, courteously makes herself at home, and though perhaps at some inconvenience, settles for the winter at Cowes, with the hope of meeting a young J. B. to suit her proclivities in the spring!

This sensation was timely, and we hope has prepared us for that to follow, for it comes with a stern earnestness of purpose, and the avowed intention of astonishing, not only the yachting world, but that small margin which, like Great Britain and the “twa’ Cumbræes,” lies adjacent.

We sometime since announced the election of Mr. Wm. H. McVicar to the Commodoreship of the New York Yacht Club. One of the most enthusiastic and persevering yachtsmen in American waters, no better selection could have been made, to fill the arduous post of successor to the veteran and accomplished chieftain of the Wave, Commodore Stevens ; and Commodore McVicar appears fully resolved that the prestige won for that Club by his predecessor shall increase and prosper ; under his auspices one of the grandest Ocean matches between yachts that has ever been projected, has been arranged to take place from New York to Cowes. Well has the American yachting writer verified his assertion that "the days of duck pond yachting were over on his side of the Atlantic, and that Long Island Sound is no longer the *Ultima Thule* of Hoboken rovers !" Ignoring the storms of winter, and the bergs from the icy waters of the north, this remarkable race is proposed to start on the 15th of December, and three gallant vessels the "Henrietta," "Vesta," and "Fleetwing" have already declared their fighting flags ; this affords us some slight insight of the new *regime* introduced by Commodore McVicar, it is yachting in stern earnest, and conveys an intimation quite significant of the determination of the New York yachtsmen, that the high distinction the America has won them, they are prepared to do worthy battle to retain ; they make no secret of their conviction that they have out-done that vessel long since, and they consider their improved yachts immeasurably superior in every respect to what she was.

So much is the American spirit involved in the prestige of ocean speed and supremacy, that beyond the circle of yachtsmen with whom this giant match originated, merchants and others connected with the marine are so anxious to stimulate the crews of the respective competitors in sustaining transatlantic reputation, that a purse, or rather "sack" of 100,000 dollars is proposed to be added to the sweepstakes agreed upon by the owners.

But beyond the excitement and interest evinced in this ocean race, there exists another object, to which the contest and its valuable prize, is in the eyes of those most actively interested merely secondary ; that object is, when these yachts arrive in England to "*emulate the famed 'America,' and enter into competition with vessels of English build !*"

Courteously have our transatlantic brethern year after year invited English yachtsmen to visit the bay of New York, and the bequest of Commodore Stevens, the trophy which he invested with world wide interest, that trophy stands in the halls of the Elysian Fields, a challenge

to our yacht owners for the last fifteen years, a perpetual monument of their defeat in the greatest and most popular of our national pastimes, and a reproach to our Clubs for the lack of energy and spirit that permits it to remain so long ; our yachtsmen have been asked to go and try, they have been promised a clear stage, every fair play, and a cordial welcome ; they have been frankly told that it will be much harder work to take back that memorable prize than it was to win it on the eventful day, when the America was ahead and the *English yachts nowhere*, and the taunt "that none of them have yet been bold enough to make the attempt," has from its very truth a bitter significance.

We cannot, nor will not, believe that we are unable to do it, but why we do not try is the mystery, that mystery must shortly be cleared up, or the best thing we can do is to strike the burgee, and hoist the willow bough.

There is not a merchant or shipowner in New York, to say nothing of the many individuals not personally connected with the American marine, that will not watch the result of the race across the Atlantic with feverish excitement, and the success of their yachts against those of our country assumes in their eyes national importance ; few of us here have the slightest idea of the absorbing interest anything connected with the superiority of their vessels, or the skill of their seamen, arouses in that empire city ; that the vessels that are coming will defeat the flower of the English fleet, they appear to be quite confident, and look upon the result of their meeting with complacency and certainty, they look upon it as "*the grand contest that is to decide the relative superiority of America and England!*"

Of the three vessels already entered for the Ocean race, the Henrietta 230 tons, Fleetwing 206 tons, and Vesta, the latter appears (up to a recent event which will be found recorded in our present number) never to have been beaten ; that these three yachts have been carefully selected as the representative craft that are to humble the Union Jack, and set at rest any doubt as to which country is to carry the blue ribbon of the sea for the future, we may be assured : that L'Hirondelle, the only vessel that has defeated the Vesta, will also come is more than probable, as also some other vessels not put forth so prominently, but if the little bird, which is said to whisper such wonderful secrets, is to be credited, *the vessel* that is to do the trick remains in respectable seclusion ; we shall however shortly lay some further particulars before our readers.

It is fully time that our yachtsmen should gravely consider their position ; it is not now a question for individual decision, it is, or ought

to be, one of national importance, for if we are for the second time defeated in our own waters, the fame of our yacht fleet is gone for ever; we have heard *ad nauseam* croakings about the decadence of English seamen—of the growing inferiority of our vessels; we do not believe in either, and we earnestly call upon yacht clubs—and upon our yachtsmen, to prove to the world, that the skill, and science, the daring spirit, and the stern perseverance, that has hitherto enabled us to hold the supremacy of the ocean—is our own still.

THE AMERICAN L'HIRONDELLE AND VESTA.

It is too true alas! that the winds and the seas are as fickle in their fancies as women in their loves and hates. They have, on certain days their favorites, and as hitherto they had borne one yacht in her several matches onward to victory, on the 31st of the past month they chose another on which to lavish their devotion, and the L'Hirondelle was made the Vesta's victress in their recent race. The old proverb says, "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and I have not the slightest intention to dispute it, but on the contrary heartily indorse it. This time superior weight and length told its tale in rough seas and strong breezes, and the gallant boat that never before ran second was now compelled to enjoy the luxury of a stern chase! "Variety, *on dit*, is the spice of life," and I believe it. To win always is not the most salutary thing in the world, for it surfeits one with success. To lose occasionally, not too often, acts as a tonic, and paves the way for the appreciation of a victory. On the 31st of October L'Hirondelle had her own breeze and rough sea. Nothing more propitious for her swallowship could the gods have sent. Her superior tonnage and greater length were of immense advantage in a sea-way, and her smaller opponent's chances to win were hopeless the moment the yachts hauled on the wind and stood against the seas. The race was for a service of plate, and was made but a few weeks ago.

In the match as made, the yachts were to start from off the lightship at Sandy Hook, and sail twenty miles to windward and back. Although the former races, in which the Vesta and other yachts have been engaged, have been more exciting—one being sailed in a gale of wind, and fierce and angry sea—this was not totally devoid of interest. The bold manner in which the Vesta challenged her larger antagonist, without asking an allowance of time, attracted universal attention, and the pluck and gallantry of her owner excited much admiration.

It was stipulated that at least an eight knot breeze should be blowing at the time of leaving the lightship. On Tuesday the wind was so high and the seas so heavy, that the tug which had been engaged to run twenty miles out, and there remain until the yachts rounded, refused to proceed to sea. The disappointment on board of L'Hirondelle was of the keenest

nature at this refusal, for the reason that her owner and friends were perfectly sanguine of her success in such heavy weather, as her superior size would be almost certain to insure her triumph in rough water. *À contraire*, the *Vesta's* friends were perfectly confident that in lighter winds and smoother water, Old Neptune would again hang his wreath of sea-shells upon her prow. Both vessels rested at anchor off Staten Island on the night of October 30th, eagerly watching for a proper wind in which to take flight on the morrow. The tug "W. Fletcher," whose owner was not faint-hearted, steamed out at early dawn on Wednesday morning a distance of twenty miles, and there waited until both yachts rounded her.

Bright and beautiful broke the morning of the 31st of October; a fresh breeze was stirring: the sea outside had somewhat subsided, and the most charming prospects were offered for an exciting contest. So full a description has already been given in the columns of the *Herald* of the gallant contestants, that it will be superfluous to allude to the arrangements inside or outside or performances of either. Suffice it to say that "L'Hirondelle" is sixty-one tons larger and seven feet longer than the "*Vesta*," and in strong winds her size is of great advantage to her.

The following is from the log of L'Hirondelle, as kept by your correspondent in the race, he being the judge for the *Vesta* on board.

Both yachts came up beautifully, side by side, to the lightship, and at precisely half-past nine a.m., the signal was given, by waving the ensign, for the start. Like greyhounds that have been held in leash eager for the chase, off they bounded over the laughing waves. A fresh breeze was blowing W. by N., and our course lay dead before it to the tugboat.

At half-past ten a.m., discovered the tugboat three points on lee bow, gybed main boom and stood on course for it. Gaining very slowly on the *Vesta*. More delicious sailing, for that is just the word for it, cannot be experienced than this. The noble yacht skims the waters like the bird of the swift untiring wing after which she is named. That glorious old Phœbus, who has run his race since the birth of time and never yet been beaten, smiles upon us with his most golden smiles, and with a glad and glorious step we bound along over the sunlit sea. What can be more exhilarating more entertaining, than this; God bless the author of "Life on the Ocean Wave," say I, although I differ some little from the poor sea sick land-lubber, who swore that if the fellow was within his reach he'd throttle him. Our pulses leap wild and high as we dash away over the wave-crests, and we are as merry as schoolboys at their play. With brilliant flashes of wit and genius, in which the vast nautical knowledge of the veteran sailors in our superb cabin occasionally glimmers, we pass the moments that rapidly bring us to the tugboat. If I may be allowed to express my individual sentiments I must confess to very pleasurable sentiments about this time. A sweeter,—more delicious paradise I covet not than one great ocean race-ground, when with a flying boat beneath my feet she can spread her white wings and rival the sea-bird in her tireless flight.

10h. 50m. a.m.—The Vesta appears to hold us about the same. We have gained very little on her since leaving the light-ship. Our press of canvas is immense; the square-sail drawing magnificently. Here we are at the tugboat gaily dressed with bunting for the occasion. At 11h. 0m. rounded tugboat. Vesta at least three-quarters of a mile astern. Close race so far. We have now a dead beat back to windward. At 11h. 6m. the Vesta rounded just six minutes and a-half after us, breeze freshening, and good sea running, which seem to tell against our smaller antagonist.

12h. 20m. p.m.—Tacked ship.

12h. 45m.—Vesta has gained on us perceptibly. She points in the wind better than we do. 12h. 46m.—Shook reef out of mainsail.

2 p.m.—Wind decreasing.

2h. 30m. p.m.—Light-ship about one mile ahead to windward. If no accident happens we shall win the race. The Vesta's chances are hopeless, although she has made a most gallant struggle and is now gaining a little as the seas are subsiding. Hurrah! The race is won! At eleven minutes and three seconds of three o'clock, p.m., passed Sandy Hook light-ship, the point from which we started. All hands congratulated each other and turned their attention to the jovial bowl. And never was a race more beautifully contested. L'Hirondelle has gained a victory that does her the greatest credit, and establishes beyond a shadow of doubt her unsurpassed qualities as a sea going boat, and a swift one. She has beaten a yacht never before conquered, and may well throw down the gauntlet to the yachting world—yachts to sail in a good stiff breeze—with the brightest prospects of success. In smoother water the Vesta will probably bear away the prize should they contend again; but at this advanced season of the year, when the winds blow in earnest and the waves are tossing and leaping, she cannot hope to successfully compete with her more able antagonist. The owner of the Swallow may congratulate himself upon possessing the most beautiful specimen of marine architecture afloat, and one of the fastest boats in the world in rough weather. And the gallant owner of the Vesta may lay the flattering unction to his soul that in lighter weather no yacht in American waters can prove her conqueror.

The Vesta unfortunately tore her balloon jib so badly (owing to the carelessness of the officer who had the charge of setting it) that it was impossible to carry it during the race. This immense sail of seven hundred and fifty yards of canvas would have been a great aid to the Vesta in running free, and in all probability she would have beaten L'Hirondelle to the tugboat had she been able to carry it. The same yachts will perhaps contend again, and "may the best boat win" is our most fervent wish.

The Vesta will be one of the three contestants—the others being the Fleetwing and Henrietta, in the grand race to Cowes harbour, England, which is named for the 15th of December, for a sweepstakes of 90,000 dollars. This will be a race without a parallel in the history of yachting, and will attract the attention of the world. It is to be regretted that such a superb

yacht as *L'Hirondelle* is not entered too, as her splendid sea-going qualities would have a fine opportunity for display. Very truly yours,

LANDSMAN.

Wilkes' Spirit, New York, Nov. 5th.

LOG OF THE AMERICAN SLOOP ALICE, 27 TONS, A.M.

T. G. APPLETON, Esq., *New York and Boston Yacht Clubs.*

MONDAY, July 9.—Cleared from Custom-house, Boston, in ballast, for Isle of Wight, having on the articles Arthur H. Clark master; George Harrison, steward; Donald M'Leod, Angus M'Kay, and William Rahlson, seamen; C. A. Longfellow and H. R. Stanfield passengers.

Tuesday, July 10.—Left Boston for Nahant, wind light. Wednesday, July 11.—Half-past 9 a.m., got under way. Thursday, July 12.—Light S.W. breeze. 2 o'clock, head winds. 4 p.m., made Cape Sable; average eight knots. Friday, July 13.—Wind W. and strong. Midnight, N.W. heavy sea. Saturday, July 14.—Light wind from E.S.E. Midnight calm; secured boom (heavy sea) and lowered mainsail, to prevent chafing; lat. $43^{\circ} 16'$ north, long., $59^{\circ} 50'$ west; distance 150 miles, barometer, 30. Sunday, July 15.—9 a.m., light breeze from west; under square-sail and jib, being lighter duck than mainsail; heavy sea; mainsail not set. 3 p.m., wind S.S.W., strong breeze, set mainsail; lat. $43^{\circ} 19'$ north, $58^{\circ} 12'$ west; distance 95 miles, barometer, 30.3-10.

Monday, July 16.—Calm; lowered mainsail, under jib and squaresail; 9 a.m., took in squaresail, set mainsail, wind, S.E. by E., spoke bark Normandy for Halifax, sewed on New York Yacht Club buttons. Tuesday, July 17.—Wind S.E. and fresh at noon, crossing edge of the banks; lat. $44^{\circ} 32'$ north; decide to follow as near as possible the "Great Circle Track;" 4 p.m., tacked, stood to southward; spoke bark George Henry, of Yarmouth, N.S., 6 p.m., kept off, exchanged signals with a large English steamer; wind fresh from S.S.E., clear sky.

Wednesday, July 18.—Ho for the banks! Fine day and clear, slashing free wind, sailing through the fishing fleet—nearly all French vessels, pass bark Der Wide, from Liverpool, spoke fishing schooner Emelie at 10 a.m.; single reef in mainsail; 1 p.m., signalized Cunard steam-ship, passed two barks steering same way; night cold, thick rain, heavy sea, water flying all over, ten knots, cabin full of water, steward baling with sponge and bucket.

Thursday, July 19.—6 a.m., crossing eastern edge of banks; run across in 42 hours; wind moderating; fog, thick and cold; 8 a.m., hauled to the S.W., set squaresail; 12 noon, calm; no observations; 4 p.m., wind, S.S.E., took in squaresail.

Friday, July 20.—Through night and day strong gale from S.W., with heavy sea, Alice behaving splendidly; 206 miles from noon to noon—best '24 hours' run as yet—just half way in nine days; 6 p.m., wind slackens;

wind hauls N.W.; clear, and glass goes up two points; squaresail set; almost calm, tremendous sea, parted hooks of halliards, and squaresail comes down with a run; double block rove, and man sent up to hook it; sail again hoisted; man reports that the band going round the mast-head, and into which the jibstay and shrouds, shackle and throat halliard block hooks, has almost given out; "the bursting of a three-eighths of an inch band and we are a wreck!" Lower mainsail at once, and fit rope straps for throat halliard block to fit into, to take strain from band; finished at 8 o'clock, and mainsail set. Lat., $46^{\circ} 45'$, lon. $47^{\circ} 8'$ west; barometer, 30.5.10, distance 156 miles.

Saturday, July 21.—Strong N.W. wind all day, heavy sea; no chance to put preventer lashings on shrouds and jibstay; feel very anxious, but carry all sail as wind is fair; lat. $46^{\circ} 58m.$, long.—; distance 150 miles; barometer, 30.3.10.

Sunday, July 22.—Light breeze from N.E., smooth sea, clear; get up preventer lashings on shrouds and jibstay; feel much relieved; 4 o'clock spoke packet ship Java, of and for New York, 12 days from Cardiff; promised to report him; lat. $47^{\circ} 14'$ north, long. $34^{\circ} 40'$ west; distance 160 miles; barometer, 30.5.10.

Monday, July 23.—Light breeze, smooth sea; cut eight feet off squaresail; lat $47^{\circ} 18'$ north, long. $32^{\circ} 35'$ west; distance 62 miles; barometer, 30.5.10.

Tuesday, July 24.—Easterly breeze; passed a bark at 6 a.m., and lost sight of her in two hours; 3 p.m., wind S.W., set squaresail; 8 p.m., spoke British ship Bon Homme Richard, 14 days from Quebec, bound to New Dieppe, Holland; wanted to know our cargo. Lat. $47^{\circ} 55'$ north; long. dead reckoning, $30^{\circ} 32'$ west; distance, 95 miles; barometer 30.4.10.

Wednesday, July 25.—Rainy and overcast, strong westerly wind and high sea, carrying all sail splendidly.

Thursday, July 26.—Wind, N.W., plenty of it, high sea at 6 a.m. Carried away gooseneck of main boom; replaced it by a chain lashing. Lat. $48^{\circ} 10'$ north, long. $21^{\circ} 10'$ west; distance, 190 miles; barometer, 30.3.10.

Friday, July 27.—Strong breeze, N.W.; boat going faster than ever, nearly 11 knots. 7 p.m.—Took in squaresail, put it on again at midnight; hazy all day. Lat. $48^{\circ} 21'$ north; long. $17^{\circ} 10'$; distance, 170 miles; barometer, 30.4.10.

Saturday, July 28.—Fine wind from N.N.E. $48^{\circ} 20'$ north; long. $12^{\circ} 22'$ west; distance, 180 miles; barometer, 30.3.10.

Sunday, July 29.—Clear day, breeze from the northward. 2 o'clock.—Entering channel; heavy sea, throwing water all over us; splendid moonlight; plenty of wind, hauling ahead. Lat. $48^{\circ} 10'$ north; long., $8^{\circ} 22'$ west; barometer, 30.3.10.

Monday, July 30.—Breeze N.W. fine and clear; passing steamers, ships, and saluted by several vessels; ensign and burgee both hoisted at noon: Start Point in sight, bearing by compass N.E. 34 miles; chronometer exact; crew employed painting and getting yacht in order. All sails much im-

proved by voyage ; probably the first yacht that ever crossed the ocean with racing gear 8 p.m., lights ho ! on port bow, nearly the end of our pilgrimage, latitude at noon $49^{\circ} 30' N.$; long., $4^{\circ} 10' W.$ Distance, 181 miles. Barometer, 30 4.10.

Tuesday, July 31.—At 11 o'clock last night made the Needles, bearing E.N.E., and stood off and on till daylight. Considered the voyage up at this time—19 days 13 hours—deduct difference in time, 4 hours 40 minutes, 19 days, 8 hours, 20 minutes. At 4 a.m., filled away for Cowes, and at half-past 6 came booming along down through the fleet of yachts, about 40 in number, and received their salutes, the dear old flag never looking more proudly. We return salutes with our gun as we drop anchor.

SUMMARY OF THE SEASON OF 1866.

WE this month, in accordance with our usual custom, present our readers with the Annual Summary of the past season ; perhaps not in the memory of our oldest yachtsmen has there occurred such a succession of calms, and light and variable winds, during several of the contests that have taken place, many of which in consequence had to be postponed, and some remain to be decided in 1867. Notwithstanding this however the list will bear favourable comparison with those of previous years, both in the number of events that have been decided, and the value of prizes offered for competition. Ocean matches were carried out in the most spirited manner by the Royal Thames, London, and Victoria Clubs, in addition to their usual meetings ; and the regattas around the coast were signalized by that energy and brilliancy for which the yachtsmen of the Mersey, the Clyde, Dublin Bay, Cork, and the Eastern Coast of England have of late years been particularly distinguished. In the Solent a fresh impetus has been given to yachting by the active and spirited exertions of the Royal Albert Yacht Club, which under the distinguished auspices of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, bids fair to take a high position amongst our nautical institutions ; whilst in Dublin Bay, the Prince Alfred Yacht Club under similar patronage is making steady progress, and by the strenuous endeavours of its officers and members to cultivate a thorough nautical spirit, is beginning to exhibit no mean influence upon the prosperity of yachting interests. Were we to select any individual Club, that during the past season, has invested its proceedings with more than usual *éclat*, the Royal Mersey Yacht Club has certainly made a distinguishing mark in yachting annals, and afforded an example of what energetic and enthusiastic officers can do in the discharge of their duties, an example which we hope to see emulated more extensively during the year 1867.

[Vessels in *Italics* came in first, but did not receive prizes.]

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg. Ton	Owners.	Val. \$	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL WESTERN ... (IRELAND)	June 8	Fiona	cut	78 H. Lafone, Esq.....	75	Herolne 2, Avalanche 3, Cymbe, Torpid
		Avalanche	cut	50 J. Wheeler, Esq.....	25	Second prize
		Leura	cut	12 Capt. Allen.....	15	Charm
ROYAL NORTHERN..	July 3	Mosquito	cut	59 T. Houldsworth, Esq.	100	Lulworth, Banshee, Fiona, Niobe, Christabel, Vindex, Phosphorus, Phryne disabled
		Glance	cut	35 A. Wood, ..Esq.....	30	Ellida, Denburn, Lesbia, Isabel, Wave Crest, Luna
		Torch	cut	15 G. B. Thompson, Esq.	20	Glide, Venture, Swallow disabled
	4	Fiona	cut	78 E. Boucher, Esq.....	50	Mosquito, Lulworth, Banshee, Niobe, Phospho- rus, Christabel, Vindex, Phryne
		Leah	yl	98 J. W. Cannon, Esq.....	70	Aglala, Lesbia disabled
		Glance	cut	35 A. Wood, Esq.....	30	Denburn, Ellida, Torch, Wave Crest and Ven- ture gave up
	July 11	Fiona	cut	78 E. Boucher, Esq.....	100	Lulworth, Banshee, Mosquito, Niobe, Vindex, Phosphorus, Sphinx, Enid
		Glance	cut	35 A. Wood, Esq.....	30	Echo, Secret
		Torch	cut	15 G. B. Thompson, Esq	15	Alexandra
	13	Vindex	cut	45 A. Duncan, Esq.....	100	Lulworth, Banshee, Mosquito, Niobe and Enid disabled
ROYAL CORK		Leah	yl	98 J. W. Cannon, Esq.....	75	Egeria 1, Fantomime 2
		Pantomime	sch	140 Lieut. Col. Markham.	50	Second prize
	14	Egeria.....	sch	156 J. Mulholland, Esq....	100	Cecilia, Witch
	July 17	Mosquito	cut	61 T. Houldsworth, Esq.	100	Fiona, Dione, Banshee, Vindex, Niobe, Lulworth
	18	Secret	cut	31 T. D. Keogh, Esq.....	40	walk over
	19	Dione	cut	44 Admiral French.....	75	Fiona 1, Mosquito 2, Vindex 4, Lulworth 5, Niobe, Blanche
		Vindex	cut	45 A. Duncan, Esq.....	20	Second prize
		Gertrude	sch	68 M. & T. Hayes, Esqrs	63	Avalanche, Heroine
	Oct.	Herolne	cut	52 J. Atkins, Esq.....	50	Avalanche, Torpid, Favorite, Emetic

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Ton	Owners.	Value. £	Starting Yachts.
ROYAL YORKSHIRE.	July 18	Surf.....	cut	54	J. Tempest, Esq.....	63	Ellida, Satanelia, Sapphire, Ivy
		Ellida	cut	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.....	gs 10	Second prize
	19	Ellida	cut	30	G. N. Duck, Esq.....	gs 20	Sapphire, Ivy
		Sapphire.....	cut	27	A. Bannister, Esq.....	gs 6	Second prize
ROYAL SOUTHERN.	July 28	Quiver	cut	10	Capt. Chamberlayne...	20	Queen and Genesta gave up
	30	Vanguard	cut	60	Capt. Hughes.....	50	Niobe
		Rosebud	cut	38	Sir Bruce Chichester.	40	Avoca, Flying Fish
	July 23	Isabel	cut	6	T. Thompson, Esq.....	20	Katie, Clytie, Deva
ROYAL WELSH.	Aug. 2	Kittiwake	cut	20	Capt. P. Iremonger.....	gs 25	Anemone, Scud, Alexandra, Spray, Ariel
		Banabee	cut	52	A. Wrigley, Esq.....	gs 50	Glance (accident), Ranger
ROYAL ALBERT.	Aug. 6	Blue Bell	sch	164	F. Edwards Esq.....	60	Gloriana, Witchcraft, Madcap gave up
	7	Sphinx.....	cut	47	H. C. Maudslay, Esq.	50	Fiona, Vanguard, Dione & Christabel gave up
ROYAL SQUADRON.	Aug. 7	Pantomime	sch	140	Col. W. T. Markham	105	Egeria, Shark and Intrepid gave up
	9	Menai	cut	70	Lieut. Col. E. Lloyd...	70	Hirondelle 2, Vanguard 3, Christabel, Lulworth and Rosebud gave up
		Hirondelle	cut	68	Lord H. Lennox.....	20	Second prize
		Vanguard	cut	60	Capt. Hughes.....	10	Third prize
	10	Blue Bell.....	sch	164	F. Edwards, Esq.....	70	Lulworth 1, Arrow 2, Egeria 4, Pantomime, Titania, Lulworth, Christabel, Iolanthe
		Lulworth	yl	905	Lord Ponsonby.....	20	Second prize
		Egeria.....	sch	161	J. Mulholland, Esq....	10	Third prize

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Big Ton	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts
ROYAL VICTORIA....	Aug. 14	Aline	sch 214	C. Thellusson, Esq....	75	Blue Bell, Gloriana, Witchcraft, Evadne, Madcap
		Blue Bell	sch 164	F. Edwards, Esq.....	25	Second prize
		Fiona	cut 78	E. Boucher, Esq.....	75	Blondelle 2, Sphinx 3, Vindex, Marina, Christabel disabled
		Sphinx	cut 48	H. C. Mandslay, Esq....	25	Second prize
		Aline	sch 214	C. Thellusson, Esq....	100	Sphinx, Blue Bell, Christabel, Marina, Hyacinth, Evadne, Witchcraft, Caprice
RYDE TO CHERBOURG	Aug 18	Fiona	cut 78	E. Boucher, Esq.....	105	Selene and Pantomime together 2, Blue Bell 3, Lulworth & Marina together 4, Witchcraft 5, Julia, Maraquita, New Moon, Anemone
					60	Fiona, Blue Bell, Pantomime, Julia, Marina, Anemone
CHERBOURG TO RYDE	21	Selene	sch 273	D. Richardson, Esq....	g130	Aline, Blue Bell, Witchcraft, Fiona, Terpet-chore, Marina, Lulworth, Iolanthe, Julia
RYDE TO PLYMOUTH	24	Selene	sch 273	D. Richardson, Esq....	60	Secret
ROYAL IRISH	Aug. 15	Echo	cut 38	W. I. Doherty, Esq....	50	Vindex, Fiona disabled, Arrow gave up
					10	Second prize
ROYAL WESTERN (ENGLAND)	Aug. 28	Sphinx	cut 47	H. Mandslay, Esq.....	gs20	P.W. cup.—Laura, Anita
		Vindex	cut 45	A. Duncan, Esq.	gs10	Second prize
		Vampire.....	cut 20	T. Cuthbert, Esq.....	10	Lapwing, Eagle, Nelly, Pet, Blanche
		Laura	cut 21	W. J. Kerr, Esq.....	5	Second prize
		Vespa	cut 8	W. Clark, Esq.....	30	Hyacinth dismasted
		Lapwing.....	cut 8	H. H. Brutton, Esq....	10	Lapwing, Eagle, Nelly
		Anita	sch 43	E. Packard, Esq.....	5	Second prize
		Vespa	cut 8	W. Clark, Esq.....	6	Bantam, Butterfly
		Lapwing.....	cut 8	H. G. Brutton, Esq....	chep	Wave, Petrel, Blanche, Lurline
		Swallow	cut	W. Martin, Esq	chep	Kate
ROYAL HALIFAX	June 21	Whisper.....	slp 144	Dr. Davis, v.o.....		P.W. Cup—Whisper, Spray, &c.
		Falcon	sch 72	J. B. Wallace, Esq....		
Aug. 1	Wave	slp 213	D. H. Flits, Esq.....			

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts.
PRINCE OF WALES.	May 10	Satanella.....	cut	15	Capt. P. Bennett.....	21	Octoroon, Dionce
		Octoroon.....	cut	12	F. H. Lemann, Esq.....	10	Second prize
	June 22	Satanella.....	cut	15	Capt. P. Bennett.....	25	Queen, Octoroon got ashore,
		Queen.....	cut	15	Capt. Whitbread.....	10	Second prize
TEMPLE.	June 4	Little Vixen.....	cut	4	B. Hatchman, Esq.....	sil.c.	Silver Star, Wanderer
		Silver Star.....	cut	4	W. Tarnor, Esq.....	sil.c.	Second prize
	21	Nonpareil.....	cut	9	J. Ham, Esq.....	sil.c.	Rifleman, Teaser, &c.
		Blue-eyed Maid.....	cut	4	West, Esq.....	sil.c.	Minnie, &c.
		Little Vixen.....	cut	4	B. Hatchman, Esq.....	sil.c.	Silver Star, &c.
	Aug. 20	Rifleman.....	cut	6	W. Antill, Esq.....	sil.c.	Gnat, Silver Star
		Gnat.....	cut	4	B. Hatchman, Esq.....	sil.c.	Second prize
PRINCE ALFRED.	June 9	Luna.....	cut	25	C. Putland, Esq.....	20	Wave Crest, Venture, Siren, Torch disabled
		Wave Crest.....	cut	25	H. Crawford, Esq.....		Telescope—Second prize
	14	Echo.....	cut	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.....	30	Secret,—Vigilant, Venture, Luna and Torch
		Secret.....	cut	30	T. D. Keogh, Esq.....		gave up
	30	Myrrha.....	sch	6	A. Faulkner, Esq.....		A Chart—Second prize
	July 28	Torch.....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.....	5	Nikomi, Viper
	Aug. 1	Aquiline.....	sch	58	H. Dudgeon, Esq.....	35	Enid, Echo, Luna, Secret, Wave Crest
RANELAGH.	10	Torch.....	cut	15	G. B. Thompson, Esq.....	25	Belle
	11	Echo.....	cut	38	W. I. Doherty, Esq.....	12	Luna
	Sept. 4	Aura.....	cut	43	W. H. M. Ellis, Esq.....		P. Alfred's cup—Secret, Torch gave up
			cut				Enid—Private Match
RANELAGH.	June 21	Octoroon.....	cut	13	F. H. Lemann, Esq.....	15	Clytie
		Ærolite.....	cut	7½	Dowdell and Cooper...	10	Novice, Rifleman, Clara
	Aug. 6	Dione.....	cut	13	T. Field, Esq.....	10	Octoroon, Clyde
		Ærolite.....	cut	7½	Dowdell and Cooper...	8	no competitor
CLYDE.	July 7	Lady Alice.....	cut	8	N. Boyd, Esq.....	15	Armada, Fairy Queen, Glance (8 tons.)—Fil-
		Gipsy King.....	cut	3	J. Barr, Esq.....	5	grim and Excelsior Brunette, Tern

Regatta and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig/ton.	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts
NORFOLK-SUFFOLK CANTLEY	June 14	Red Rover	cut	15 S. Nightingale, Esq.	15	Waterlily, Marguerite
	15	Scud	cut	10 Messrs. Morgan, Esqs.	10	Blanche
	July 12	Waterlily	cut	14 H. P. Green, Esq.	15	Red Rover, Siren
		Scud	cut	10 Messrs. Morgan, Esqs.	7	Vampire, Spray
OULTON	Aug. 9	Vampire	cut	9 W. S. Everitt, Esq.	3	Second prize
		Belvidere	cut	9 Barnsly and Teeddale	10	Vindex, Vampire, Spray
		Vindex	cut	9 J. Tomlinson, Esq.	5	Second prize
		Spray	cut	7 G. Foster, Esq.	3	Third prize
CANTLEY	30	Vindex	cut	9 J. Tomlinson, Esq.	8	Scud, Vindex, Spray, Vizea
		Spray	cut	7 G. Foster, Esq.	4	Second prize
		Red Rover	cut	15 S. Nightingale, Esq.	10	Marguerite, Siren
		Marguerite	cut	15 H. K. Thompson, Esq.	5	Second prize
OULTON BROAD	May 21	Gleam	cut	W. Walllett, Esq.	8	Scud £2 10s. and 3 others
	June 11	Paragon	cut	C. Page, Esq.	4	Roadway Queen £1 10s. and 4 others
		Volunteer	cut	J. D. Fuller, Esq.	chep	Waveley Queen and 3 others
LLANDUDNO	June 26	Snipe	cut	40 P. B. Drinkwater Esq.	30	Enid 1, Glance 2, Secret 3, Alexandra 5
	OCEAN MATCH	Alexandra	cut	15 Hamilton and Bald, ...	10	Second prize
SOUTHAMPTON	July 19	Quiver	cut	12 Capt. Chamberlayne	15	Don Juan
		Don Juan	cut	10 W. Cooper, Esq.	5	Second prize
Gr. GRIMSBY	July 23	Elhda	cut	30 G. N. Duck, Esq.	30	Serf 1, Ivy 2, Sapphire 4
		Surf	cut	54 J. Tempest, Esq.	10	Second prize
		Ivy	cut	18 Capt. Gator, R. N.	7	Third prize
		Vesper	cut	16 G. A. Bevan, Esq.	25	Misty Morn
SWANSEA	July 23	Vindex	cut	45 A. Duncan, Esq.	40	Vesper, Misty Morn
	24	Vesper	cut	16 G. A. Bevan, Esq.	10	Second prize
	Sept. 18	Flying Fish	cut	19 J. M. Donne, Esq.	15	Ida, Vesper
		Ida	cut	19 B. Hocking, Esq.	5	Second prize
STONEHOUSE						

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg. Ton	Owners.	Value.	Starting Yachts.
GREAT YARMOUTH.	July 24	Vampire.....	cut	20 J. Cuthbert, Esq.....	30	Satanella, Watersprite
		Satanella	cut	15 Capt. P. Bennett.....	5	Second prize
		Red Rover	cut	14 S. Nightingale, Esq...	20	Waterlily
		Scud	cut	9 J. & H. Morgan, Esq.	10	Vixen
GABELOCH.....	July 28	Armada	cut	8 B. B. Bell, Esq.....	12	Lady Alice
		Excelsior	cut	6 D. Bryce, Esq.....	8	Viola
BABBICOMBE	Aug.	Ianthe	cut	13 E. Moore, Esq.....	10	Flying Fish, Polly
CARRICKFERGUS.....	Aug. 2	Venture	cut	15 M. R. Dalway, Esq....	21	Glide, Ripple, Cinderella
		Armada	cut	8 B. B. Bell, Esq.....	10	Lady Alice, Emmeline
		Enid	cut	56 F. Scovell, Esq.....	50	Dawn, Wave Crest gave up
		Dawn	cut	57 M. R. Dalway, Esq....	5	Second prize
		Glide	cut	15 D. Fulton, Esq.....	20	Hippie, Venture
		Ripple.....	cut	8 J. C. Boyd, Esq.....	5	Second prize
		Armada	cut	8 B. B. Bell, Esq.....	15	Lady Alice, Eagle, Cruiser, Emmeline, Jane
		Lady Alice.....	cut	8 N. Boyd Esq.....	3	Second prize
LOWESTOFT	Aug. 7	Avalon	cut	38 J. Goodson, Esq.....	20	Night Thought, Satanella
		Scud	cut	9 Messrs. Morgan.....	10	Vixen, Vindex, Spray
		Vixen	cut	9 Wilson and Millard	5	Second prize
		Volunteer	cut	D. Fuller, Esq.....	4	Reindeer, Waveney Queen
		Reindeer.....	cut	H. Reynolds, Esq.....	1	Second prize
BECCLIS	Aug. 13	Red Rover	cut	15 S. Nightingale, Esq...		Silver cup—Myth
		Vixen	cut	9 Wilson and Millard	35	Phantom, Spray
		Volunteer	cut	D. Fuller, Esq.....	2	Silver Tankard, Rosalind
BRAY	Aug. 13	Rosalind.....	cut	— Hogg, Esq.....	30	
		Luna.....	cut	25 C. Putland, Esq.....	20	Torch
PAWLISH	Aug. 13	Buccaneer	cut	12 Capt. Bayly.....	10	Ianthe, Xanthe, Flying Fish, Stella, Electra
		Ianthe.....	cut	13 F. Moore, Esq.....	5	Second prize

Regattas and Matches.	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Big Ton	Owners	Value. L	Starting Yachts.
LYME REGIS	Aug. 15	Buccaneer	cut	12 Capt. Bayly	gs20	Lanthe, Electra, Xanthe
		Lanthe	cut	13 F. Moore, Esq.	gs 5	Second prize
		Lapwing	cut	9 H. H. Brutton, Esq. ..	7	Ida, Baby, Vixen
		Ida	cut	8 T. R. Arcott, Esq.	3	Second prize
TEIGNMOUTH	Aug. 21	Buccaneer	cut	12 Capt. Bayly	15	Queen, Lanthe, Stella, Flying Fish
		Queen	cut	15 Capt. Whitbread	5	Second prize
		Firle	cut	9 Le Breton, Esq.	7	Tern, Lapwing
		Tern	cut	9 — Strickland, Esq.	3	Second prize
EXMOUTH	Aug. 22	Queen	cut	15 Capt. Whitbread	12	Flying Fish, Lone Star, Xanthe
		Flying Fish	cut	14 W. Hook, Esq.	3	Second prize
		Lapwing	cut	9 H. H. Brutton, Esq.	6	Ida
		Ida	cut	8 T. R. Arcott, Esq.	3	Second prize
TORBAY	Aug. 23	Vindex	cut	45 A. Duncan, Esq.	40	Vanguard, Sphinx, Christabel
		Vanguard	cut	60 Capt. Hughes	10	Second prize
		Vampire	cut	20 T. Cuthbert, Esq.	20	Emmet and Laura collision
		Buccaneer	cut	12 Capt. Bayly	15	Queen, Flying, Stella
		Queen	cut	15 Capt. Whitbread	10	Second prize
		Flying Fish	cut	12 — Strong, Esq.	5	Third prize
		Lapwing	cut	8 H. H. Brutton, Esq.	7	Firle, Nelly, Tern
DOVER	Sept. 10	Sphinx	cut	47 H. C. Mandelay, Esq. ..	50	Christabel, Vindex
		Christabel	cut	51 A. C. Kennard, Esq.	20	Second prize
RAMSGATE	Sept. 12	Darenth	cut	33 W. Lake, Esq.	gs30	Elfin, Kelpie
DARTMOUTH	Aug. 12	Electra	cut	12 E. M. Turner, Esq.	35	Load Star, Ida, Wildduck
		Queen	cut	15 Capt. Whitbread	10	Lily, second prize £5.
SHOREHAM	Aug. 12	Firle	cut	12 — Maw, Esq.	11	Arabella. &c.
WESTERN-SUPERB-M.	Sept. 13	Misty Morn	cut	13 E. Payne, Esq.	12	Helena, Vortex

PRINCE ALFRED YACHT CLUB.

THE last monthly meeting of this club for the season of 1866 took place at Gilbert's Hotel, Westland-row, Dublin, on the evening of the 6th November last, when a large number of members attended: the Rear-Commodore in the chair. After an expression of deep regret by all the gentlemen present for the loss sustained by the club in the recent death of its cup-bearer, Mr. Rochford Battley, and sympathy with his family, which was ordered to be entered on the minutes, the accounts of the past year were audited, and showed that, in addition to the balance in hand at the end of 18645, £4 8s. 7d.; sixty-two of the old members had paid their subscriptions, and 39 new ones had joined, of whom 21 paid an entrance fee of £1 1s., making, with interest and the entrance fees for the various matches—sailed during the season a gross total of receipts of £183 2s 7d., from which was to be deducted the sum paid for prizes, £148 1s. 11d., and the expense of printing, postage, advertising, &c., £13 15s. 2d.: leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer of £21 5s. 6d., which was ordered to be lodged in bank until next year. Mr. Arthur J. Booth, of the yacht *Avoca*, 40 tons, was balloted for and duly admitted, and a committee of five members appointed to revise the rules, sailing regulations, courses, &c., and report at a special meeting to be held next February, whether any, and if so, what alterations would be desirable in them; it being a chief object with this club to make, by careful revision under the guidance of practical experience its sailing regulations so perfect that they may serve as a model, when, (if ever) that happy day for racing yachtsmen arrives, on which a universal Code of laws analogous to those of horse racing will be adopted, under which all regattas will be conducted. That it is peculiarly well qualified to take a lead in establishing such a Code may be inferred, as it has been established solely for the purpose of encouraging match sailing, and for the instruction of its members in the art of steering and handling their own vessels, and in carrying out these objects has this season sailed seven distinct races, in which 42 yachts varying from 69 to 4 tons have contended, all of them steered by members of the club, and having much the larger portion of their crews formed by gentlemen amateurs, who in spite of numerous evil boding prophecies from professional skippers who do not like being interfered with, as well as from that numerous body of yachtsmen who consider that merely belonging to a Royal Club entitles them to give an opinion on every nautical subject, brought back their charges in each case, safe and sound, and with even less than the average loss of spars inevitable amongst racing craft.

The club now numbers 105 members, amongst whom are many who will bear comparison with any yachtsmen afloat in the practical knowledge of how to steer and sail a fore and aft rigged vessel, and it confidently expects greatly to increase this number, and to extend its operations next year. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, himself a practical seaman,

having accepted the office of patron, and by his kind gift of a cup this year having stimulated the society to push onwards, and make its membership an honour to be sought for by every racing yachtsman. After an agreeable evening had been passed, the usual vote of thanks to the chairman, an old and energetic member, was passed and the meeting separated.

THE MODEL DOCKYARD.

If there be any hardy enough to deny that "men are but children of a larger growth," we think a visit to the banks of the Serpentine, or an adventurous trip to the Lake Nyanza of Victoria Park, in the palmy summer time, will carry conviction sooner than any other experiment upon the senses that we know of; for there may be seen all ages of the sex, from the toddling boy to the venerable sage of three-score and ten, as intensely occupied in sailing model boats of every size, shape, and rig that ever have been thought of, as if it were the serious object and only pursuit of their lives; many of whom have never seen a pint of salt water in their lives, and most probably never will; the wonder is, where all these beautiful models come from, with their minute and perfectly modelled paraphernalia; but as Dr. Johnson said "let us take a walk down Fleet Street," and not very far from the locality with which that worthy man's memory is so closely identified, a sight will greet the enthusiastic disciples of Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Captain Cook, and such like ancient boat sailors, enough to make them exclaim with Bailie Nichol Jarvie, "Ma conscience." There may be seen Plymouth, Portsmouth, Pembroke, Chatham, and Woolwich, all rolled together into a narrow compass, and there may the ardent tyro in ship-building and navigation revel to his heart's content; for many years past has Mr. Edwin Bell laboured in erecting a temple to Neptune, a college of the sea, where the youthful aspirant may find the secrets of sailors laid bare to his gaze, and models of every craft that salt water or fresh water is reputed to like, from the tiny Rob Roy canoe to the stately line of battle ship, or iron clad, propelled by canvas or steam.

The model dock-yard is *sui generis*, and as one of the many institutions of London, well worthy of a visit from those who savour of the deep blue sea; it is to model yachtsmen what Ratsey's, White's, Wanhill's, Camper's, Hatcher's, Fife's, Harvey's, and Inman's is to their brethren of larger growth; and even those whose tastes lie in a different direction cannot avoid being struck with the beauty and minuteness of finish in such tiny objects as there on every side meet the eye.

Mr. Bell has recently issued a catalogue or hand book of the various craft that may be seen at the dockyard, which in itself is worthy of perusal, containing as it does much useful and entertaining information upon maritime matters and which will we have little doubt be eagerly sought after by young and veteran yachtsmen.

One thing we have been particularly struck with, and that is the per-

fection Mr. Bell has brought model engineering to; the student in this branch of the world's industry will find every detail of marine and locomotive machinery ready made to his hand, and may put together his models himself, or construct from patterns, that cannot fail of conveying valuable practical instruction.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.

It must be satisfactory to those whose liberality enables this noble Institution to follow up its objects with such vigour and perseverance, to reflect that during the violence of the winter storms which are now upon us, an effective life saving flotilla of splendidly equipped boats, manned by brave and devoted crews, are ever on the alert to save life around our coasts.

On the 1st November, a meeting of this Institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-president in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of 10*l.* was granted to the crew of the Institution's life-boat, the "Sir George Bowles," stationed at Howth, for putting off, during a strong gale of wind from the S.E. and heavy sea, and rescuing the crew of seven men and a boy from the smack Favorite, of Peel, Isle of Man, which had gone ashore off Baldoyle, two or three miles from Howth, on the 17th ultimo. The master and crew of the smack had afterwards written a letter, expressing their deep gratitude for the important services rendered to them under Providence by the life-boat's crew, just as they had abandoned all hope of being saved.

A reward of 7*l.* 18*s.* was likewise voted to the crew of the "Civil Service" life-boat of the Institution at Wexford, for going off during stormy weather to the Voluna, of Liverpool, which had gone ashore on the Long Bank. They found the vessel abandoned, but the life-boat succeeded in saving a coast-guard officer and four of his men, who had just boarded the wreck, and whose boat had been lost while doing so.

The silver medal of the institution was voted to Mr. Bartholomew Stephenson, of Boulmer, Northumberland, in acknowledgment of his general gallant services in the Boulmer life-boat, of which he had been the coxswain for many years past. The silver medal of the Institution and 2*l.* were also voted to Mr. T. Jones, master of the steam-tug Ely, and 8*l.* to his crew; and the thanks of the Institution to Mr. Nichol, tide surveyor, in admiration of their noble and skilful conduct in saving nine men from the sloop Wool Packet, of Dartmouth, which during a gale of wind, was wrecked on Bideford Bar a few weeks ago. It appears that the crew of the vessel had abandoned her, and that two boats' crews, consisting of nine men, afterwards boarded the wreck with view a of trying to get her off the bar, but when the tide rose, the sea broke heavily over the vessel, and the men hoisted a flag of distress. The steam tug Ely now hastened to the rescue against a strong wind. Before, however, she could get near the wreck, the nine men were

driven to seek refuge in the rigging. The sea was breaking fearfully in all directions, and, the vessel rolling from side to side; but Captain Jones and his crew bravely proceeded through the broken water at the risk of their lives and vessel, and succeeded in the first attempt in saving three of the men. This all was that they could then accomplish, for the sea was now breaking so furiously over the wreck that the steamer was driven away, and the same want of success attended a second and a third attempt to approach the wreck. The captain then backed astern, and with consummate skill and boldness actually placed the steamer directly alongside of the vessel's rigging, with her bows over the deck of the wreck, thus saving the six men in the rigging; and within the short space of two minutes the wreck had actually disappeared, and was not seen afterwards. But for this bold and successful service nine widows (for the nine rescued men were all married) and forty fatherless children would to-day be lamenting the loss of husbands and fathers.

New life-boats had been sent to Burnham, and Lossiemouth. The Lossiemouth life-boat, which was presented to the Institution by the British Histrionic Club, was exhibited in Bristol on the way to her station, and a grand demonstration took place in that city on the occasion. The Burnham life-boat, which was the gift of the residents of Cheltenham, was also taken through that town, when the boat was formally presented to the Institution by Mr. Schreiber, M.P. A demonstration likewise took place at Burnham on the arrival of the new boat. John Ashbury, of Openshaw, had through the Manchester branch of the Institution, undertaken to defray the cost of a new boat, and to name it after his late father. It was reported that the gas companies at Sunderland and Teignmouth had kindly laid on pipes to the life-boat houses of the Institution in these towns, and had undertaken to supply, free of charge, the gas for the use of the stations. Richard Thornton West, Esq., and Mrs. West had given to the Institution the whole cost of the life-boat station about to be formed near West Wittering, on the Sussex coast. The Government of Bombay had requested that two large new life-boats might be built, like those of the Institution, and under its superintendence, by Messrs. Forrest and Son.

THE YACHTING CALENDAR.—*Horace Cox, 346, Strand, W.C.*

WE have received the second number of this annual book, which this year is kept distinct from the Rowing Calendar, and is a considerable improvement on its predecessor; it consists of a re-print of the reports of regattas and matches that have appeared during the season in the columns of the *Field*, and is a neatly got up and portable little volume.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCKHOLM YACHT CLUB.—We beg to thank our correspondent for the list of Yachts sent, which will receive due attention.

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